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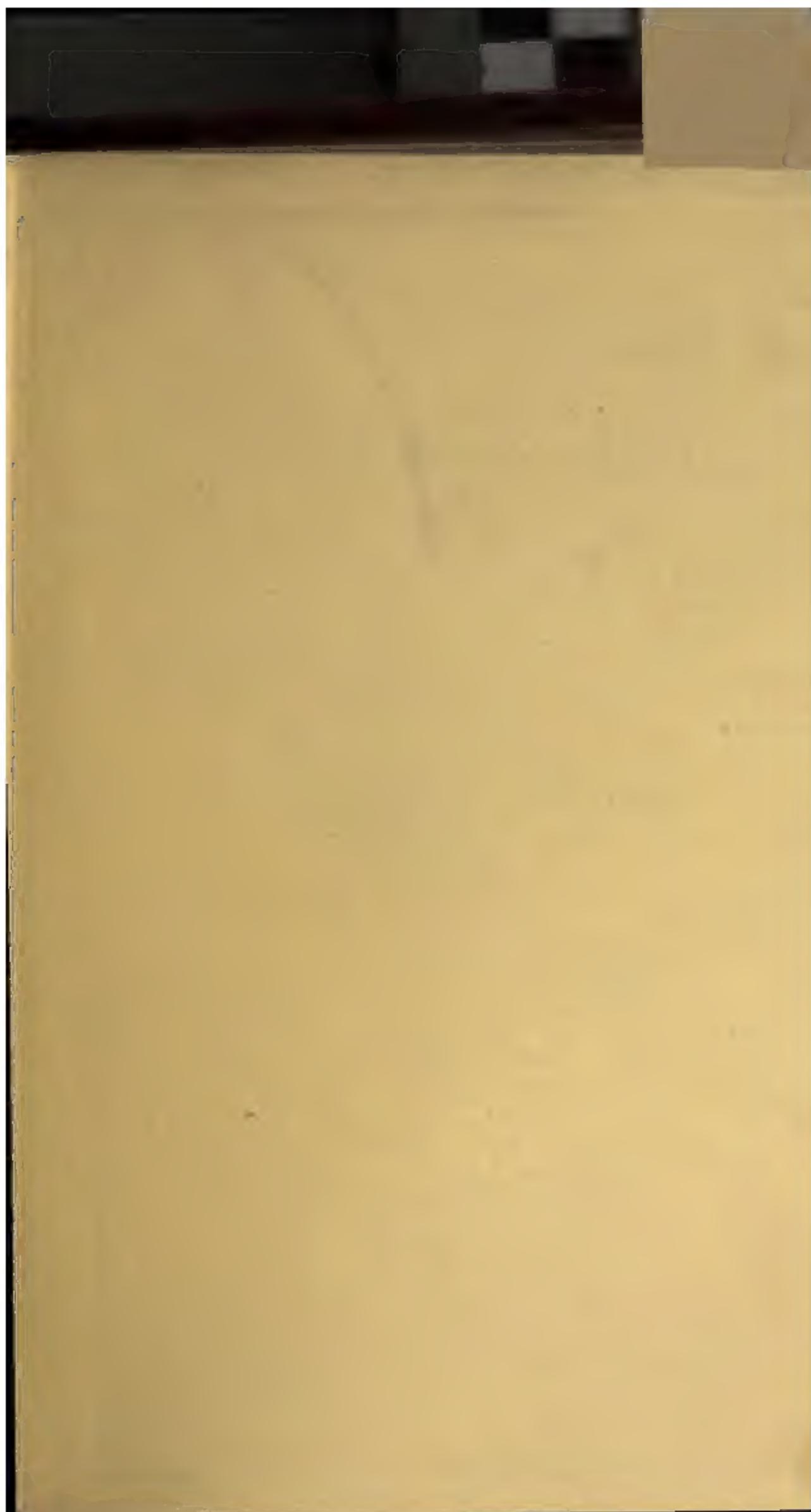
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—♦—
HEBREW LYRICS.
—♦—

By Hans BUSK, Soc

Second edition (first pub. 1859)









HEBREW LYRICS;

Translating the pious Spirit

of the Hebrew Poets,

Divided into

Devout Exercises

and

Prayers,

and

With Annotations,

BY

John Chapman

The Author of the Compleat Bible
and the New Testament



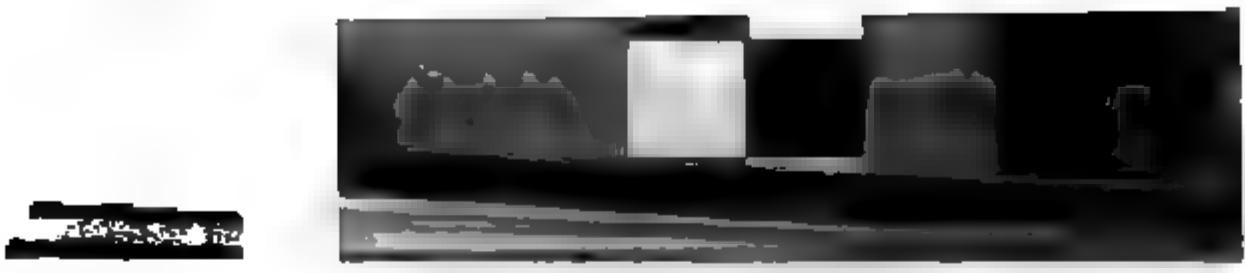
HEBREW LYRICS.

By an
Octogenarian.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
WERTHEIM, MACINTOSH, AND HUNT,
24, PATERNOSTER ROW, AND 23, HOLLES STREET, CAVENDISH SQ.

1861.



~~SECRET~~

LOSTINX :
PRINTED BY JAS. WADE, BRIDGE STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

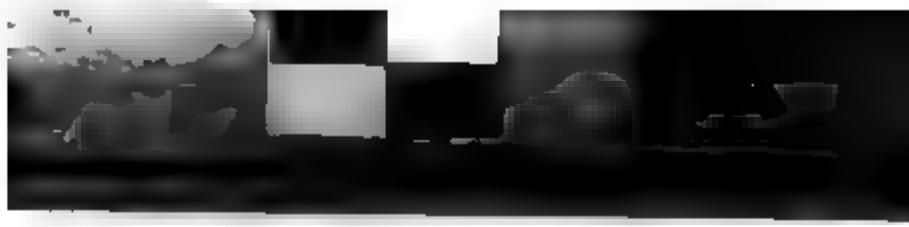
PREFACE.

1859.



ALTHOUGH such and *so constant* is the *mutability* of all sublunary affairs that it seems to be their only quality that *never changes*, and that therefore no variation in them should surprise or alarm us—yet the alterations in the nearest and dearest interests of social order, that have occurred since the composition of the verses that follow and even of the prose that preceded this, have been so rapid, so unprecedented, important, and amazing, that they seem to call upon a writer whose only object and desire is to promote the cause of good sense, true morality, and genuine Christian feeling, not to pass them by with total disregard, when they afford so fair an opportunity for making a few observations which may tend to explain difficulties and obviate objections to the theory which has been so long adopted, and so wisely adapted to man's wants and so successfully maintained for his instruction and amelioration.

"I have been young and now am old," but I must say that I have invariably experienced in my own case, and usually observed in that of others, that the principles, sentiments, and aspirations contained and enforced in this work have been supported, verified, and corroborated as well by solitary facts as by public events. The proposition, indeed, is as undenialable as the reason of it is obvious, for it has been thought worthy to be made a part, and, indeed, no insignificant portion of the Book of



Truth. Now, Truth is the same in all ages and countries, emanating from that Source which suffers no change, and which is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. As far as regards our veritable condition, it is as certain at this day as it was two or three thousand years ago to say that:—"The thing that hath been, is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun." This aphorism being so true has also become so trite that, how valuable soever and imperative may be the remembering of it, yet it comes to pass that it is *not* regarded.

If there be a theorem which can be said to be *more self-evident* than another, it is this—that nations as well as individuals are perpetually the authors and victims of their own follies and vices. When they lapse from the line of rectitude, and stray into the crooked paths of what they call *expediency* and *policy*, they deviate from the dictates of duty, and can no longer continue to merit the complacency of Him Whose Eyes are *too pure to behold iniquity*,—they become the objects of Divine displeasure, condemnation, and just castigation, and, in the end, not only the instigators but the accomplices and instruments of their own punishment. Thus they perish and have perished by a law of their own nature implanted in them by their Creator, like the companions of Ulysses, *σφετίρησσα ἀτασθαλίησσα δλοντα*, whether from the slaughter of consecrated oxen—*Bόας Υπερίωνος Ήελίου*, or the butchery of the more sacred carcases of their own brethren from under the tutelage of an infinitely superior Power—a similarity the more striking as these atrocities were and are committed whilst burning the sweetest incense, offering the most holy sacrifices, and vowed and crowning the most magnificent altars and temples, and



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singing the most sacred canticles and anthems to the Most High.

I would refer my reader to the beautiful and *nay* narrative of the transaction above referred to in the words of the immortal poet, and most particularly call attention to them by those who delight to investigate the *Comparative Anatomy* of the human mind.

If we pass from profane to sacred history—we shall find that a few more families endowed with the same characteristic qualities of uprightness and integrity as that of the Patriarch Lot (though in his, too, some faultinesses were observable) would have saved his whole city from conflagration. Alas! These few were not to be found!

We have no need, however, to go so far back, nor so far off, to hunt out catastrophes brought about by pride, presumption, and profligacy, but have only to open our eyes to behold nearer home striking instances of the causes and consequences of national disasters engendered and merited by public fatuity and general depravity—breeding, among other scourges, what go by the name of revolutions, and those but the other day and on the other side of the Channel, within sight and almost within hearing of our own coasts.

There cannot be a doubt, that with a less despotic monarchy, a less oppressive government, a less luxurious aristocracy, a less crafty and worldly hierarchy, a less ignorant, dissolute, and savage populace, the French Revolution would never have become indispensable, or even if precipitated as it was, would have been accomplished without riot, anarchy, and carnage.

Heart-rending as was this calamity, it was on that account more instructive and impressive. But what have our instructors and teachers been doing? There

was surely time sufficient in four-and-forty years of peace and tranquillity, if skilfully and zealously employed, to produce such mental improvement as to have dispelled the filmy darkness of ignorance, and to have calmed the raging fever of ferocious passions ; and repressed, if not eradicated the reckless propensity to cruelty and destructiveness.

If mankind had profited by the awful warnings of that direful infliction, ending in the murder of three millions of fellow-creatures—and had adopted a more rational bond of society, a sounder code of morality, and a purer form of Christianity—affairs would not at this period be in such a deplorable condition as to enable and entice two unprincipled despots to set forth at the head of harnessed myriads of “*assassins enrégimentés*” (to use Gallic phraseology), actuated by false notions of duty and falser laws of honour—impelled by the most sordid inducements and basest motives—to persuade, bribe, or goad other misguided millions from their useful occupations, industrious habits, and happy homes—from their quiet, proper, and prosperous sphere of action, to involve them, at least, in a web of difficulties and dangers, and plunge them at last into a vortex of guilt and misery—infamy and horrors.

The growth of knowledge and the advance of public opinion would have outrun or arrested the spread of Socialism, and effectually damped or dammed up the virulence of revenge and the violence of brute force. Thus the march of intellect would have anticipated and prevented or counteracted the marchings and forced marchings and countermarchings of armies.

There would not, I say, have been the same temptation or facility or possibility presented to a pair of imperial bandits to stalk out of their northern or southern dens to

parade their impudent, audacious, and impious resolves in the face, and unabashed by the frowns, of offended Heaven ; and they would not have sought—they would not have dared—to raise the standard of rebellion against its declared will and supreme authority—would not have ventured to stake their lives, fortunes, and reputations in desperate undertakings that must lead them on to desolate provinces, to impoverish states—to desolate nations—to convert the smiling scenes of rural felicity into gloomy theatres of war —on which to re-enact the woful drama of their paltry intrigues, foul conspiracies, and bloody tragedies—shrouding the face of Nature in consternation, laying proprietors under contribution and property under confiscation, in order to cut and carve out fresh kingdoms and empires for themselves—split the globe in halves between them that they may sit down and divide the spoil—thence devising means to consolidate their tyrannical projects, to oppress the slaves of their subjugation, and laugh at the dupes of their hypocrisy. At the same time mocking their confidants and confederates—by lulling their scruples and gulling their vanity;—repairing their broken bones and repaying their mangled limbs and mutilated corpses with pompous cenotaphs, tawdry decorations, and empty titles, if not treating them with cold indifference and supercilious disdain.

The times are perilous—the clouds which hang around the horizon are discouraging, the gathering storm that agitates the political elements and threatens the destinies of Europe seems fraught with unusual terror—still I think I might say, *Quondam pejora vidi—majora tuli—deteriora defliri*—if it were not for some unusual and alarming symptoms, or rather extraordinary portents that—here, at least—we have never before had reason to dread nor occa-

sion to deplore. But it is not without the most lively apprehensions that the belief is forced upon the mind that a certain indifference and apathy exists at this momentous crisis in a large and influential class of its inhabitants—neglect and incapacity in high stations,—avarice and ambition, egotism, disunion, and dissensions amongst a great portion of its would-be rulers, and an immoral and irreligious tendency in the great mass of its population—ominous signs amongst a great people that they are approaching the state of those “*quos Deus vult perdere,*” especially after the manifold lessons, warnings, and threatenings which have been dealt out, and the oft-repeated and undeserved indulgences, immunities, and long-sufferings which have been vouchsafed.

It is in vain to look round for the twenty, the ten, or the five who should, as in former times, save by their righteousness—or for the one—as on the last occasion—whose authority, enterprise, and intrepidity should assist by his counsels, encourage by his example, and extricate by his consummate abilities.

I look also in vain for the seventy-five thousand volunteers (four of them out of my own family, the youngest only being left, like the son of Jesse, to guard the flock) who filed off beneath these windows; of whom now how few remain to vouch for their alacrity, their discipline, and their most essential services; and yet this phalanx was not composed altogether of such insignificant ingredients, but had a very fair sprinkling of the gay and gallant, the high and haughty, the wealthy and titled, the coroneted—and the mitred, who in their own *field* laboured perhaps more abundantly, more successfully than all.

Since then, have I not seen governments, nations, and empires, some rise, like the *phœnix* from its own ashes, some

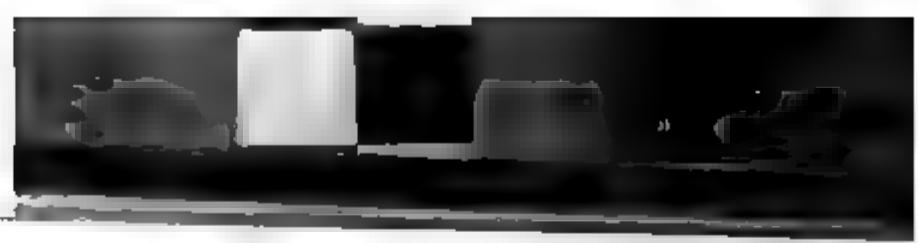
faint, and sink, and fade away, like the “baseless fabric of a vision?” Can I see and say all this and not feel most sensibly affected, and rejoice most heartily as especially favoured in being reserved to behold, and permitted to record, such remarkable facts, such evident developments of the counsels, and such astonishing manifestations of the justice and benevolence of Providence—to reiterate such sentiments as these suggest, and disseminate as far as the limits of my confined circle will allow, and endeavour to diffuse as practically as possible the lively feelings which still animate my breast with piety, gratitude, and awe?

After all, it is to the prevalence of such feelings, either in private individuals or public bodies, that we must really *look* for the *means* of conciliating that Merciful regard without which the most sage advice and most strenuous efforts are vain, fruitless, and effete. The race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong, nor success always to the wise.

Do our leaders perhaps not presume too much upon *this* when they imagine themselves in security, but are, in fact, wandering “in a vain shadow?”

For the *means* here alluded to—**LOOK WITHIN!**





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Perhaps the *lector benevolus* will permit me (at the penalty of a little prolixity) to hazard one wish more—that the frequent and wide-spreading perusal of these pages, by checking frivolity, dispelling scepticism, and encouraging serious meditation on concerns of vital importance may lead (in however small degree) to foster and disseminate that frame and temper of mind which is calculated to avert the displeasure, and conciliate the complacency of that Power Who has declared Himself as able and resolved to repress the ungodly in their arrogance (be they insulated offenders or confederate communities), as condescending and willing to redress the righteous in their depression. With all its vainglorious vaunts and unseemly jactitation there never was an age which more imperatively required a sedative for worldly-mindedness and a stimulus for pure and *undefiled* religion. We have made *progress* in the arts of life; but have we improved in the science of living? Are we in that respect in a better condition than mankind were three or four thousand years ago—than the compatriots of Job. Who they were, the learned cannot tell us, but what they were any one may behold who chooses to read, and perhaps we may admit that many more can read now than could read then.

The schoolmaster has been abroad—but has he taught us *his* lesson rightly? Have we learnt *our* task as we ought? He has taught us, you will say, the art of acquiring knowledge—but is it the knowledge worth acquiring? Is it the knowledge profitable to temporal security here, or eternal salvation hereafter? But you boast, perhaps, that he has *at least* taught us to ACQUIRE RICHES—of these they had more than enough in days of yore. Has he taught us how

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to use them ? how not to abuse them ? how to avoid the snares they lay ? how to fulfil the duties they impose ? Is not this money-craft or crafty money-getting the very plague-spot under which we are suffering—the yellow leprosy that infects the festering mass of the body politic—one of the most deplorable evils and portentous signs of these perilous times and impending calamities ?

It is not the schoolmaster who is now abroad—it is the avenging Angel who hovers over Europe—the scourge has gone forth to chastise the nations—a worse scourge than Alaric with his Visigoths or Attila with his Huns, for the rod of Providence is waving overhead ; and were Job to revive, what is there to prevent his saying of the inconsiderate and the perverse of the present day—(how large a proportion of the population that may be I do not presume to opine :)—“ Their seed is established in their sight ” and their offspring before their eyes—their houses are “ safe ” (*so far*) “ neither do they think the rod of GOD upon them ; their cow calveth and casteth not her calf ” —they send forth their little ones like a flock, and their “ children dance—they take the timbrel, and harp, and “ rejoice at the sound of the organ. *They spend their days in wealth*, and in a moment they go down to the “ grave. Therefore they say : What is the Almighty that “ we should serve Him ? And what profit should we have “ if we pray unto Him ? ” &c. &c.

Abjured as I have all personal vanity in the prosecution, as in the title of this work, I hardly know whether it be strictly consistent to mention the auspicious circumstance—that in my family (who in the beginning of the century were *pars*—say *minima pars*—*criminis*) it has been mercifully vouchsafed me to keep alive the fainting spirit of rectitude, energy, and patriotism, so as to see their smouldering embers re-kindled in my own *hearth* as well as *heart*, to awaken a sympathetic glow in the breast of my male progeny : and though modesty might withhold me from recurring to private affairs, truth and justice to others seem to forbid the total disregard of such

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an incident. Sometimes a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump, so from a small and unexpected spark—especially if it be an emanation of true Promethean fire—a bright flame may arise to warm, enlighten, and animate thousands.

I should also be deficient in attention, civility, and gratitude to the fair sex, if I did not acknowledge my obligation to the female branches for the readiness and merit of their contributions in the illustrative art.

I must trespass too on the kindness of the ingenuous and indulgent to correct or excuse the trifling typographical inaccuracies—*quas incuria fudit*—which as attributable in some measure to the *empressement* to be serviceable to the public may be said to have been occasioned primarily, though unwittingly, by *it*, so by *it* alone can they perhaps be atoned and reformed—by a call for a reprint.

But as I neither anticipate such a result, nor solicit such a favour, nor expect to live to see such an event, they (the faults, not the public) "must, to quote the same authority, "remain with myself"—an object of indifference to the casual,—a triumph or a snare to the hypercritical —(if such a race still exist)—and a trial of good sense or proof of good-nature to the courteous reader;—a mark and confession of haste in the compositor and composer—and what no doubt is more or less wanting to all, but chiefly desired and most patiently submitted to by the latter—a lesson of humility to—

THE AUTHOR,

— — — Hyde Park.

28th of May, 1859.

(*Die natali octogesimo-octavo*).

ERRATA.

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Page.	Line.		Page.	Line.	
77	26	For preludes	Read	prelude	Read left
98	19	" and suffer	"	Suff'ring	" eye conceal,
100	5	" odours	"	colours	" confessions
110	16	" live	"	lives	" manifold
127	4	" abortly	"	shortly	" too,
136	23	" joy	"	these	" hordes invade
138	16	" brave	"	brave.	" mangers
141	13	" nation's	"	nations,	" crowd
143	16	" trod, on	"	trod on,	" haled meat
153	2	" wantonness	"	wantonest	" them bread
170	3	" strain'd	"	strain	" lost
180	14	" bases	"	base	" who run
"	16	" enthrall	"	enchase	" widows
"	21	" amities	"	amity	" and your weeds
204	24	" forgiveness	"	forgivingness	" annihilates
228	6	" asp	"	asp	" obeisances
276	6	" slopes	"	slope	" obeisance
			280	6	For life
			286	26	" eye
			292	24	" confession
			318	27	" manifest
			323	9	" too
			"	25	" horde invades
			"	28	" manger
			317	13	" sight
			"	31	" haled bread
			333	19	" them meat
			"	32	" done
			334	27	" who ran
			"	12	" mothers
			408	12	" as ye read
			"	23	" 'nnihilates

PREFACE.



A LEARNED and recondite, or at least, a lengthy and elaborate historical, critical, philological, and archæological enquiry into the Book of Psalms would, perhaps, have formed, in many respects, an appropriate, acceptable, and agreeable introduction to the following leaves.

The researches to which their composition naturally and unavoidably led; in consulting, classing, and comparing a variety of versions and translations; and the not unfamiliar acquaintance with some of the most requisite modern and dead languages, which seemed to qualify the writer to accomplish such an undertaking, might have suggested motives, if they had been wanting; and afforded facilities, if requisite, which would have been auxiliar to the prosperous prosecution of such a project.

It seems, however, that it must, if not obviously and inevitably, at least incidentally and ultimately, have conducted to the collecting and discussing as well a variety of difficult, mysterious, and disputed passages; as to the considering, concentrating, and possibly controverting the opinions and merits of different scholiasts, annotators, and expositors, those neither amusing to read nor convenient to condense; and these, though not difficult to confute, not easy to convince; though not pleasant nor advantageous to follow, yet not desirable nor safe nor politic nor polite to contradict and condemn.

What encouragement can there be for the quiet, sincere, and unobtrusive enquirer to tread in the steps
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of the bewildered, dogmatic, and vainglorious—where we find a display of erudition without instruction; hypothesis without foundation; confidence without conviction, and a skein of interminable errors; instead of a clear and palpable chain of evidence conducting through the labyrinth of intricacies and perplexities to the shrine of immutable TRUTH?

TRUTH is generally intrenched in a middle position; the “juste milieu,” between two opposite extremes: and it is possibly for this very reason not very readily discernible; as those legitimate neighbours are at the same time its most jealous guardians and its most pertinacious adversaries.—TRUTH is meek, modest, and moderate, and demands a similarity of sentiment, deportment, and procedure in her votaries.—Too much light is as unfavourable to her discovery and development, as too little.

From an inattention to this peculiarity it manifestly is, that we have so many luminous problems offuscated under a cloud of accumulated proofs; and so many brilliant theorems palpably *elucidated* into *obscurity*.

I shall therefore endeavour to emancipate my readers by confining myself within the bounds of a very few pertinent but brief remarks—to accomplish which I will set aside all that is controversial, disputatious, and polemical; all personal vanity and worldly considerations as foreign, if not antagonistic, to the true design and meaning of this unassuming production, which aims alone at the encouragement and expansion of moral rectitude and religious feeling by frequent, serious, and pious exercises;—becoming more pleasurable from every repetition, and reiterated the oftener from every fresh enjoyment they confer.

The remote antiquity, the supreme authority, and the

undoubted inspiration—(not that of a heated imagination or a maudlin Muse)—but the real infusion of vast conceptions of revealed impressions and important truths and lofty expressions in the Psalms, worthy the immediate affiliation of Divinity; and their universal applicability, more or less in all places and in all cases; at all times and seasons to mortals of all conditions, without distinction of age, sex, grade, or occupation, have always rendered and must continue to characterize them as the most mysterious, noble, and venerable, as well as the most useful, interesting, holy, and sublime of all the literary legacies of antiquity.

From the mystical allusions, the prophetic annunciations, and the intimate relation they bear to the manifestation not only of the elevated, awful, and peculiar doctrines of the Christian dispensation;—but the authoritative proof and inestimable testimony they exhibit of the divine origin of the “author and finisher of our faith;” they have always obtained, and will for ever indisputably maintain a firm and unshaken hold on the mind of all who believe in the unity of the Godhead and the superintendence of an intelligent, beneficent, overruling Providence.

They may be considered as the first harbingers of SALVATION;—shedding the dawn of that auspicious light which was to arise, and has arisen, to dispel doubt, clear ambiguity, cheer anxiety, and chase the mists of ignorance, prejudice, and superstition, and irradiate the mental atmosphere by the blaze of that Science—(if that term may be imported into the sacred vocabulary)—

“ That Science,—whose instructions go
To chide another's faults or show,
By chastening our own.



“That Science,—which can cancel crime;
Captivity unbind;
Can win eternity from time;
And from earth’s turbid slime, sublime
The elements of mind.

“That Science,—whose prescriptions are
Best regimen of sense;
Whose diet is the hermit’s fare;
Whose physic, fasting; food is prayer;
Whose feast is abstinence.

“That Science,—whose enquiries lie
In the remoter part
Of that unholy Sacristy,
In which few fain, too far, to pry,—
The kernel of the heart.

“That Science,—whose discoveries bend
Beyond that tiny sphere;
To where yon sunny isles extend,
Which light and joy and knowledge lend
To Love’s eternal year.”

Mosody on the Death of Maria.

If this integral, essential, and invaluable portion of the sacred volume has been accepted, admired, and adopted by the Jew, the Gentile, and the Mussulman, how much more highly is it not, and ought it not to be estimated, distinguished, and studied, by the professor of Christianity.—It not only predicted its advent, heralded its approach, and prepared its inauguration, but accompanies its progress, promotes its advancement, and shares its triumphs.—Prized and endeared by its being an emanation from the earthly Progenitor of our Saviour Himself in His

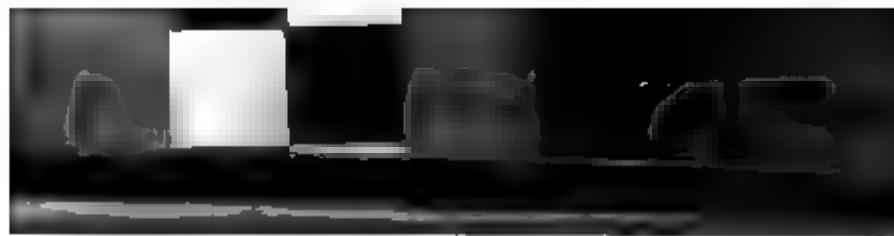
Human Nature; under the *supernatural* and merciful approval, assistance, and blessing of their (and Whom we have the encouragement to call) our gracious Heavenly Parent.

It seems as if it would be difficult to lay the finger on any strain that can have greater or equal title to our esteem, or such an undeniable claim upon our reverence, sympathies, and affections;—and yet the versions in modern languages hitherto have neither been very numerous, very elegant, nor very recommendable, nor (if I may be allowed to hazard an opinion) very successful.

My promise of succinctness, as well as the invidiousness of criticising the endeavours of those to whom I stand in the unenviable relative position of competitor, must suggest the impropriety and preclude the desire of dilating upon either their excellencies or deficiencies, or of investigating the cause of their failures:—but if there be one reason which appears more prominent than another, it may unquestionably be found in the tendency and predilection towards an absolutely literal formula—which has cramped the flights of some, distorted the phraseology of others, and paralysed the energies of not a few.

From the fault of him who—“*tutus nimium timidusque procellæ, serpit humi;*”—it is not uncommon to slide into the opposite extreme of him who—“*professus grandia turget.*”—Is that the case here?—Is it for me to say—“*Je n'en sais rien?*”

One thing I will say, the writer disdains any such pompous pretensions—he does not profess great things:—on the contrary, it is with the utmost modesty, humility, and Godly sincerity and even self-annihilation that he has conceived and executed his project:—yes, in pure simplicity of heart, glowing with zealous aspirations, though



chastened by reverential awe without pride or assumption, but yet certainly—"con amore,"—and truly if a labour,—a labour of love it has been:—Springing from the love of GOD, teaching and encouraging the love of our fellow-creatures, and in the union of both engendering that enlightened and refined self-love which alone is permissible but which is imperative; and which, producing and reproduced by an approving conscience, is at once the stimulus and reward of every virtuous resolution, amiable inclination and praiseworthy, and so called *disinterested* action.

In these correct principles and generous sentiments are the distinctive motives and supreme consolations of the wise and good, and by these are nourished the germs of all that deserves the name of happiness,—individual, domestic, or social.—But these are recommended, inculcated, and fostered in the most beautiful and impressive tone; supported by the most persuasive and cogent arguments through every page and every passage of the harmonious raptures of the Royal Minstrel:—Any attempt therefore to forward, disseminate, and familiarize a thorough acquaintance with, an insight into and recurrence to the cultivation of those admirable effusions, will not be looked upon by the well-wisher of his species or the advocate of humanity with indifference or disdain; but by the philanthropic and devout will be hailed (in this age of progress) as an evidence and prognostic of its efficacy and continuance:—and the more promptly recognised and more warmly acknowledged will it be while so many steps boasted by innovators, to be in the right direction are decidedly and wofully in the wrong;—repressive of true morality, retroactive against pure religion, and retrogressive in the career of improvement in

habits, manners, and rational and real amelioration of disposition and character.

What further shall I say?—one more observation may not be superfluous—this work was begun in the eightieth year of the author's age and finished within two years, and though this peculiarity is of little consequence perhaps to anybody but himself; the mention of it may serve in some measure to gratify curiosity, disarm criticism, and conciliate indulgence.—Six years more have brought its existence beyond the “mezzo termine” of the “nonum non primatur”—prescribed by the severity of criticism, and in the near approach of the eighteenth lustrum there is no time to be unprofitably squandered. At all events it may be conceded that this circumstance entitles the culprit to a jury of nonagenarians.

To affirm that he looks to its reception with “frigid indifference” or stolid insensibility would neither be a manly nor mannerly nor faithful representation of what passes in his mind.—He certainly does wish that the pleasure and profit (by which is meant mental and moral gratification and improvement) might be extended to others, and if possible be enjoyed in no narrow circle: awakening a taste where never before felt, and confirming the relish, when once tasted; for that secret, sober, and sedate, though rational and exquisite delight in the reading these lines, which the writing of them has communicated.—Wonderfully indeed have they absorbed or mitigated the “labour, sorrow, and pain,” the tedium, lassitude, and inanity—“pœna diu viventibus”—which the Psalmist himself so accurately describes and so forcibly laments, and which have been so readily acknowledged, and pathetically deplored in every country and in every era, as the doubtfully beneficial but undoubtedly burden-

some co-relatives of senility.—Must there not and should there not be—also—(however discouraged, smothered, or concealed), an innate, latent, and lurking emotion of satisfaction, dare we call it *pride*, in the wish if not hope and expectation (though so distant, improbable, and incongruous) of leaving a relic of *humility*, a testimonial of faith, and a monument of gratitude and devotion, for that beneficent grant of the extension of life, the elasticity of faculties, and the continuance of exertions.

It was not however written with any primary view to publication, though now it is completed, the feeling in that respect may have suffered a change. The public therefore owes no thanks to the author who has not toiled for them, and *he* owes no allegiance to those from whom he has received no encouragement, and expects no favour.—This independence, common to both, and discreditable to neither, may nevertheless lead to a better understanding and more enduring relationship than results from exaggerated anticipations on one side, and ostentatious announcement and cringing adulation on the other: and yet he has a Lord and Master to whom he does owe subjection, fealty, and homage—the *Dedication*, not of this poor essay alone, but of all the powers and abilities it has pleased Him to bestow, feeble, insignificant, and unprofitable as they may be.—Little needs *he* trust in the sons of men—who puts his trust in the Son of God. Not—certainly—in the princes of this world, but in the Supreme Ruler of the Universe.

I take then cordially my leave; yielding to the inexorable fatality attached to all similar intercourse—fortuitous meeting, momentary acquaintance—sometimes unwelcome farewell, and certainly eternal separation—but I bequeath to those who come after me a rich legacy in the

pursuit of the same theme;—not with deeper sincerity, keener sensibility, or fonder aspirations;—but with more youthful vigour, subtler ingenuity, ampler ability, and a more complete and prosperous result:—convinced that he will not be found wandering from, but making no inconsiderable advances in the path of sound morality, pure devotion, and therefore of true happiness—to whom such employment shall become habitual and delightful—“Cui psalmi Davidis decies, centies repetiti et valde placebunt.”



NOTICE.

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IN a subject so serious and important as that of the following pages, which extends to such a length, and in which there are necessarily so many repetitions of the same phrases, ideas, and sentiments, a total exemption from monotonous passages seems hardly to be expected to be wholly avoidable.—It will therefore perhaps be conformable to the judgment, as well as congenial to the feelings of the reader, as it seems to have been to those of the author, that the only three varieties of metre which the English language presents and modern prosody acknowledges have been resorted to and adopted throughout. The Iambic, Trochaic, and Anapæstic will be found therefore mutually interchanged as the subject of each piece seemed to suggest, authorize, or require. To prevent confusion and misunderstanding, as the transition is so frequent and abrupt, it was thought not unadvisable (however some may think it unnecessary), to mark each change in the metre by affixing the initial letter of the measure at the beginning of each Lyric respectively. The pronunciation of many of our words being often variable and arbitrary, as a relief in the perusal, a grave accent, showing where the stress is required, has been placed over syllables about which any ambiguity might be supposed likely to arise.





DEDICATION.



THE CHRISTIAN'S PRAYER.



Thou GOD and FATHER thron'd above
In unmatch'd Majesty !
Blessing with Thy parental love—
Blest—by Thy children be !

How fondly by affection seized,
That parentage has grown,
Since Thy vast Mercy it has pleased
That parentage to own.

Far as the Sun, Thy splendours dress,
Irradiates, warms Thy skies,
O may Thy Sun of Righteousness
On every eye arise !

Through all Thy creatures there are pour'd
Thy truthful worship run—
Thy Name for ever be adored,
Thy Will for ever done :

In murky dens where mortals crawl
In misery and dust ;
As lucid courts where Seraphs fall
Before Thy Face august.

Alas ! not here—since yet such dearth
 Of vulgarest virtues even ;
Or else this land would not be Earth,
 It would itself be Heaven.

Might but that Faith, their head that bows,
 Assimilate our feel !
Renew and fructify our vows
 And sanctify our zeal !

Whilst Bread of Life Thou givest,—give
 To own from Whom the treat,
And may we, while we on it live,
 Confess Whose bread we eat :

For whilst that food still feeds the flood
 That trickles through this frame ;
There 's not a pulse propels the blood ;
 But must Thy Power proclaim ;

Directing the tumultuous rush
 That vivifies the heart,
Where not a beat, but should a gush
 Of gratitude impart.

Since not a drop, or fast or slow,
 A drippe from each throb,
But from Thy reservoir must flow
 And Thy life's-treasury rob.

Give too,—soul-satisfying fare
 From Thy celestial store,
Of which who taste shall never share
 Sore thirst or hunger more.

O give us,—yes,—forgive us—too
The trespass we commit,
As our own trespassers we do
Ungrudgingly acquit.

Forgiven and forgiving so,
Thy precepts to fulfil—
How kindnesses we ought to show,
Thy kindnesses instil.

Lead not through Pleasure's revels where
Those trespasses abound,
But guide us past Temptation's snare;
Fast by our feet is found.

Yet, for feast-rites in Luxury's bower,
False appetite sure not;
Nor cruder cravings would devour
Orphan's and Widow's, cot:

Much less the thirst for wassail bowl,
To orgies would entice;
Wherein ebriety, both soul
And body steeps in vice.

And as Thy fear and love can save
Alone those to them list,
Let us by these, those perils brave—
Insidious charms resist.

Beleaguering Virtue's strong redoubt
By each besetting sin,
Sternly assaults it from without,
Slily assails within.

And soon thesec sentinels shall faint
That garrison shall cower ;
If Thou abandon struggling Saint,
Desert the tottering tower.

From every deed and word and thought
By which the impassion'd soul
Is to the brink of ruin brought,
Redeem by kind control.

Thy servant guard from every ill
From every evil way ;
Thy better wish to fathom still,
Thy best behest, obey.

What that behest ?—to strive to scan,
That line of life to learn ;
The highest happiness of man
Allotted here to earn.

From Thee is every perfect gift ;
Give light to see my road ;
If Thou illumine not, nor lift,
Can I climb Thine Abode ?

Thine—the illimitable reign
Which Might with Right combines ;
Whose Glory through Earth's emerald plain,
Heaven's sapphire concave shines !







HEBREW LYRICS.



Lyric I. I.

—

How blest the man, or old or young,
Or simple or discreet,
Ne'er stood the reckless crew among,
Nor sat in scorners' seat.

Delighted he to tread the path
Traced by Heaven's holy will;
The only pleasure that he hath,
Its purpose to fulfil.

Like graceful pomegranate he grows,
That drinks the filter'd tide,
Whose ruby-mantled cheeks disclose
The blush the sun has dyed.

Eternal verdure shall imbue
Its every glossy blade,
Celestial moisture shall bedew
Its renovating shade.

But at the wicked Heaven shall laugh,
Their eye of pride shall blind ;
Their hopes shall scatter like the chaff
Tossed by the angry wind.

Before their trial they shall faint,
Before their judge shall fail ;
In congregation of the saint
Their haughty spirit quail.

But there's an eye transpierces each
Dark mystery of soul ;
The depth of modest worth can reach,
Of artifice control.





Lyrical II. I.

Why rise the heathen in their rage,
Godless in their seduction,
In hopeless contest to engage?
Know they with whom they warfare wage?
That him to meet
Is peril great,
Is sure defeat;
Is shame, is self-destruction?

Yet puny Kings of Earth have planned
Conspiracies disjointed;
Their fleets and fortresses have manned,
Their legionaries levied, and—
'Gainst whom array'd
This renegade
And fierce brigade?
'Gainst GOD and his Anointed!

"Let's cast," they say, "these shackles off;
"Let's tear these bands asunder."
At Heaven's high Majesty they scoff,
The robe of their allegiance doff;
In fitful dream
And frantic scream
Thy name blaspheme;
Awake! wake with thy thunder.

The "Uncreated," who resides
In palace of infinity,
With smile contemptuously derides.
Supreme Fatuity misguides

Its fleshly arm
To wound or harm,
Confound, alarm,
Her tutelar Divinity.

Shall he not cry, with sounds appal
And paralyze th' unwary ;
In Zion's hill and Salem's hall,
Shall prostrate priest and people fall ;
Rich offerings bring,
Pure virgins sing,
To Judah's King,
In Israel's Sanctuary ?

JEHOVAH spake, the fiat flew,
Like peal from Sinai shotten ;
O'er land and sea, to Gentile, Jew,
To false believers and to true—
“ This is my Son,
“ E'er day was won
“ From darkness dun—
“ This day have I begotten.”

To have, is but to ask of me
Possession in abundance :
Lo, Heathen-land, I give it thee,
And all beyond the farthest sea ;
And farthest earth,
Of priceless worth,
Where never dearth,
But ever rich redundancy.

His sceptre, mild, for those obey ;
Iron, for disobedient.
Bold rebels he in dust shall lay,
And break in shreds like potter's clay ;

Heal sick and lame,
The vicious tame
By means the same,
Expedient as lenient.

Proud rulers of the earth, give ear,
In your conclaves assembling !
JEHOVAH worship and revere
With loyal love and fervent fear ;
Proclaim your choice
With cheerful voice ;
Applaud, rejoice !
With undissembled trembling.

Then kiss the rod, why should ye burn
In his fierce indignation ?
Ye that have left the way, return ;
The bliss enshrined in duty learn,
When, if ye yield,
He has reveal'd
Your pardon 's sealed,
Your sole, your Soul's SALVATION !



ApriC III. I.

REGO

Ah ! whence and why, before the L^OR^D
Such multitudes I see,
With simultaneous, prompt accord
Direct their virulent, abhorred
Malevolence on me ?

What warps to weave the weft
Of calumnies so foul !
Of hope, of help, of Heaven bereft,
No solace, no salvation left
To my devoted soul.

Hear this, O L^OR^D ! my strength, my trust,
Who my deliverer art,
In whom alone confide I must,
To raise my head, sunk in the dust,
And brace my breaking heart.

Oft have I call'd on thee, and will
Obtest thy power again ;
Called on thee in thy holy hill,
And thou hast heard thy suppliant still,
Who never called in vain.

" There's eye that wakes," I fondly said,
And lay me down to sleep ;
The tempests whistled round my head,
I rose from my unruffled bed ;
Thou didst my vigils keep !

Why should I tremble to engage
Their malice or their spite ?

With thee what warfare can they wage ?
With whom how impious is their rage,
How impotent their might !

O raise, thou one invincible !
Thy buckler o'er the weak ;
The fiery darts and fury quell,
And snap the spear and spoil the spell
Of those my life that seek.

In thee, if feeble or if strong,
Man finds a refuge sure ;
To whom the right and power belong
His life of vapour to prolong,
Salvation to secure.





Lyric I. I.

—

O turn and hearken unto me,
 God of my righteousness,
Who oft from trouble hast set free :
To whom but thee can Misery flee,
 In danger, doubt, distress ?

Beware ye, where your perils rise,
 Ye who his name blaspheme ;
Will he take pleasure in your lies,
Your vanities and perjuries ?
 Polluted souls redeem ?

The true, the upright, perfect mind
 His pleasure and his choice ;
And in the contest that's behind
Each in a different fate shall find
 The fiat of his voice.

Hie to thy chamber, then, above,
 Thou man of conscience sear ;
Try means to melt that heart or move ;
No coryphaeus thou of love,
 Be neophyte of fear.

And yet, why doom thyself a slave,
 Who might be generous, free ?
The only offering he would have,
The only sacrifice would crave,
 Devout integrity !

What need so many to inquire,
 " Who'll show us any good ? "

'Tis but to quench fierce passion's fire,
And by his will to curb desire,
When rightly understood.

Show me thy truth, O {GOD} of Light!
Irradiate like the day;
Chase with blest countenance and bright,
Bewildering mists from Error's sight,
And purge the visual ray.

So shall my face the aspect show
Of sweet content, tho' spoil
Of princes in their coffers grow,
Their stores and granaries o'erflow
With corn, and wine, and oil.

Beneath thy arm I'll still recline,
On couch of sure repose,
Receive the tribute of my vine,
By day my food from hands divine,
At night my eyelids close.



Epitaph. X.

—

Disperse not my sighings in air,
O my father, my king, and my GOD !
To thee alone proffered my prayer;
Thou know'st how sincere, when I dare
So awfully bow to thy rod.

In thy palace, nor pleasure nor praise
For vain-boaster thy patience that tries :
Nor Falsehood can suffer the gaze,
Nor Malice nor Envy can raise
Their heads to the skies where it lies.

On the ray of the dawning, mine eye
Scales the star-paved celestified road ;
On the first breath of Morning, my cry
With the wings of Impatience shall fly
To be heard in that sacred abode.

Is there fool so his folly ingrains
Not to know, as he sows, so he reaps
Sure condign recompènse of his pains ?
Or blood-thirsty wretch, in blood-stains,
Thinks to' escape glance of eye never sleeps ?

As for me, to thy house I draw near,
With a confidence chastened by awe ;
With a love not unmingled with fear,
I worship, admire, and revere,
Trust thy mercy, and honour thy law.

Lead me, aid me, wherever I go,
My guardian, my GOD, and my guide ;

Lead me far from the fear of the foe :
Look, illumine my pathway, and show,
It so steep, yet how plain and how wide.

No faith in that foe's breast resides ;
There Falsehood has found her a den ;
His throat is a sepulchre, hides
The poison of adders, besides,
But his tongue's tipp'd with honey again.

The victims be such of their wiles,
That lead to destruction at last ;
Caught by bait of their flatteries and smiles ;
In the abysses their fancy beguiles,
Be thy rebels eternally cast.

But fearless the faithful, the few,
With bold, simultaneous voice,
Shall pour anthems of gratitude due
For that shelter that shields, whence they drew
The right and the power to rejoice.

Whom thou hast eventually blest,
The meek, have invariably shown ;
Obedient to every behest,
Thou hast dowered them in place of their rest
With felicity, here that's unknown.



Lyric vi. I.

—

Rebuke me, LOR^D, as thou art mild,
In mildest mood and measure ;
And chasten thy forgiven child,
But not in hot displeasure.
For me not, but thy glory's name,
Nor bruise these bones, nor crush this frame.

How far wilt thou these pains prolong,
The inward sense pervade ?
O turn and drop the avenging thong,
And heal the weal it made—
(So, feeble reed, need'st thou to shake !)
Turn for thy very mercy's sake.

Remembrance dies when man is dead :
Resumed, all Bounty gave :
What tongue shall tune thy praises dread,
Within the silent grave ?
And now in agony I groan,
And wake Night's echoes with my moan.

When I'm aroused from hurried sleep,
O'er-flurried by my fears,
'Tis but my ruffled couch to steep
In bitterer, brinier tears.
To find the insulting foe prevail,
My comeliness and courage fail.

Away, despised, detested crew,
Vile vanities that vaunt !
There is an eye that mocks at you,
An ear derides your taunt.

Scatters your oaths in idle air,
But bends to catch my whispered prayer.

Before the fury of whose wrath
Your phalanxes shall flee,
As scum of dissipated froth
Before the fretful sea.

In withering shame your name shall shrink,
Oblivion's gulf your glories sink.





Epric viii. I.

—

O thou whose reign is wise and just !
In whom the justest, wisest trust ;
Sweet Innocence' defender ;
Before whom Falsehood shall not stand ;
The scourge of every stubborn and
Vain-glorious pretender ;
Protect me from outrageous wrong,
And warn from snares entice :
To thee the piercing eye and strong,
And arm invincible belong,
Just dread of secret vice.

Lo ! every minute of the hour,
They wait, they watch me, to devour,
Like famished lions raging :
With wistful eye I look around.
No human hope nor helper found
In the dark strife they're waging,
Yes, yes, there is a succour nigh,
For thou hast everywhere
A refuge city to which I
Shall never falter if I fly,
But find deliverance there.

If now I've done, or ever did,
The thing, by thee, which was forbid ;
Or steeped my hands in blood ;
Or evil thought, or evil dealt,
Or aught but friendliness have felt
For him who sought my good ;

So let mine enemies succeed
And persecute, and rush
Upon me in my utmost need,
Beneath their conquering blows to bleed,
That life and honour crush.

Rise thou, and rouse the readiest fire
Of indignation's reddest ire,
All-potent intercessor !
Bare thy resistless bright right arm
To shield thy votary from harm
Of insolent aggressor.
So shall the congregation raise,
With univocal voice,
Thy unextinguishable praise.
O rise as in the olden days,
And bid thy sons rejoice.

Thou whose deep knowledge of the heart
Fathoms the weakest, worthiest part
Consummately employing ;
Eradicate the weed of sin,
Wither the germ of ill within,
Both branch and root destroying.
Thou art thy people's truthful judge,
By will, by right, in fact ;
Thou'l judge me by my innocence,
And may it prove as clear defence,
As spotless every act.

But 'tis to thee I look alone,
So beautiful has mercy shone
From Heaven, on me descending.
Offences every day, alas !
With mortal man must come to pass,
Thou pardoning, he offending.
But pardon ever he will not
The man that will not turn ;

O'er him he holds careering blade,
And sharper darts and firier made,
That in the marrow burn.

He turns when writhing from thy rod,
But to ungodliness, not {GOD},
And for fresh treason watches.
Begets Malignity on Crime ;
And, in the fulness of their time,
The spawn of Misery hatches.
Who is it strews the blooming flowers
O'er the insidious pit,
Simplicity that would devour ;
But he who, in the appointed hour,
Himself shall fall in it ?

The feet entangled in that net,
Not those for whom the meshes set ;
But they shall be the setter's.
No proud, triumphant captor he,
But captive renegade shall be,
Bound in his self-forged fetters.
Unfathomed source inscrutable,
Of every perfect good !
Canst sin by sin itself expel.
O that I knew to praise thee well,
Or rightly understood !



Lyrīc viii. I.



Eternal Ruler of the sky,
Below the low, above the high,
Beyond th' immeasurably wide
Reflux of blue ethereal tide !

Air, earth, and sea
Are full of thee,
Are thine ;
Both they and we,
Autocrator divine !

Can man's expressions laudatory
Be deemed accession to thy glory ?

Of infant innocence it is,
To speak of purity like his :
Let every tongue be seared with shame
Pronounces recklessly his name.

For who can be
His enemy,
Who gives
Sole faculty
By which he lives.

Shall he who every wrong redresses
O'erlook blasphemer's worst excesses ?

Thou who dost span the vast expanse,
Between whose fingers planets dance :
Where Day matures his gorgeous noon,
And sober Night her paly Moon :

The stars that shine
From golden mine,
Of sapphire stone,

Clustering combine
Their rays to gem thy throne.
What ravish'd sight could bear the gazing
Upon the splendours there are blazing !

Then what's this shivering insect, stalks
Or crawls upon his clod and talks
As though 't were architect of all
The works of his terraqueous ball ?

How gracious thou
Thy thoughts to bow
To bid him live ;
To stoop so low,
His follies to forgive !

The wayward son of man and sinning,
From woes of his perdition winning.

In spite of crime, of error, fault,
Still condescending to exalt
Beyond the limits of desire ;
Scarcely beneath the Angelic quire :
Offering a crown
Of bright renown
To him who 's wise
Enough to own
Wherein his safety lies ;
Yet of how few the wisdom reaches
To adopt the lesson Wisdom teaches !

The works of thy creative hand,
The ocean, air, and lake, and land,
And all the creatures there that meet,
Hast thou made subject to his feet :

The woolly flocks,
The patient ox,
Beasts haunt their lair,
Cony his rocks.
The flutterers fan their air ;

All in their waters creep or swim,
But tributary serfs to him.

Fed on such boundless bounties, can
Ingratitude be found in man ?
Praise all praises else excelling,
Rise from every human dwelling.



Lyric ix. I.

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Thou who deep scrutinizer art,
Say, in its deep recesses,
Investigated every part,
Is there one corner of my heart,
One smallest spot,
Or throb, that not
My gratitude expresses ?

One constant impulse of the voice,
And that of love unbounded,
One master motive to rejoice,
One model melody of choice.
Each strain or song
To thee belong,
On harp or timbrel sounded.

I hast thou not driven my foe away,
Repressing, dispossessing ;
Who filled my spirit with dismay ?
Didst thou not meet him in the fray
With fatal blow,
That laid him low,
My sinking cause redressing ?

Thou sole eternal judge of right !
Whate'er the Proud endeavour,
Enfeoff'd in Majesty of Might,
And robed in unapproachèd light ;
Pursue, subdue
The Heathen crew,
And subjugate for ever.

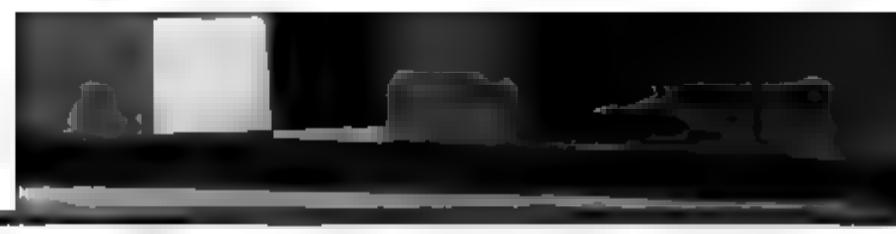
And thou implacable, false foe,
Fit food for Devastation,
Thy cities, like to those that thou
Spoiledst, the spoiler shall o'erthrow.
Thus perish all
To thee that call,
From their unsound foundation.

Shall not the Judge of Earth endure ?
Can his decrees be shaken ?
Intuitive, impartial, sure,
For prince or people, proud or poor ;
When hosts pursue
A refuge true,
For the forlorn, forsaken !

O L^OR^D ! the pious on thy name
Have ever placed reliance ;
To trial how severe they came
Have found its potency the same ;
With praises fill
Thy holy hill
And jubilations of affiance.

What face has e'er thy glance sustained,
Unmasks the act aggressive ?
What hand so wash'd from blood had stained
That not some tint or tinge remained,
That to the eye
Betrayed the dye
Of good or bad expressive.

'Gainst the soul-seekers aim thy glance,
Fiercest opponents quelling ;
My righteous choice, my noblest chance,
To blunt their sword, to break their lance ;
To their own heart
Return the dart,
'Gainst me and thee rebelling.



Thou sav'dst me from the gates of Death,
From Hopelessness' prostration ;
Now Zion's gate shall show my faith ;
Her purest daughters join their breath,
 Thy praise to sing
 And triumphing
 In hope of thy Salvation.

Ah ! who is fallen in this pit
 For others was projected ?
And is the biting Heathen bit ?
Is't the arch-archer that is hit,
 And that with haft
 Of his own shaft
 'Gainst worthier breast directed ?

How manifest thy Judgments, LORD !
 In their complex'd volition ;
The wicked of their own accord
The punishment their due, afford ;
 By wiles entice
 To traitor Vice,
 That sinks them to perdition !

Nor always Poverty shall rue,
 Nor always have none come to cherish,
Nor Meekness always Baseness sue,
For favours long past over-due ;
 Fair Piety
 Her temple flee,
 And peace and patience perish.

Rise, LORD, avenge, thou wilt, thou must :
 Is "Man" become his maker's master ?
The monster maggot of his crust ;
Shorn, born, bred, fed, lies, dies in dust ;
 In cradle squalls,
 To tomb that crawls,
 Some slower, and some faster !

Teach them in splendour of thy power,
To tremble in their terror,
Their insignificance to cower ;
Mothy ephemeros of an hour,
Whose vapoury breath
Breeds taint of Death,
Whose life a maze of error.





Lyric x. x.

Ah ! why, in thy Majesty shrouded,
Wilt thou hide thy face always from me,
Overshadow'd and awfully clouded,
In mistiness' dark mystery ?
For when malice oppresses,
And misery distresses,
To whom but to thee can I flee ?

The unjust, in their fulness, will fasten
On the need of the humble and poor,
GOD grant that their greediness hasten
The want to their home they allure ;
Let low Cunning entangle
Herself in the angle,
For others she baited before.

Tho' their wiliness often they've vaunted
In gaining the prize of desire ;
And as often Integrity taunted,
That refused that address to admire ;
Yet there's one reprehendeth,
And against them who sendeth
Bolts of irreconcileable ire.

Lo ! how fools in their pride, self-conceited,
Care neither for man nor for GOD ;
For the one they've maltreated and cheated,
Despised of the other the rod :
In their thoughts enters never
That GOD lives for ever,
And this instant can crush with a nod.

Or, in full plenitude of their folly,
Deem him lost in his stupendous height,
And (reflection most, most melancholy !)
Think their dark deeds extinguish his light.
His vig'lance defying,
And blindly denying,
Ev'n eyes to the author of Sight.

They say, in the inmost recesses,
Of a heart overflowing with gall,
“Hush, hush ! No one knows our excesses ;
• “No one looks after us after all ;
“Then what should perplex us ?
“No one is there to vex us,
“Be our vices or crimes great or small.”

Like the asp's, their lip venom disperses,
And their breast's fraught with falsehood and
fraud,
Their mouth distils threatenings and curses ;
By remorse are their consciences gnaw'd.
Theirs the tongue of the adder ;
Bite madder and sadder :
Heart, an icicle cannot be thawed.

They lurk in lanes, purlieus, and corners,
To pounce, like the pard, on their prey ;
'Midst assassins, and rogues, and suborners,
To oppress Innocence or betray.
For the blood of defenceless,
The unwary and senseless,
They're thirsting by night and by day.

In their lust, like a lion, go prowling,
Thro' the darkest mid-watches of night ;
Then return unsuccessfully, growling
Lest Phosphor detect in their flight.

The victimized seizing,
And tearing, and teasing
Some poor wretch in the grasp of their might.

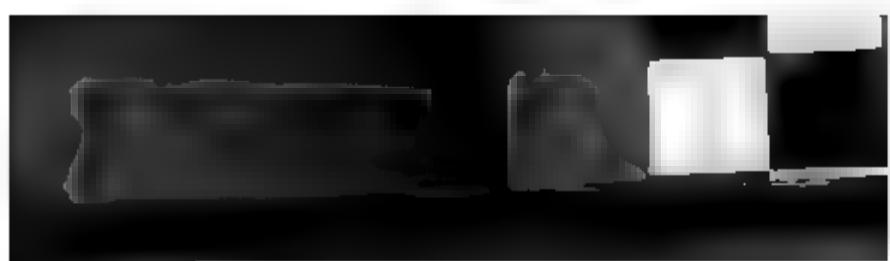
Nay, their talons cautiously soften,
As the traitress feline sheathes her claw ;
Whose cajoleries counterfeit often,
Perfidy of her velvety paw.
They can threaten, can batter,
Can wheedle and flatter,
To drive to their toils or to draw.

For what in themselves are they saying—
“ Tush ! GOD has forgotten us long,
“ Aloft in his Heavens where he’s straying,
“ Clouds, mists, and dense vapours among.”
O rashly confiding,
Know, he only is hiding
Arm of Vengeance invincibly strong.

How futile thy sour discontentment,
Vile wretch that presum’st to blaspheme !
Never can ye escape his resentment,
How distant soever ye deem.
Your theory audacious,
Your practice fallacious ;
First victims yourselves of your scheme.

But th’ All-seeing those crimes has detected,
From whom is no conscience concealed ;
To him of the meek and dejected,
The mute sacrifices revealed.
His mercies are endless
To feeble and friendless,
In vain who have never appeal’d.

But a deaf ear ’s turned to the malicious,
At once to disown and reclaim ;



And soon must they cease to be vicious,
Would they know whence their chastisement
Yet perversest and vainest. [came.
Still confess that thou reignest,
Inscrutable, one and the same.

In his palace the pagan has perish'd,
The poor are redeemed from the mire,
In the bosom of charity cherish'd,
And warmed with the Seraph's pure fire.
Thou the sceptre who wieldest,
Seest, shadest, and shieldest,
From terrors the invidious inspire.

No more shall deplorable wailing
Of woe-begone orphan be heard ;
Nor widow's complaint unavailing,
The heart of compassion that stirred ;
Sons of Earth from oppressing
Shall refrain, while confessing
Th' irresistible power of thy word.



Lyric XI. I.

—

Is not my head beneath the wing
That Heaven is canopying?
What need that I
Should flutter, fly,
Like bird to whom her fledglings cling
When hovering eaglet's eyeing?

Yet are there, bend their polished bow,
And store their rattling quiver,
With shafts the while,
Of poison'd pile,
Would deal a doubly deadly blow,
Did not Truth's target shiver.

Why should the righteous be afraid,
Poised on their fast foundation?
That is alone
On corner-stone
Of wondrous temple thou hast made
Of thy august creation.

Thy eyes transpierce the heart of man,
With lids' untired, unclosing;
Detest profane,
Their greed of gain,
Yet condescend the poor to scan,
Opponents theirs, opposing.

But on the miscreant, GOD shall rain
His sulphurous hailstones fuming;

The rushing storm
Their land deform,
Pain, pestilence, and famine fain
In flash of wrath consuming.

What placid mood towards the good,
On their endeavours smiling !
Their meed exalts,
Forgives their faults.
Th' adopted law they've understood,
Resisted Sin's beguiling.



Lyric XIII. I.

+ + + + +

Oh ! aid me in this more than pain,
These bitter pangs that wound ;
I peer and search the when and where,
And how true Faith is to be found ;
With anxious glance I seek again ;
'Midst gay, gallant, and fair
Unceasing look, but look in vain.

Ah ! wherefore has she vanished then,
By Vanity displaced ?
By Flattery, Folly, Falsehood, Guile,
Dispelled, disfigured, or disgraced,
And banish'd from the walks of men,
While Craft, with hollow smile,
Lures the confiding to her den.

How can the L^OR^D behold with ruth
The lip's perverse misuse,
The bosom's sullen perjury,
The heart's opprobrium and abuse ?
The tongue he gave to temper truth,
Distempered with a lie !
The scourge of age, the shame of youth.

Thou frownest on the foward, they,
Imperturbable, bold,
With bluff effrontery exclaim,
“ What is this L^OR^D of whom we're told ?
“ Who is he that we should obey ?
“ We know no loftier name
“ Than ours, and own no higher sway.”

O'er couch of Sickness and Unrest
The eternal visual wakes ;
The involuntary, deep-drawn sigh
The breast of Penury shakes :
(Mute eloquence of woe suppress !)
Draws its response from high,
Impearled in dews by Mercy blest.

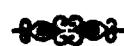
" My buckler I will spread," he saith,
" My target of defence,
" Before Affliction's child :
" Begone, abhorr'd seducer, hence !
" Nor blast with thy pestiferous breath
" The way-side blossom wild,
" Beneath thy smile that withereth."

How kind to be allowed to see
Vast purposes and clear
Reveal the Almighty Mind ;
Thro' mists of prejudice that peer,
Lustrous in native purity,
Like silver thrice refined :—
To some robed in dark mystery.

Them thou hast chosen shalt thou keep ;
Thou art " Security,"
While generations melt away :
Tho' the ungodly walk forth free,
And Crime's o'erflowing measure heap
And Justice mourns their sway ;
And tears of woe the pious weep.



*L*yric xiiii. T.



Why, my Soul, art thou so fretful,
So dispirited and faint ?
Dare'st thou say that GOD 's forgetful,
Or regardless of thy plaint ?
On thy look I live, and I,
If, O LORD ! thou hid'st it, die.

Must the gatherings ever thicken
Of my bitt'rest enemies ?
Must my heart for ever sicken,
With these secret terrors freeze ?
Pour, pour out thy sacred light
O'er these eyes that set in night.

Let not foe, when he rejoices,
Boast that he has laid me low ;
Let not bold blaspheming voices
Triumph in mine overthrow :
I'll rejoice in thy relief
From that bragging false as brief.

Thou I know hast love unbounded,
And for me hast always had ;
On that ground all joys are founded,
Grateful heart is ever glad.
Might my minstrelsy reveal
Thousandth part of what I feel !



Lyric xii.

—

Is there a so misgotten mass
Inclosed in rugged frame,
Can for that functionary pass,
A human heart they name?

Endowed with organs to perceive
A sun, moon, star, and sea and earth,
As not to feel nor to believe
A Maker gave them birth.

But man is in corruption built,
Infected to the core;
A morbid mole of moral guilt,
A vast inveterate sore.

Where are the ten, the five, the one,
A city could redeem,
With worth that could its sins atone?
Gone—vanished like a dream!

From awful throne of Majesty
Creation's loftiest height
Shot forth that glance thro' souls can see,
Ray of pervading sight.

If haply it might so discern,
'Mongst purblind sons of men,
One, bent his Maker's laws to learn,
His attributes to ken.

As may be shepherd's watchful care
To view the folds around,

But not a sheep remaining there,
Nor in his pathway found.

And thus goes stubborn man astray,
Deaf to his Saviour's call ;
No single one has kept the way
Which he appoints for all.

Their throat, a living charnel, gasps
For dead men's bones, and will
A livelier venom than the asp's
From deadlier jaws distil.

Their ready mouths prompt cruel deed
In murderer's midnight mask ;
Swifter their readier feet proceed
To aid the slippery task.

This noxious, mischief-working race
No love of Peace have shown ;
No love of God's ineff'ble grace,
But love of self alone.

Observe their ignorance profound
Ignores its ignorance even ;
Mole in his mansion underground
Derides the light of Heaven.

'Tis these who slake their greedy thirst
In widows' silent tears,
And feed on orphans' spoil accurst,
And mock at Terror's fears.

Hence, pallid Panic shall appal
Where is no cause of dread,
And condign chastisement shall fall
On each presumptuous head.

How have ye with the pauper dealt,
Unchecked by Conscience' qualms ?
Have ye not mocked him as he knelt
Before your gate for alms ?

And which shall we consider, which
The **LORD** esteems the more ;
The poor who magnify the rich,
Or rich degrade the poor ?

But both alike shall be his choice,
He both alike esteems.
And Israel shall indeed rejoice
When Jacob he redeems.



*L*yric *Th.* T.

~~1830~~

Who shall scale ~~THE~~ height sublime,
Or in Thy pavilion enter?
He in youth, in age, in prime,
Who ne'er touched the verge of crime,
Of all virtues, radiant centre:

Whose unvarying word has been
Perfect echo of his meaning;
Who against himself is seen
To his neighbour's cause to lean,
Oft that neighbour's foibles screening;

Yet his own not to conceal,
But ambitious of amending;
Ever anxious to reveal
Gratitude's divine appeal,
To the Throne of Grace ascending.

Who fulfils the oath he swore,
To relation or to stranger,
Tho' assailed by threatenings sore,
By intreaties, tears, and more
By temptations and by danger.

He whose open palm is free
From all grasping twitch and greedy,
From the silver leprosy
Of the scurf of Usury,
Caught from contact with the needy.

He who to these tokens can
Truly answer without quailing,
May be justly deemed the man
Of whom Heaven permits no plan
Shall be ever unavailing.



Lyric xvi. I.

tagos

Conserver of the human race !
Preserve Thy fainting child :
Unveil the smile upon that face,
That erst his woes beguiled.

For were that cloud but once uncurled,
My Soul the rest should chase :
What are the splendours of the world,
That they should not give place ?

Not by their dazzling glare she veers
Thro' shadowy scenes below ;
But by the steadier stars she steers,
That cheer the way they show.

But they ? Who are they who entice
A flowerier road to run ?
In death it ends, that course of Vice,
In crime, as it begun.

Can crimson drops of lambs atone
Streams, redder Murder spilt ?
What breast that rather does not groan
To name such deep-dyed guilt.

I shrink, I shudder, shun and fly.
To lot thy hand has cast ;
Near stream, a draught that shall supply
To drown my sorrows past.

And cast it is, that lot at last,
By Bounty's tender hand ;

Tho' circled by a desert vast,
In a delightful land.

Where cooling rills refresh the ground,
And tepid breeze the sky ;
And Love, the ear, with Music's sound,
With Beauty's glance, the eye !

Scenes for reflection and repose ;
Yet gratitude can stir
E'en in the rugged breasts of those
Where least we should infer.

But higher claims hast thou on me,
Blest Tutor, Father, Friend !
For many a pain and penalty
Thy kindness deigned to lend.

Extended on the midnight couch,
When torture racked my reins,
Came Resignation's sigh to vouch
How valued were these pains.

In wasting watch, when Fever seethed
The sap these veins contained,
Without Thy aid I might have writhed
Till Death that current drained.

But what to me are sleep and ease ?—
Thy mercies, my repose :
Absorb'd the longing mind in these,
It spurns the thought of those.

O Health ! thou boon immense ! and what
Too soon perhaps possess'd ;
Most certainly too soon forgot :
Yet thy return is blest.

And blest the hand by which it came,
The kindling heart to move;
To renovate that lambent flame
That warms with sacred love.

Alas! how many who despise;
Enjoying to forget:
How many, too, 'mongst those who prize,
Prize only to regret.

Whoe'er shall ask, I know full well
Thy mercies I declare:
If dipt my soul in deepest Hell,
Thou would'st not leave it there.

What by thy fiat's to be done,
Thy Wisdom shall reveal;
Thou wilt not yield thy Holy One,
Corruption's touch to feel.

But raise to pinnacles and height
Of everlasting joys;
Where Glory sits enthroned in light,
Darkness and Death destroys.

'Thy august Presence shall unveil
Its awful loveliness;
And strengthened vision shall inhale,
Enraptured lips express.

Of pure delight, undying stream
From Love's primeval fount;
Beyond what Fancy's brain can dream,
Or Genius' tongue recount.





COPRIC. EXBII. I.

44388

If ever, in the trying hour,
Temptation's spell I've broke ;
Or in the plenitude of power,
Oppression's iron yoke ;
O ! hear me now, a suppliant true,
Thy equanimity I sue,
Thy equity invoke ;
Mild, moderate, merciful, benign,
Will be Thy sentence, 'twill be Thine !

In the night watches shall I wake,
A prey to causeless fear ?
In conscience what is there to shake,
When I know thou art near ?
I've learnt no lesson of deceit,
To coax, to cozen, or to cheat ;
With lies my lips to sear :
They glow still with the blush of youth,
Ingenuous tint of native truth.

The fell destroyer, held aloof,
Can have no hold on me ;
For in thy sight and thy behoof,
From Faultiness I'm free :
Thou hear'st still the Pious' call,
And interposest e'er they fall
In slopes most slippery ;
The torrents hemmed on every side,
By thee are stemmed, assuaged, and dried.

I, too, the monument and proof
Of thy victorious cause ;

Shelter'd within thy temple's roof,
From rebels to thy laws.
And there thy fostering care shall spread
The wing of Safety o'er my head,
And rescue from the jaws
Of Pride and Malice, every hour,
That gnash upon me to devour.

In fulness, fatness of the land,
In vain security ;
They spend their ribald mornings and
Lewd nights in mockery,
Their cruel jealousies to hide ;
Lay ambushes on every side,
Like lynx their prey to spy ;
Then like the lion from his lair,
Rush on and strangle unaware.

Up, righteous L^OR^D, and fall on them
Who are thy rightful prey.
The impending judgment what shall stem,
Or execution stay ?
Be on their heads the vengeance piled,
They sought to heap upon Thy child,
And, in their turn, be they
The signal victims of Thy word,
Once were its instrument and sword.

The lure and lustre of this life,
Its sensual spell and spoil ;
Their care, their trust, their hope, their strife,
For which they moil and toil ;
Amassing daily store on store,
Their granaries running o'er and o'er
With corn and wine and oil :
In prompt succession never tires,
To sons descending from their sires.

But as to me, as I grow old,
What pleasure can these give?
Who long Thy Presence to behold,
For this alone who live;
And tho' the present scene would seem
The fever of a fitful dream,
As false as fugitive,
Soon shall it shift to other place,
And I behold thee face to face.



Lyric xviij. I.

* * * * *

Shall I not love thee, LOR^D, my strength,
Now I have understood
The height, the depth, the breadth, the length
Of every perfect good ?
Not love thy bounty, while bestowing
This horn of plenty overflowing ?

Thou art my Rock of Safety, and
'Gainst which no storm prevails,
On which the cheering beacon stands
By which thy sailor sails.
His refuge-port it is in danger,
Towards which he makes, to fear a stranger.

Unless the fear of him I praise,
So oft has been my shield,
To him the highest honours raise,
The lowest homage yield :
My foe is beat, his bastion battered,
And to the winds his squadron scattered.

Yet Sorrow, with her rueful face,
Has my companion been ;
Fain to drive Pleasure from the place
If Pleasure there had been.
Ungodly visages surrounding,
And with their grinning masks confounding.

How per'lous were the snares were laid,
Led to the steps of Hell ;
Nor causelessly was I afraid,
Tho' caught before I fell ;



Most mercifully saved from falling,
Devoutly on Thy Name by calling.

O yes, 'tis mine on thee to call,
And is't not thine to hear?
Art thou not sovereign L^OR^D of all,
To all thy creatures near?
When Condescension stoops to listen,
Shall grateful tear-drops cease to glisten?

He frowns; Earth smarts at every pore;
Convulsed her morbid womb.
Nature's warm cradle was before,
Gapes to become her tomb.
Around flit messengers of ire,
Red thunder-bolts and flakes of fire.

The Heavens are bowed as He comes down,
The melting mountains shake,
Thick clouds the face of Day imbrown,
The Heads of Nations quake. [throwing,
Hoarse deafening blast, rough hailstones
Herb, harvest, fruit-tree, forest mowing.

He rides upon the purple wing
Of Cherub flock, and Seraphim,
Whose willing, thrilling voices ring
Proud triumph of convoying Him.
Powers elemental in abeyance,
Swifter than thought is that conveyance.

His form in mists of darkness wrapt,
That round his visage crowd;
Like hoary Lebanon, when capped
By Winter's shivering shroud;
In Terror's mystic mantle rolling
There's no escaping, no controlling.

The Day-star laughs, and Darkness seeks
In caves her shades that fail ;
For forth that dazzling presence breaks,
And rent is every veil.
His glance in yonder lightning flashes,
His voice thro' every echo dashes.

Lo ! from his armoury weapons bent,
Inevitable, true ;
In rapid igneous torrents sent,
Slaying, consuming too :
The witherings of His anger blasting
Sinners, with ruin everlasting.

Nature at his rebuke withdraws
The scarf her bosom mailed ;
Revealing the mysterious cause
Of fountains never failed :
The wondrous circulation showing,
From ocean springing, seaward flowing.

But thou shalt send from steepest steep
Watchfulest spirits down,
To rescue from the deepest deep
In which I sink, I drown :
Might of the mightiest submerging
In the abyss to which, Fate's urging.

Most faithful, just, and true I've found
Thy every word to me ;
Though snares of Death entrapped and bound,
Thy ministers set free.
Then too presumptuous am I, feeling
This the reward of righteous dealing.

For I have chose thy strictest path,
Nor turned to right nor left ;
Nor left it as the wicked hath,



To be by thee bereft.
Where is there one approaches nearer
With cleaner hands or conscience clearer?

I've kept thy statutes fresh and rife,
Alive within my breast;
They've been to me the rule of life,
Thy testament my test.
Good seed to those who sow, returning,
The usufruct their labour's earning.

The Just shall feel strict justice done,
The kind shall kindness see;
By Meekness mildness shall be won,
By Faith, fidelity:
To Froward, crops of frowardnesses,
Disgrace, disaster, and distresses.

The seeds of ill they sow profuse
For objects of their hate;
Unripening, bitter fruit produce,
As they shall taste, tho' late.
But thou shalt trample Malice under,
Her machinations, rend asunder.

To those who read thy law aright,
Is aught thou wilt refuse?
Its words illumining with light
The eye that will peruse.
The darkened soul enubilating,
Elevating and irradiating.

Thy way is fair, no dirt defiles;
No obstacle unclean;
No narrow crookedness beguiles,
No passes low and mean:
But they who walk demurely, purely,
Shall travel by that road securely.

For Who has made but the Most High,
The King of Earth and Skies ;
Throned in soul-aweing majesty,
In his eternities ;
Creator in his vast creation,
Bright focus of its adoration.

He gives me stedfast foot to stand,
Or swift to chase the roe ;
He braces gauntlet on my hand,
To battle when I go ;
Across the field o'er corses gory,
Where waves the flaunting flag of glory.

Without Thee, how in stride or leap,
My steps were sure to slide ;
Up rough and rifted rocky steep,
Down smooth and slippery side :
Thro' death and danger whilst pursuing
Fierce Philistine, was my undoing :

My falchion flourished o'er the head
Of foe that bit the plain,
Till Slaughter' self was surfeited
In swallowing the slain ;
That trusted glaive its lightning gleaming
Thro' the hot life-stream on it steaming.

Then fled the valiant and the strong,
By puny arm o'erthrown :
Great names the boasted theme of song,
No more to story known ;
Or known as scared like driven cattle
For turning of their backs in battle.

Their battle-cry the shriek of fear,
That was the yell of rage ;
No more they raise the bristling spear,

Unwelcome war to wage.
Seethed in their scalding blood and sodden,
By his horse-hoof the trooper trodden.

Yes, me He freed from crowds that rose
(Usurpers of my crown),
And raised me sovereign over those
Who would have trampled down.
Now e'en to Heathen, farthest, nearest,
My dread dominion thou endearrest.

Rude strangers I had never known,
From East's extremest strand,
Submissively my empire own,
And kiss my sceptred hand ;
Liege subjects, with affections stronger,
Shall be—no, not be—strangers longer.

Yes, the ~~L~~ liveth ; for I feel
The finger of his care ;
Nor is there confine can conceal,
In earth, in sea, nor air ;
Nor should be spot in land nor ocean
Not teeming with Delight's devotion.

'Tis he upholds my horn on high,
Drives adversaries back,
Who my authority defy,
Prerogative, attack.
In grateful sense whilst I'm recording
My recompense and thy rewarding.

O ! let me then the glories sing
To which I am appointed ;
By him o'er nations made me king,
The true, the L^OR^D's Anointed.
By union nothing shall dissever,
To David and his seed for ever.

LITERATURÆ. LITERATURÆ.

1888

Raise, man of thought and man of sight,
Thy pensive eye to Heaven inquiring,
And pray the Arbiter of light
To give thee light while thought inspiring.
Lo ! that permissive cave and coy,
A thousand ages, might employ
Inquisitiveness most admiring ;
That arch artistically true,
That smiles to see its rainbow hue
Shamed by its lovelier sapphire's blue,
More beautiful the more retiring.

Go, delve in that exhaustless mine,
Prolific nests of worlds inclosing,
Till that bewildered sense of thine
Sinks, in a dizzy stupor dozing.
Hark ! hear'st thou not the planet's voice,
That bids Astonishment rejoice ;
Exciting, softening, and composing ?
Is there in all creation's bound
A spot where that symphonious sound
Shall not eternally be found,
Maugre th' unbeliever's prosing ?

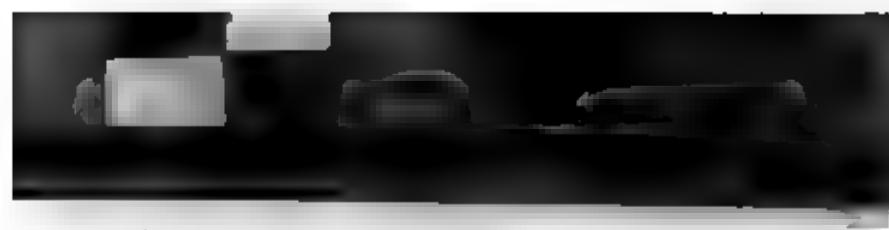
From topaz chambers of the East
Behold the ivory-footed Morning
Leads forth the dance of Nature's feast,
Pale Night's capricious phantoms scorning !
The blushing Hours invite the Sun
His gorgeous, giant-race to run,
With wreaths of bridal flowers adorning,

Nor Earth nor Ocean climate bath
Not, sprinkled in his golden path,
With sparkling beauties rich and rath,
E'en Darkness from her den suborning.

Clear as thy sun, thy law we find
Displays its radiation ;
One on the eye,—one on the mind,
Shedding divinest illustration.
As plain, as pure that code we deem,
As is the blazing noon tide beam,
The gushing fount of animation ;
So is thy law of life and love,
And so thy testimonies prove
To those who in that orbit move,
Celestial goal of their Salvation.

The statutes of the L^OH^D are clear,
Enlightening judgment, sense, and feeling,
And oft like dawn of day they peer,
Unconscious o'er the conscience stealing ;
To souls, right fear of G^DD imbue,
Flash his decrees' conviction due,
Whence no escaping, no appealing.
As luminous as brilliants fair,
If rarest diamonds might compare,
Whose polished facets kindle air,
Truth, beauty, purity revealing.

That law, more precious far than gold
Rich Ophir's deepest caverns filling,
Or burnished from the cunning mould
Well skill'd artificer is drilling ;
More sweet than is the floral crop
Of liquid gold, the honeyed drop,
Nature's fine artist is distilling ;
Though from Idumy's spicy shores



Fragrance her most mellifluous stores,
Through all their secretory pores,
Were in those scented seed-cups spilling.

To me, Thy rule has been the line,
My solitary footsteps guiding,
And warning as I saw it shine.
It seemed to beckon from backsliding—
Would lead me on, and haply win
From folly of presumptuous sin,
Through Luxury's smoothest passes gliding.
So may my meditations be
From murmur and moroseness free,
Fixt on thy mercies and on thee,
As cheering, so, when chafing, chiding.



Lyric XX. X.



Ah! what are these troubles that vex,
And whence these misfortunes that frown;
And what are these cares that perplex?
Are they not the heir-looms of a crown?

But there's ONE, from th' emp'real descends,
Protector of people and King;
To him whom their monarch defends,
Shall the Daughters of Israel sing.

The LORD will in armour of strength
Clothe the weakness that on him awaits;
From his sanctuary issue at length,
And stand in Jerusalem's gates.

He'll remember the offering you gave,
The pious petition preferred;
The desire of your soul you shall have,
The prayer of your heart shall be heard.

The Most High will assuredly not
His best beloved leave in the toil;
I know that he has not forgot
His Anointed with holiest oil.

How perish the chariots of force,
That boasted the battle to gain;
The cataphract, rider and horse,
Dismounted, are stretch'd on the plain.

But He has exalted the brave;
Unbroken, our glittering ranks;

To him who the victory gave,
Give honour, and homage, and thanks;

To th' "Invincible," dwells in the sky,
To whom every being owes birth,
Hosannas be wafted on high,
From the lowest of dwellers on earth.





Lyric xxi. I.

1829.

What, shall the monarch reigns by Thee,
Deny thy right of swaying?
That monarch never shall be me,
Whose pleasure is,—obeying.
I love too well,
E'er to rebel—
My chief delight bewraying.

For what is there to make me swerve
From what the LORD's requiring?
He gave me more than I deserve,
As much as I'm desiring:
To win and hold
A crown of gold,
To reign by thee, aspiring.

To my petition but for life,
Thou gav'st its highest treasure;
Thou gav'st possessions without strife,
Succession without measure.
And, what is more,
Of honours store,—
Of glory and of pleasure.

Thou madest most exceeding glad;
To multitudes a blessing;
Such in thy countenance is had,
Beyond power of expressing;
And shall compose
The lot of those
Thy promises possessing.

Wise is the King, the King is just.
How can his power miscarry?
In **GOD** alone his hope and trust,
Whose succour shall not tarry.
Yes, every foe
Shall he lay low,
And every blow shall parry.

For who can stay his fiery wrath,
Its execution hinder?
Against each enemy he hath,
Tow'rds whom it glows like tinder
In furnace thrown,
His breath has blown,
They shall become as cinder.

Their branch shall wither on the stem,
Their root in earth be rotten;
No vestige shall remain of them,
Their name and seed forgotten.
Their violence
A vain pretence,
Their mark far overshotten.

How shall they stand before Thy face?
How face thy barbèd arrow?
No; they shall flee to covert place,
To murky caves and narrow.
Have they not laugh'd
At vengeance' shaft,
Now festers in their marrow?

O! pay to Him who sits above,
In strength of his perfection,
To his dread majesty and love,
Allegiance and subjection!
May he inspire
The trembling lyre,
That sues for his protection.

Lyric XXII. I.

•••••

Why art thou far, far from me, LORD?
My solace, staff, and stay!
Thou know'st I live upon thy word,
I die if snatched away.
Look down from thy celestial dwelling.
Nor Grief nor Pain
Thou'l find complain,
Nor Reason here nor Rage rebelling.

Yet Morn, that wakes the ear of Peace,
To drink the note of Joy,
Bids not the tones of Sorrow cease,
My bosom's peace destroy.
The enlivening summons but availing
To cause contrast
Of pleasures past,
And justify the soul's bewailing.

And eve's cool whispers, that rejoice
The fever'd ear of Care,
Are stifled in my plaintive voice,
That loudly courts Despair.
That from convulsive breast and sobbing
(The rifled nest
That's robb'd of rest),
Proclaims a heart with anguish throbbing.

But Thou art Holy! Who can tell
Thy unapproachèd throne;
And glory-ray of Israel,
That dazzling round it shone?

Our fathers, while with faith unshaken,
And nothing loath
To keep their oath,
When trusting Thee, ne'er were forsaken.

Shall Abraham's sons and Israel's heirs
Before their {GOD} be dumb ?
No ; rather let import'nate prayers
Omnipotence o'ercome.
How often asking what we needed,
By suit intense
To Providence,
Have we in sueing so succeeded ?

But what am I, that I should raise
My hands or voice to {GOD} ?
A reptile o'er the turf that strays,
Then sleeps beneath the sod.
Yes, lower than man I've been degraded
(And such is he
That need not be),
Yet have no grief nor shame evaded.

Despised, dejected, and forlorn,
And humbled to the grave ;
Of those the detestation, scorn,
My sufferings strove to save.
With homage feigned they mocked my vision,
With cunning leer,
And taunting jeer,
Detraction added to derision.

" The {LORD} he trusted in," say they,
" Cannot defeat our plan.
" Deliver ? True. But if we slay,
" Deliver him who can ?"
Me thou deliveredst from the womb,
Hung on the breast

That rocked to rest,
That nurs'd me for my restless doom.

O! be not far,—so far from me.
I would thou heard'st that prayer;
Yet far, I feel, thou canst not be,
Who sure, art everywhere.
Then hear my most devout deploring.
Fell tigers glare
With horrid flare,
And Bashan's bulls around me roaring.

Fear, with her chilly fingers, felt,
Freezing my blood within;
Again her fever's flashes melt
To wat'ry ichor thin:
My mouth's most vital moisture drying:
Tongue dumb and parched,
Within his arch'd,
His vocal palace, nerveless lying.

The ungrateful, graceless, frantic start
Maliciously and fierce,
To aim their daggers at my heart,
My feet and hands to pierce.
And where before, in fraud insidious,
Was known a wretch,
His hand to stretch,
To outrage equally perfidious?

The flesh is withered on the bone,
The colour in the cheek,
The bloom of strength and health is flown;
That health and strength they break.
On these they wreak inveterate fury;
Unsatisfied
Their lust of pride;
And adding insult to injury

Nor will that life alone content
Their base cupidity.
My very vesture seized and rent,
Lo! lots they cast for me!
Why bide so far, O thou, Most Gracious?
My deep distress
Redress; repress
Unheard atrocity audacious.

Thou who hast kept since I was born,
When often pressed, and hard,
Save, now, from sword, from unicorn,
The lion and the pard;
Save thy Belovèd from destruction.
Thou wilt not choose
At last to lose
Him thou redeemedst from seduction.

So shall eternal plaudits rise,
As gratitude shall grow;
Appeal of Earth to echoing Skies,
From brethren here below.
O ye, the saints, in congregation,
O glorify
Sole Power on high,
With acclamative adoration.

T.

“Tune, tune most melodious lays,
“Holy Virgins, Priests, and Seer.
“Jacob, fear him whom ye praise;
“Israel, praise him whom ye fear.
“He—soothes on Compassion’s breast,
“Wild Affliction’s piercing cries;
“Pillows there her head to rest,
“And the scalding tear-drop dries.”

I.

Before JEHOVAH I will fall,
'Midst reverential crowd ;
Clear Unison of one and all,
 Hymn praises long and loud !
With most devout, devoutly feeling.
 Sweet duty draws,
 And love that awes
Thy servant, slowly, lowly kneeling.

Blest in not craving, are the meek :
 They shall be satisfied.
To those with modesty that seek,
 No good shall be denied.
Their banquet is in preparation.
 The Bread of Life,
 And Wine is rife—
Celestial Food of their Salvation.

Ah ! this stupendous vision, see
 Vast millions hand in hand,
Within thy temple bend the knee,
 Or at thy altar stand.
A peopled world thy grace imploring ;
 Nations forlorn,
 Unnamed, unborn,
Admiring, hailing, and adoring !

Is not the earth's extremest spread
 His patrimony just ;
And all therein who lift their head,
 Or lay it in the dust ?
Each, life and power from him deriving,
 Who governs all,
 The great, the small,
And whether slaying or reviving.

O ! haughty Salem ! why despise
That mightiest L^OR^D of thine ?
See, see another seed arise,
And in thy glories shine !
They, fattened by his food and fed,
Where'er the sun
His course shall run,
Shall see their children's children bred.





Lyrīc XXXI. I.

—

O thou my Shepherd and my Guide !
 I would be of thy fold ;
I would be ever at thy side.
My humble hope, my modest pride,
 My faithfulness behold.

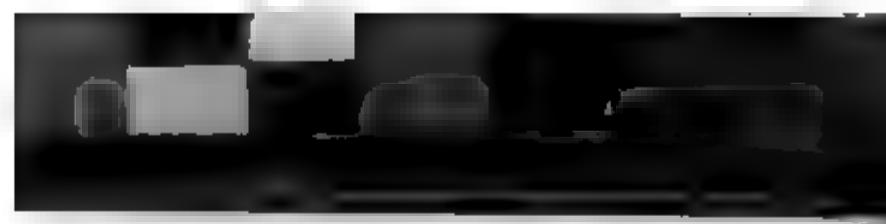
Thou lead'st through freshest pastures, where
 Sweet drops the rocks distil ;
Where fragrance fills the vernal air,
And liquid crystal pure and fair,
 The smooth meandering rill.

Thou watchest and conductest home,
 My erring footsteps back,
Through dreary forests when I roam
(Where tempests lower and torrents foam),
 Diverted from thy track.

Thy supple staff my solid stay
 In perilous extreme ;
With such companion of my way,
No danger terrifies by day,
 By night, no idle dream.

Tho' black and ominous clouds assail,
 And horror wraps me round,
E'en in Death's dark and shadowy vale
I'll fear no ill can here avail
 If there thy smile be found.

Didst Thou not spread my feast, to sup
 Where enemies might view ?



Didst Thou not fill my brimming cup,
Anoint my head, and raise it up,
And crown with wreaths anew?

Sure from my cradle, Mercy, Truth,
Have been my handmaids fair,
Have watch'd the sallies of my youth,
Have warded accident uncouth,
And lavish'd every care.

So will I dwell where Thou art found,
Within thy holiest fane;
And ministering spirits round
Thy altar shall thy praise resound
In Heaven-accepted strain.



Lyrical XXIV. A.

1850

Seest thou this goodly fabric bold and brave,
The stedfast ground bridged o'er the mobile
[flood,

That rides secure on subterraneous wave ;
Its mazy veins that pour its crystal blood ;
Its ribs of rock and hair of tangled wood ;
Its curtaining clouds and vapors draping
[these ?

Hast thou these scanned and rightly understood,
With all its creatures that inhale the breeze,
Furrow the level land or plough the ambiguous
[seas ?

Whose these, think'st thou ? and thou from no-
[thing brought ?

This hive of health, and happiness, and hope ;
The nest of being, nucleus of thought ;

The theatre of action, and the scope
Of passion's play, curbed by its heavenly cope ?

His, His they are, who breathes forth vital air,
That feeds the springs that life's warm sluices ope ;
Who all things made, and by whose bounteous care
Suns their day torch and moons their monthly
[lamp prepare.

He whose pure heart from envy, malice free ;
His feet from tripping and his hand from stain ;

Whose tongue ignores what falsity may be ;
Of oath that bound still riveting the chain ;

Unawed by fear and unseduced by gain ;

Such man in presence of his [] shall bide,
Such shall the smile of clemency obtain ;

Like furnac'd gold by seven refinings tried,
Shall shine in lasting glory by his SAVIOUR's side.

Supremely happy those, if such there be !
All must be such if subjects of that throne,
If brethren of that blest fraternity ;
Where never murmur heard, nor sigh, nor
[groan,
Where crime impossible, and vice unknown ;
From Sorrow's eyelid chased Affliction's tears ;
Saints bend the knee, angels their bosoms prone,
Each cheek a smile, a joy each aspect wears ;
For ever banished Doubt, Deceit, and Cares and
[Fears.

Lift, lift your lofty heads, eternal gates,
Expand your arms, ye everlasting doors ;
He, his triumphal advent celebrates,
The King of Glory thro' your arches soars.
Who is the King of Glory Earth adores ?
He is the chief of battles, LORD OF HOSTS,
Who, slave of Sin, to Liberty restores.
Resound His name through your remotest coast,
The King of Glory, Gentiles worship, Israel's boast.

Ye elevated portals, still be raised !
Ye spreading valves, your wider panels throw ;
Wrapped in a halo of unfading rays,
Behold the King of Glory enter now !
Bend, ministers of grace ! awed seraphs, bow !
The LORD invincible of armies, He
The SAVIOUR comes, and let His world avow,
Who conquers Death and from his fangs sets free,
Who marries mortal man to Immortality.



Lyric xvi. T.



If I ever have adored,
Ever feared and lov'd thee, LORD,
Ever listen'd to thy word,
 Let me not be put to shame.
Suffer not mine enemy
Triumph over me, while I
Am prevented to defy ;
 He permitted to defame.

Let not those, by thee abide
(Tho' thou punish them or chide)
 Be compelled to hide their head ;
Only those who in excess
Of their pride and naughtiness
Perseveringly transgress,
 Be in anger visited.

Would that thou wouldest cast a ray
Of thy radiance on my way,
 Thou who art light's light in sooth.
Would that Pity's touch could stir
To reclaim me when I err,
From desertion to deter ;
 For 'tis Thou Thyself art Truth !

In thy wrath remember not,
But from recollection blot
 Indiscretions juvenile ;
And may flood of bitter tear,
And repentances sincere,
Wash off sins of riper year,
 And thy favour reconcile.

Ever most indulgent thou
To the poor before thee bow,
Condescending oft to teach
Those aspire thy face to seek ;
Giving ardour to the meek,
Strength and courage to the weak,
And encouragement to each.

Ever art thou just and true
To the many or the few,
Who are true to Thee and Thine ;
Who thy testimonies keep.
As they sow so shall they reap ;
And through shower of tears they weep
Shall the promised rainbow shine.

What if my transgressions pass
Limits of thy law, alas !
Thy fresh mercies will keep pace
(For thy very mercies' sake)
With the progress that I make
In the retrograde I take,
Earlier footsteps to efface.

Is not fear of Thee the best,
If not p'rhaps the only test
By which Safety's road to choose ?
Those thereby determined, dwell
In her dear, delightful dell,
Where springs, joys eternal, well,
Fed and gemmed by heavenly dews.

These shall on the earth endure,
Their inheritance is sure ;
Heavenly counsels they shall learn.
The mysterious reason why
Covenants with their Maker lie
For their own security,
Their discretion shall discern.

If I ask me why I've leant,
Why my timorous eye is bent
In devotedness, on thee ?
Answer is to ask again
(When in tangled net I've lain),
Was not other succour vain ?
Thine, assured security !

No less kind than heretofore,
Turn and extricate once more
Disavowed disconsolate.
Nay, far stronger reasons are
(Since the wretch more wretched far)
More the miseries that mar ;
More implore to mitigate.

More minacious round me stand
Th' inimical savage band,
Rage implacable to sate,
At Thy mercy, not at theirs
'Tis I lie : Thy goodness spares,
Shall deliver from their snares,
And shall triumph o'er their hate.

Cleared, absolved from every sin,
Suffer me to fold me in
Robe of my integrity.
Such all others might beseem ;
But, whatever others deem,
Thy defence shall be my theme ;
Rich reward of Constancy !



Lyric XXVI. I.

+ + + + +

Judged would I be, and judged by Thee,
Deep scrutineer of thought!
Who its most latent germ canst see
Ere into blossom brought.

How fain I'd be that thou shouldst stoop
To hear my plaintive suit!
Shall ill-starred Virtue bloom to droop,
And shed her wither'd fruit?

Might but Thy genial glance revive,
And raise its pensile head,
Its vigorous stem again should thrive,
Though 't were already dead.

Shouldst thou transpierce the duskiest niche,
Her hopes, where Conscience hides,
Thou shouldst not find a nook in which
The seed of vice resides.

O try my reins, most inward part,
They shall the truth reveal;
I would not own that truant heart,
Could thought from Thee conceal.

- Thy lovingkindnesses have paved
My road, and strewed with flowers,
With which I've solaced or I've braved
My gay or gloomier hours.

I have not grizzled in the seat
Of practised knave, to plot,

Cog, counterfeit, conspire, and cheat,
With richer rogues to rot.

These have I hated, and abhor
The mention of their name.
How should I be approver, or
Associate of their game ?

In purest innocence, I'll wash
My unpolluted hand,
To charge with offerings ; else, how rash
When at thy shrine I stand !

So shall a sweet, melodious vein,
Wafted thro' conscious air,
Dissolve, enthusiasm of strain,
In sanctity of prayer.

"Tis to Thy tabernacle's court,
To humblest of its cells,
My highest honour to resort ;
For there Thy honour dwells.

In vain they think to intermix
My lot with bloody tribes,
Whose heads are full of trait'rous tricks,
Whose hands, of baser bribes.

No ; Thou wilt spare, and wilt not spurn
The love Thou dost require ;
Thou art not mortal, thus to turn,
Nor man, that Thou shouldst tire.

Preserve me in that final shock
That sets the spirit free ;
Plant my sure foot on Zion's rock,
And raise my hands to Thee.





Lyrical Exhib. X.

—

The strength of my life is the LORD;
The LORD is the life of my strength.
What terror can danger afford;
With Thy power when in promis'd accord,
Of true reconciliation at length?

Then what is this fury of foes,
This rage of that rabble rebel?
Destruction, their onslaughts propose,
Their threat to exterminate goes,
But in battle they stumbled and fell.

Though War in her phrensy should rise,
With a frown on her hideous mask,
From the ranks of my worst enemies,
She should neither disturb nor despise,
Thy protection permitted to ask.

There's one thing I fondly desire,
Nor lukewarmness would there intermix,
To thy courts from the world to retire,
To study thy statutes, admire,
And my home in thy Edifice fix.

The longer I there abode, less
Life's charms should entice me away;
I should there find a pure loveliness,
All the days of my life that would bless.
What on earth should induce me to stray?

In the day of dismay and of awe,
Thy pavilion's a shelter for me,

Thy house an asylum I saw,
From which I would never withdraw,
Nor e'er be rejected by Thee.

Yes, that 's the resort of my choice,
And that 's the recess that I love,
I would teach these bold aisles to rejoice,
As they truthfully echo my voice,
That is favorably heard from above.

My head shall be lifted again,
My soul shall delight in that song;
Would, this low intonation of men
Might join that of the cherubim, when
The adorative conclave they throng!

Condescension proposed to permit,
Benevolence deigned to exhort;
When Thy Face turned towards me, that it
Should be sought with a reverence that 's fit,
An alacrity fain to transport.

Do not, star of my safety eclipse,
Nor in smoke of Thy anger obscure;
If of worldly possessions it strips,
Not a plaint shall it force from my lips,
Not a sigh from my bosom allure.

O veil not, of Justice, the bench,
Nor let lamp of Thy Mercy go out;
Nor the beauty of holiness quench,
The worn cheek of Devotion to blench,
And demure eye of Confidence flout.

No, no; though my father should shake,
And, more savage than lion or pard,
My mother her offspring forsake,
To thy breast Thou the orphan wouldest take,
The scatterling wouldest not discard. .

Thou tut'redst my instep to walk
In thy track unmistakeably plain,
That the enemies' plots I may balk,
Confound in the pride of their talk,
And entangle in coil of their chain.

How oft ready to droop and to drop,
When faith in thy presence upheld,
Thy promise provided a prop,
Efficient from falling to stop,
Or re-instate after I fell.

Then wait on the L^OR^D and confide,
How painful or per'lous your state ;
Let Humility rest satisfied,
In vain that she shall not have sighed.
Yes, wait—wait on G^OD, I say, wait.





Lyric Exhibiti. I.

esq;

How pleasant on the solid rock
To stand or sit,
Or lean on it,
And see, not feel, the storm's
Boisterous, ungovernable shock,
The features of the deep deforma.

And such a rest of soft repose
I oft have seen,
To me Thou 'st been,
When cast on desert shore ;
Escaping from more dangerous foes
Than billows' loudest roar.

For this, on Thee I fondly call,
With fever'd eye,
And fervent sigh ;
Thy silence would but speak my doom,
My condemnation and my fall,
'T would be the silence of the tomb.

And to the unrighteous no less true,
They, too, shall find
Thy equal mind,
Justice distributive accord ;
Deserts, to Good or Bad, as due :
To these remorse, to those reward.

Can in thy works be such a flaw,
That there be those
That would depose

The power by which they live;
 Using the vital breath they draw
 To curse the mercies give?

On bending knees, O hear my cry,
 With hands supine,
 Before thy shrine;
 Drive not away thy penitent.
 I will not sin like sinners, I,
 Nor yet will they like me repent.

From my full heart Thy praise shall flow,
 In streams as clear,
 As pure, sincere,
 As Autumn's olive presses pour.
 Thou hast repress'd my haughtiest foe,
 And crowned me with that olive's flower,

With Victory's wreath entwined my brow:
 That friend indeed,
 Weak mortals need,
 Rais'd from repining to rejoice;
 My harp shall teach the minstrel how
 Pure gratitude exalts the voice.

Power? Thou art Power; and canst bestow
 A power can save
 From the dull grave,
 Thy honoured and anointed King;
 And were he sepulchred below,
 Thou from the gloomy crypt couldst bring.

Save, save Thy people! Thou Who art
 Their Shepherd; keep
 And feed Thy sheep;
 Yea, bless Thine own inheritance.
 Health, with Thy healing balm impart,
 And call to batten on Thy glance.

Lyric XXII. I.

•

To mercy, moral majesty, and might
Of Israel's pastor and paternal King,
Whose glory is thy lead-star's radiant light,
Thy proudest triumphs' jubilations wing !
Thy unextinguishable plaudits ring.
Let the prime fatlings of your snowy flocks,
Their crimson lives and fleecy vesture bring ;
The ram, the goat, and serviceable ox ;
And song and dance, that wake the echoing rocks.

Let Love and Rev'rence, hand in hand,
The grassy, flower-eircled altar rear ;
Crowned by rich offerings of a teeming land ;
By faltering fingers decked, of Faith and Fear.
List, lowly vales ! ye towering mountains, hear !
The harsh, hoarse torrent, and the silvery rill,
Murmur His solemn praises far and near.
The conscious grove, from every tuneful bill,
The cadence join, and never-dying concert fill.

List once again ! The rustling cedar waves,
And creaking pine; time-seared, time-honoured
[head,
Thanks whispering to the brook, their feet that
[laves,
And slakes their drought. Rous'd on her sandy bed,
The roaring Sea rebukes the Winds, that tread
Her face with rude and rapid step ; and yonder,
Drowning these sounds attention riveted,
Bursts, rattling preludes of the rolling thunder,
Splits rocks, and harder hearts, tears Nature's ears
[asunder.



Appalling, with sinistrous crash and loud
(Down craggy Libanus' precipitous side),
Pale Earth, who shudders in her misty shroud,
That wraps Damascus' rosy plain and wide ;
Humbled the tottering turrets of her pride.
Good men confide ; the bad at least confess :
The conscience-stricken nations hear, and hide
Their heads, and call on GOD in their
[distress ;
For once sincerely worshipping his holiness.

Is this, then, Nature's voice, so well accords
To Man's instruction and reproof ? Oh, no,
The impassive organ's hers, the voice the Lord's !
What other's could so throb and thrill, and go
To fill with dread and wonder, joy and woe ?
E'en things inanimate obey the sound ;
Th' aspiring fire and cypress bend, and lo !
The startled hills are from their base un-
[bound,
And dance and reel, with all their nodding
[forests crowned.

Sihon and Hermon trembled as he spake,
And Kadesh, in her heaving wilderness,
Shivered thro' every tangled briar and brake.
The giant oaks, whose knotty arms, no less
Than centuries' spoony span outspun, express,
Shattered to fragments fall. The Deserts
Their ragged bosoms to the rude caress [bare
Of forked fires, the savage inmates scare,
Growling, and cowed, unsheltered in their
[murky lair.

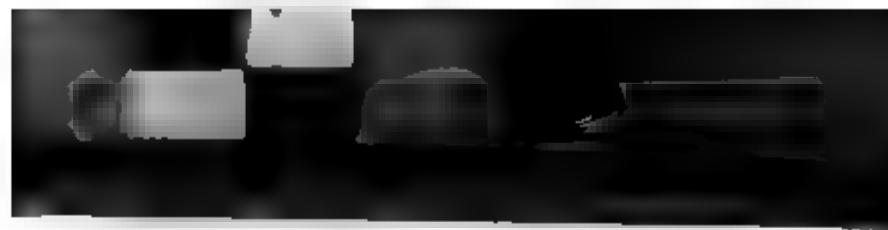
From the fierce furnace of his wrath has broke
A conflagration round the mountains wreathes,
Careering vapours down the valleys smoke,
Veiling their pleasant face in shade. He
[breathes,

Stars sink obumbrate in the sky he smeethes ;
Till, from Heaven's armory, with unerring aim,
The flash of his coruscant glaive unsheathes,
And sharps the lightning-blades, lance
[Ether's frame,
And score and singe the offending globe
[with sulphurous flame.

How different from that lambent light, illumines
Thy sacred temple, and irradiates,
Surprises, dazzles, p'rhaps, but not consumes ;
Destroys nor harms, yet cheers and animates.
Whose spiry tongue strikes not at Earth's
[estates
Below, but upwards points to Heaven, and
[feeds
The enamoured sight on glory consecrates ;
Feasting the mind on fructifying seeds
Of the Celestial aspirations that it breeds.

Bright scintillations from the thronèd scene
Where "Wisdom" sits in majesty supreme,
In fulgence unapproachable, serene !
Whence emanate these floods of brilliance
[gleam,
The night-stars silvery, golden day-stars beam.
She shall enrich, enlighten, and maintain
Those lands that with her royal children teem,
Enfranchise and illustrate her domain,
And crowned by power, in plenitude of
[glory reign.





Lyrical XXX. T.

—

For Thy mercies re-renewed,
As to me they 've ever been;
Through my strains (however rude,
Be their merit or their mood
What they may) my thanks are seen.

Thou ordain'st on me again,
Blind Prosperity should wait;
Crushing wicked workers, when
Vile colleagues, with blood-stained men,
Threaten to exterminate.

When on Fever's racking bed,
Stretch'd I lay, thou heard'st my moan.
Those who wished, believed me dead.
In the breast that languishèd,
Dissipatedst Thou the groan.

Extricatedst from the grave,
Sunk, all deemed, to rise no more;
When the good, the kind, the brave,
Thought Thou wouldest not, couldst not save,
To perdition gave me o'er.

Join the heart-expanding song,
Cherished children of His choice;
Let the all-admiring throng
Th' admirable theme prolong,
Only worth to woo your voice.

Short the hour His wrath endures,
When it dies it gives us life;

Bitter medicine health matures ;
Smarting cut, the wound that cures,
 Lauds the sharpness of the knife.

Weeping may endure a night,
 From a mote in Sorrow's eye,
But the dew-drop of the sight
Sparkles fresh in Morning's light,
 And her Sun shall drink it dry.

In the gay and holy-day
 Of my past prosperity,
Dared I to myself to say,
"It shall never fade away."—
 Thou hadst deigned to smile on me.

Firm as solid mountain's base,
 Was my footing fast and sure ;
While on me was turned that Face.—
Turned away that strength of grace,
 Spirit could, nor life inure.

I exclaimed, when late I stood
 In fresh tribulation sore,
Hast thou profit in my blood ?
In the grave if drop I should,
 Shall I, can I praise thee more ?

Does the Dust untie the tongue
 Of its taciturnity ?
Or resign the old or young,
To rehearse the song they sung,
 In earth's cold embrace who lie ?

Can they listen, when they're there,
 To the words of thy command ?
Can they there thy truth declare
In thy only province, where
 They nor see nor feel thy hand ?

Can the dead renew their vow ?
Can the dead retain their breath ?
Can the dead remain to know,
Or their voice regain to show
Wonders Thine ? O, save from death !

Let me, look indicative,
Of Thy reconciliation see !
If by Thee I still may live,
For that life that Thou dost give,
I'll devote that gift to Thee.

Strength to me returned Thou hast,
In Thy service I employ ;
Day of mourning now is past,
Off my weeds of sackcloth cast,
With the garment gird of joy.

Should I still be silent, I,
I should see, without surprise
(My supineness to belie),
Laudatory minstrelsy
From the rocks' dumb mouths arise.

Shall I leave to stocks and stone
To discharge the debt I owe ?
No, while muscle, nerve, and bone,
Can supply one vibrant tone,
Shall the grateful homage flow.



Lyric XXXI. T.



Tune the reverential string;
Strike the holy harp once more;
LORD of loyalty to sing,
GOD of Goodness to adore.
Was my trust in Thee of yore?
So it shall be fixed again:
Though life's troubles are not o'er,
Thou establish me, and then
Nations the Omnipotent shall ken.

To Affliction's fainting son
Lend Thine all-availing aid;
Let me never be the one,
Can be of Thine Eye afraid,
But the one whose peace is made:
Build my fortress on Thy rock,
And, if vengeful foes invade,
And lead on the deadly shock,
Know I not Thy breath that host shall mock?

Snatch me, guide me from the way,
Leads unto their cruel snare;
Foot incautious to bewray,
Who insidiously prepare.
In my anguish, all my prayer,
All my spirit I commit
To Thy conduct, to Thy care;
Thou, who guardian art of it,
Be 't done to me as Thou thinkest fit.

If I've hated one thing more
Than another all through life,

From my heart's *int'nest* core,
'Tis base vanity, that's rife
With foul treachery and strife;
Glittering Guilt in Flattery's guise,
Prints the kiss and plants the knife!
Gilded hooks to cheat the eyes,
Poison'd barb, and bait of honey'd lies.

Constant to Thee as I am,
No less kindly Thou to me;
As the lambkin to the dam,
Such my piteous cry to Thee;
Prostrate, lying on the lea,
As that mother hears that bleat,
And responds instinctively;
Correspondence swift and sweet,
From Thy more parental breast I meet.

Never didst Thou Hope consign
To the dungeon of Despair;
Never didst my foot incline
To the subtle ambush, where
Ruthless miscreants death prepare.
Thou hast fixt my firmer foot
On the threshold broad and square
Of Thy vineyard; such my suit,
There to labour for the precious fruit.

Have still mercy, as Thou hast
Hheretofore benignly had,
For these troubles are not past,
Which must make me more than sad,
Did Thy Presence never glad:
In these bones the marrow dried,
And the soul with anguish mad;
Comeliness that dignified,
Charm of life and glory all belied.

To my friends a fresh reproach,
To my enemies, foul scorn ;
Strangers on all sides encroach ;
Of my just proportions shorn,
Rue, I may, that I was born.
By familiars lost, forgot ;
By myself forespent, forlorn,
Shatter'd shred of battered pot,
Left in utter negligence to rot.

Villains scruple not to league,
To conspire, to wound, or slay,
Will they not with base intrigue,
Slander my fair name away ?
Yet, I said, there was, and may
Still be found in Thee a friend,
Sure support, and staff, and stay ;
Kept and will keep to the end,
From deceit, detraction, death, defend.

Should Thy searching Countenance
On Thy lowly servant shine,
It may dazzle, may entrance,
But no shame, no shame on mine,
Shall that scrutiny define ;
For let shame alone belong
To the traitors who combine ;
Not to victim of their throng,
But to base, perfidious wretches, wrong.

What His Goodness, who can tell ?
Treasures of Benevolence !
Are they not unspeakable ?
Fountains clear of blessings whence,
On the head of Penitence,
Oil of gladness oft He pours ;
But to conscious Innocence,
Seraph-like, His will adores,
Will He open His exhaustless stores.

Pleased shall He her mien behold,
She shall in His courts abide ;
He in Honour's robe shall fold,
Shield her from the shafts of Pride,
And to His pavilion guide,
Where no strife is ever known,
But where Peace and Joy reside,
Shedding glory, seen alone
In His City paved with sapphire stone.

From Thy Presence, tho' cut off,
Once I said, and so I thought, .
When I heard the wicked scoff,
Be Thy light and likeness sought,
From despondency that brought.
Courage, then, ye righteous ! look
For His aid, howe'er bestrraught,
Ne'er was seen that He forsook
Godly man, His gracious covenant took.



Lyrīc **xxii.** **I.**

How blest, through all the world around,
Yes, blest beyond expression,
Who has been tried, and has been found
In holy transports to abound,
Exempt from foul transgression !

三

But the LORD will not impute
Venial fault and error,
Modest, minim, and minute,
May have been the attribute
Of doubt, grief, or terror.

I, to other state was born,
Sullen Silence brooded over;
Flesh from wasted body torn,
By Concealment's fetters worn,
Cruel weals, that cover.

Oft blown blossoms of my youth
Blighted by Thy chastening;
Parch'd my lips like Summer's mouth,
Dried by kiss of burning South,
From drought Seba hastening.

But I said I will confess
(No transgression hiding),
Just Thou wast in my distress,
Mercy known by forgiveness,
Culprit, by confiding.



"Goodness" to—ye Good resort
While His breath propitious;
While it wafts towards the port,
Ere ye be the ocean's sport,
Whose smiles meretricious.

From the world when I withdrew,
Its taunts and machination,
To Thy parent breast I flew,
Thou receivedst me anew
In the arms of consolation.

With triumphant power of song,
Soul exhilarating,
Segregating from the throng,
Leading in Thy path along,
Undeterred, undeviating.

Be not stubborn, like the mule,
Or horse new bestridden;
Knows no reason, rein, nor rule
But the whip and spur, like fool
Going only where forbidden.

Anguish, with her sharpest sting,
Round the guilty flutters,
And Compassion's downy wing
Fans the good man's suffering,
Pardon, pleasing promise utters.

What gainsays ye, to be good,
What can hinder to be happy?
For rejoice ye may—ye should,
Ye His law have understood,
In your vigorous youth and sappy.



Lyric XXXII. M.



Rejoice in the LORD!
Rejoice and be glad.
What other the righteous rejoices?
Your psaltery accord,
If a chord can be had
That can harmony add
To celestify temporal voices.

With nablion—strings few—
Decachordon with ten,
Come symphonise your adoration,
Sing melodiously true,
Ye choristers then,
Ye pure virgins, young men,
Respond to the thrilling vibration.

His works from above
Admiration excite,
With His Word in eternal connexion.
Earth is full of His love,
And the world, of His light,
And to flatter our sight
They bðth find in each their perfection.

All in Heaven that is sought,
All on Earth that we find,
By His will and His Word were created.
Encouraging thought,
That serves to remind
The most blind of mankind,
How we're all to one Parent related.

Potent Spirit, and wise !

All from nothing could call,
In the vast of the universe dwelling.
Bid the vapours to rise,
Air to circle this ball,
Land and water to fall,
To their basins the oceans compelling.

O'er chaos He caused,
He brooded and bred,
Breathing life from His nostrils' sufflation.
He effected, and paused,
Confusion has fled,
Each element spread
Through the arteries and veins of creation.

Obey Him, ye hills,
Ye valleys and plains ;
Obey Him, magnificent ocean,
Rivers, rivulets, rills ;
Obey Him, hail, rains,
Tempest and hurricanes,
Him, who reigns and who ruleth your motion.

Ye cattle that low,
Ye lions that roar ;
Mute fishes, obey Him and fear Him ;
Ye nations that know,
Or that knew heretofore,
Obey Him, and more,
Love, worship, revere, and adore Him.

Ye, the clay of His mould,
And the mould that He thirl'd.
He spake, and the universe surging
In being behold,
An infantine world,
Round His finger that's curled,
From its cradle of sapphire emerging.

Where's that people alive
Or that potentate found,
Whose plans and whose plots and projection,
Howe'er they contrive,
Above or underground
Human eyes to astound,
Are not naked to His keen inspection.

Thy counsels shall last,
Thy designs shall extend,
Their way through all obstacles winning;
Thy empire is fast,
Ah! who can comprehend?
For it shall know no end,
As Thou never knewst a beginning.

That nation how blest,
For their GOD who have chose,
To cultivate with warm affection!
How then can be expressed,
How much more blessed those,
The true phalanx compose,
Of His Own most peculiar selection!

Protector and chief
Of His creatures of earth;
On His throne of eternity seated:
He smiles at their grief,
And He grieves at their mirth,
And decides of their worth,
When they think by their prayers He is cheated.

The monarch who goes
To the battle may trust
To his chariot, his rider, and driver;
But his foe overthrows
And lays him in the dust,
The most brave, most robust,
And leaves not a single survivor.

For his foe was the friend
 Of one who can save,
And has saved throughout every new era;
 And may condescend
 To snatch from the grave
 Those a rescue that crave;
For His title is, JEHOVAH Jireh.

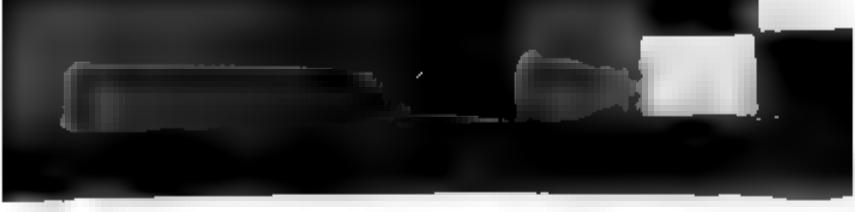
Vain thing is the horse,
 Or by swiftness or force,
From danger or death to deliver;
 Or man's weapons, of course,
 With their blade and their haft,
 Or their well-feathered shaft,
Which the LORD in a moment can shiver.

Never will He forsake,
 But with vigilance keep,
Every one that is born of a woman;
 When they walk, when they wake,
 When they slumber and steep
 All their senses in sleep;
Free from this supervision is no man.

From the day of their birth
 His assistance He yields,
To the day of decease their protector;
 From death and from dearth
 He benignantly shields,
 With vast power that He wields,
Their corrector as well as director.

Have compassion on us!
 Nay, we know that Thou wilt:
To Thee our whole souls we surrender;
 Therein nought subdolous,
 On Thy promise we've built
 We lay open our guilt,
O! view it with "*misericorde*" tender.





Lyric xxii. I.

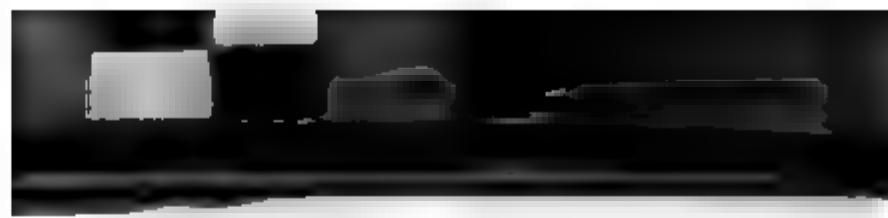
Is there a year, a month, a day,
Of present time or past away;
Is there an hour, a minute
(Tho' of its brilliancy bereft),
Has not a faint remembrance left
Of some enjoyment in it?

Some relics to the conscience dear,
Instinctive, indistinctly cheer
The gratitude that's growing;
And budding and producing fruit
That every clime and season suit,
With rapturous praises glowing.

No odour of its sanctity
Dispersed and lost, but scents the sky,
Pure incense! holiest censer!
Exhaling through the ambient air,
From pious breast its offering rare
To the divine Dispenser.

Expand the elastic song and psalm
That breathe your feelings and embalm
The sky with holinesses;
By which His honour He achieved,
Was never called on, but relieved
The penitent's distresses.

A reasoning being is there, saith
That the long-sighted eye of Faith
Cannot in His Perfection,



Discover Eye that can detect
Latent demerit or defect,
Ignores His kind correction.

T.

Hovering angels' downy wing
Fan the just man slumbering;
When awaken'd, guiding;
On his sorrows dropping balm,
Soothing quicken'd Conscience' qualm,
Gravely cheering, chiding.

Have you long'd to taste the sweets
In that banquet that *He* metes,
Heavenly fare delighteth?
Have you mark'd the means by which
Gained a privilege so rich,
To faith He requitest?

On such, soft-eyed Patience waits,
Hope and Charity her mates,
Handmaide, both warm-hearted;
(Let young lion roar for prey,)
By purveyors such as they,
'Tis, sweet food's imparted.

Come, my children! where be they,
Fain would find the flowery way
Paved with happiness?
Where in sapphire skies serene,
Topaz Suns regild the scene,
Breath of May caresses.

Woo in spotless raiment fair
Love and Truth, eternal pair!
Who deceives, shall rue it;



Woo Contentedness as well,
And Devotion to your cell ;
Seek peace and ensue it.

Is there One that doëth right,
There 's an Eye that shall delight,
Eye that pierces all disguises.
There 's an Ear shall hear the sigh,
Though so low and He so high,
From pure breast that rises.

On obdurate and perverse
(Where the malefactor worse !)
Vengeance pours her hottest phial ;
On the candid now, as erst,
Sun of Righteousness shall burst
Thro' black storms of trial.

Safety shall extend her roof,
Bright, of adamantine proof,
Lofty, large, and lasting ;
From the arch the wicked rear,
Shall the key-stone disappear,
While the thunder 's blasting.

But the perfect soul, of good,
Wise, discreet, and loyal mood,
Purged from earthy dregs and droesy,
To the far star-studded floors
Of th' ethereal mansion, soars
On swift pinions glossy.





Lyric XXX. I.

4070

O condescend to plead my cause
In this proud World of strife;
If ever I've observed Thy laws,
Preserve Thou now my life.

Thy buckler, buckle on my arm,
My consecrated shield!
(Sure talisman from every harm,)
With which I take the field.

Thy lance shall penetrate where'er
The jointed corselets shine;
Send back into that heart the spear
It basely aimed at mine.

Turn javelin's arrowy flook aside,
In battle's bloody brunt;
The car they drive, the horse they ride;
And every falchion, blunt.

Breathe out a panic on that host,
Before Thy blast that flees;
As chaff along the desert coast,
Before the Lybian breeze.

To slippery precipices fled,
Precipitate outright;
Their rocky sepulchre when dead,
Thy monument of might.

Oft have they spread their nets to catch,
Yet have they never caught;

So oft Thou from their toils wouldest snatch,
When near, they little thought.

Then let them fall into the traps
Maliciously they set;
No other punishment, perhaps,
So condign could they get.

Dumb Mouth! if thou refuse to keep
Thy orisons of joy,
My Flesh its dearest blood shall weep,
My bones thy art employ.

To Him your censer then relume,
The Saver of the soul!
To Him, the wicked can consume,
The wretched can console.

When perjured witnesses arose,
And slyly sought to slay,
Thou swaredst to retribute those
Who sware my life away.

They, for good corn that I had sown,
Return'd me noxious weeds:
I, for the tares that they had grown,
Repaid them precious seeds.

In all their sicknesses I kept
Religiously my fast;
I mourn'd in sackcloth, and I wept,
As for a parent past.

Yet they, to weight of the distress
Most cruel, crushing me,
Heap'd on me loads of heaviness,
Reproach and mockery.

With Calumny's atrocious claw
My reputation tore;
In worst despite of law and awe,
Of character I wore.

Hypocrisy, with odious leer,
At the convivial board,
Complacent caught each bitter sneer,
Could sharper pang afford.

As fatal as the tiger's jaw,
The rancour of their rage;
No menaces could over-awe,
Submissiveness, assuage.

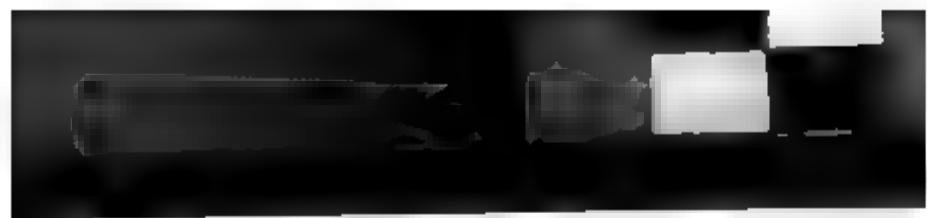
O rescue from the hooked fangs
Of Malice and Deceit;
The artifice of ruthless gangs,
Confederate to cheat.

How long unangered, unprovoked,
Wilt Thou permit this wrong;
And suffer with sufferings to be choked,
When I've a Friend so strong?

I'll give Thee thanks before the great,
And praise amongst the proud;
Worshipp'd, Thy Strength in every street,
Re-echoed by the crowd.

To free me from the men of hate,
Ah! wilt Thou not decide?
Let them not know my altered state,
That they may not deride.

Most peacefully I ever dwelt
'Mongst loyal of the land;



But they deceitfully have dealt,
Have broken Thy command.

Without foundation they condemn,
And wink the eye at me;
O be my hatred known to them,
Simplicity, to Thee.

Thou knowest both, and Thou wilt judge
Most righteously, Thou wilt:
To Innocence Thou wilt not grudge
Its due, nor yet to guilt.

Arise, Thou, in Thy Mightiness,
To annihilate or guard;
As vice or virtue, more or less,
So punish or reward.

So shall Thy perfect sentence light
On those that would devour;
That hand reserved to feel the blight
Of which it dared the power.

O prosper those who joy express'd
In my prosperity;
Grant with those blessings to be blest,
Thou hadst in store for me.

So, o'er Thy Altar's Sanctity
Shall Morn her incense breathe,
And Evening's tributary sigh
Her curling vapours wreath.





Lyrice exibit.

10

Are, are there men—ah! yes, I fear there be—
Who have no sense, thought, knowledge, fear of
[Thee?

Pride's baubles, bubbles, dance before their eyes,
In gaud of Vanity's varieties,
Here in a thousand odours court their view,
There in ten thousand shapes confound it too :
Pleasing to torture, charming to deceive,
At length they vanish into air, and leave
Sickening vacuity within the brain,
Where guilt, remorse, and misery remain ;
Scribing on memory signs of wasted years,
Their cloudy sunshines and their rainbow tears ;
How oft soe'er his judgment undeceived.
Will Truth, by man, then, never be believed ?
Though Falsehood, dizen'd in her borrowed charms,
He longs to clasp in his untiring arms,
True to the faithless, hugs Deceit and Guile,
And, fascinated, basks in Flattery's smile ;
How can he reach the good Thy goodness shrouds
Above the misty mountains' tidal clouds ?
But what these continents or this whole globe,
To type a spangle of Thy starry robe ?
This pismire nest, this pigmy-peopled ball,
Struck from its sphere, would not be missed at all.
How excellent Thy lovingkindness rules,
Forgiving the fatuity of fools !
And healing wounds of their envenomed sting
With drops of mercy from Thy balmy wing ;
But 'tis the good succeed Thy care to win.
That gives to smile at sorrow, sickness, sin,

And, summered in Thine eye-beam, batten where
Perennial pastures grow celestial fare ;
Where Life's intemperate full fount and bright,
Halo'd with inextinguishable light,
To the distinguished shall distinctly show
Mysterious sources whence their blessings flow ;
But to those only who have purged away
The film of Vice that veiled their visual ray.

From pride protect me, of perversions first,
Most dangerous, captivating, last, and worst ;
Entangles blinded mortals, erst she cursed ;
Corrodes their virtue and corrupts their heart,
Fit but to perfect scorners in their part,
Who, banish'd ever far from Wisdom's throne,
By folly follies expiate, which too late they own.





Lyric xxvii. I.

—

Why shouldst thou fret thee that the wicked live,
And thrive and flourish, and put forth the bud
Of young prosperity, and bloom and give
Fair promise of gold fruits, that clustering, stod
The stem with ripeness. Think how fugitive
Their ways, and days, and praise, and works,
[and joy!

Swept off how oft by Time's untimely flood,
Or victims of the vices that decoy,
Or caught in ambuses for others laid,
Are cropt, like flowers in hands of wanton boy,
Or grassy stalk beneath the mower's blade;
But thou—wouldst thou be worthy of the name
Thou bear'st, and the immortal Artist's finger made?
Rest as He made thee!—good—rest free from

[blame:

So shalt thou fatten in thy father's land.
Beneath its fig-tree's and its olive's shade;
On harvestings of righteousnesses and
Truth, Faith, and Hope, abundantly shall feed
Fond hearts that toil to till, at His command,
Their generous soil, He fills with fruitful seed,
And gratifies with grace to see it grow;
Makes labour light, and diligence succeed.

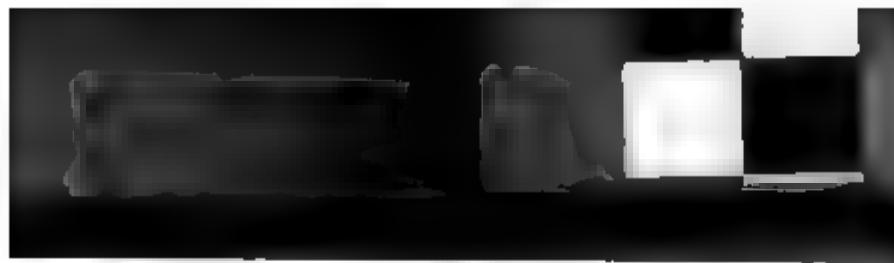
All thou desir'st His bounty shall bestow;
Thy virtues sparkling with a starry light,
Thy noble actions noontide splendour show.
The LORD can shield thee, or the LORD
[can smite;

Trust in Him, then, and His avowal wait:
Let not impatient Discontent invite

To murmur, when thou seest in regal state
The bad installed: their tottering, slippery
[throne
Slides in the blood cemented it of late.
Wilt thou be vex'd, and on thyself alone
Visit the pains which are their only due?
Wait till, full soon and awfully be shown
The punishments to subtlest crimes accrue.
The enduring dwelling of the wise and just,
Planted on plain or verdurous valley, view.
The mansion of the proud in falsehood trust,
That Pompe inhabits, and that Riches rear;
A monument of ruin hearsed in dust.
It sprang a mushroom cope - we saw it here:
In vain we seek it o'er the vacant ground,
What hap mysterious caused to disappear?
We only find it is not to be found.
Behold the dwellings of the pious; there
The humble door the snowy flocks surround.
The comfort of that home see Plenty share,
Content and Peace, connubial Fealty crown.
No spectral dreams their nightly slumbers scare,
No floods of grief their sparkling daylight drown;
Cheerful they run their indicated road,
Nor meet an obstacle, nor fear a frown.
What tho' the wicked, like the odious toad,
Gnash with their teeth, and spirit envenom'd spite;
Their rage but goes to further crimes to goad,
And from afar Heaven's chastisement excite.
GOD laughs their impotent attempts to scorn;
Sees when their measures fail, and will requite.
Their bow they bent, till horn on grating horn,
Warned the unarmed, necessitous and weak.
Their flaming glaive scared wretched and forlorn.
But on them, One there it shall vengeance
[wreak;
In their own breasts shall quench their burning
[brand,



Their shafts into ten thousand splinters break;
And with the shiver'd fragments strew the sand.
Give me the stinted orts the good possess,
Before the board magnificent and grand,
Loaded with oates by reckless Lavishness,
And drenched in wasteful streams of wassail
[wine,
Whose dregs with poisons drugged by stale Excess;
To misery, madness, malady consign,
To sure disease!—Nor dearth nor death comes not
To harass those on Heavenly help recline;
No shame shall stain their honest face, nor spot
Their ermined fame, nor withering Famine touch,
Within the pale of their sequestered cot:
Their enemies it is, her claws shall clutch:
Of these the strength, like fat in altar's blaze,
Shall melt in smoke. Such be the end of such:
Usurious and rapacious loans they raise;
Stake, pledge, and borrow never to repay.
Reverse of this, the Righteous in his ways.
Who, then, so fit an arbiter to say
Who shall inherit, who shall be deprived?
And his decision shall the contest stay.
Are not his counsels all from Heaven derived?
And shall not Heaven his piety uphold,
Whatever plot by profligates contrived?
How true! I once was young and now am
Yet never saw the righteous man forsaken, [old,
Nor have I seen, or ever heard it told,
His seed was begging bread, by want o'er taken.
For Piety, with Pity sister-twin,
So prompt within the generous soul to waken,
Are his companions, and have ever been,
In whom he and his offspring, wholly blest!—
Depart from evil, then, repudiate sin;
Obey thy GÖD's inscrutable behest.
Justice He loves; will punish, will reward.
Alarming thought! Yes, even to the best.



Who but must shudder of his own accord?
Dwelleth the law of GOD within the heart,
A well-spring there shall all true joys afford;
The flow of wisdom copiously impart,
And soften lip of Truth with eloquence
Of native modesty, surpassing art;
From inward sluices fed, by Providence,
With streams of sapient thought and sacred lore,
Teaching to marshal eye and feet, each sense
To regulate, and curb transgression, o'er
The boundary prescribed, to rasher tide.—
The unrighteous hand, distained with righteous
[gore;
With feller stroke wrench'd from the parent side,
Shall lifeless fall to fat the greedy ground.
The towering crest of Arrogance and Pride,
That aimed the breast of Innocence to wound,
A puissant arm invisible shall lop.
His case is safe, we see, whose cause is sound:
His land he shall inherit, and shall crop.
What, tho' the profligate shall flourish too,
Like verdant bay-tree, with its flowery top
(As I've perchance remarked in passing thro'),
When I returned, and not delaying long,
The aspect of that scene how changed to view!
The palace sunk in ruin lay; the throng
Of menial meanness, that on Riches wait,
Dispersed and gone:—Courts, echoed dance
[and song;
In Grandeur's mourning, waste and desolate;
Responsive to complaint of sleepless owl,
Chiding the elements that aggravate,
And mocking prowler jackal's hungry howl.
Be wise, and mark the perfect man; behold
The upright, for his end is peace. Then scowl
Upon the wretch perfidious, sly, and cold,
Whose touches freeze, whose heart is froze, whose
[face



Is brass, whose guide is gain, whose God is gold.
The poor he wrung, the avenger shall embrace,
While to her breast Security shall take
The child of Virtue and the heir of Grace,
With fierce commotions, when the nations quake,
If humbled to the dust, he shall be raised
By Him he freely praised, and for His sake,
And for that raising shall His Name be praised.



Lyrical xxviii. I.

If Thou in anger, {^{Lord}}, rebuke,
The smart I must retain;
Can I behold that fiery look,
Nor feel a feverish pain?
The pressure of Thy heavy Hand
Was on me heretofore;
The puncture of Thy arrows, and
Their stigmata I bore.

My flesh is withered by the flash
Of Thine indignant Eye;
My bones disrupted by my rash
And bold iniquity.
What master of the healing art
My malady can cure?
The ulcer of an aching heart,
That can no probe endure?

From Thy severity I shrink,
With many a grievous groan.
In the abyss of terror sink,
In gulf of misery drown.
But if escap'd, the raging, deep,
Dark billows of Despair;
'Tis but in silent tears to steep
The legacies of Care.

Disease, ally insidious,
And harbinger of Death,
Sits on my breast, grim incubus!
And sucks my vital breath.

Is there a muscle not unstrung
By torture's racking strain?
Is there a nerve that is not wrung,
Or limb unscathed by blain?

Where is my prowess, comrades vaunt,
My adversaries' fear?
That courage giants could not daunt?
A prey to scorners' jeer.
Of force and fortitude bereft,
And Thy all-potent aid,
The fortress bare, dismantled, left,
The garrison dismay'd.

Weary and weak, and wan and worn;
My health and spirits broke;
The live-long day I wake to mourn,
At night by Horrors woke.
Thou seest this, Thou who art all eye,
Hear'est, who art all ear:
Be Thou all-feeling to my cry,
All-pitying to my tear.

If one remain, since they have dried
The fountains of my sight;
But let my plaint be sanctified,
E'en in my groans' despite.
Desert not Thou as those have done
Who whilom were my friends,
For where misfortunes have begun,
There human friendship ends.

And where that finishes, commence
Misprisions and mistrust,
Suspicions, enmities, and thence
May lead to hatred—must.
Do not their heads my kinsmen shake,
On vain pretence and vague?

Do not my neighbours, guests, forsake,
And shun me as the plague?

And well for me if they refuse
To adopt malicious rage,
Of vicious and intemperate crews,
Unworthy war that wage.
Yes, well. For dart nor dagger 'mong
Their sharpest blades, in truth,
So sharp as Falsehood's forked tongue,
And Slander's venom'd tooth.

How answer simper, winks and nods,
That strike me dumb, in fact?
Or how make head against such odds,
That deafen and distract?
But Thou hast ears of finest test,
For whisper'd murmur low;
And searching eye, that stands possess'd
Of all men see and know.

The sole petition I have made—
"Be my auxiliar, Thou!"
I would not ask another's aid,
Nor make another vow.
Let others to their idols sue,
In Thee 'tis I confide;
From Thee my breath, my hopes I drew,
My GOD, O goad and guide!

Futile for other aid to try;
Inadequate and vain;
Perchance to meet with contum'ly,
Disparagement, disdain!
To Thee I dare reveal a fault,
P'rhaps crime, when penitent;
Sure to the weakness where I halt
To find most indulgent.

With others it is otherwise.

The impudent and bold,
Rejoicing in their infamies,
For enemies I hold ;
And as Thine adversaries shun
I who am loyal, true ;
I hate for evil they have done,
They me for good I do.

They as extortioners subsist ;
Reverse of this I am.
Such enmities between exist,
As lion's with the lamb.
Turn not, O LORD, Thy Face away,
That my existence gives ;
What would be, then, this senseless clay,
On that alone that live ?



Poetic XXXIX. I.

I said, and Thou, the Spirit true of Truth,
Didst inwardly suggest the thought,
Now that are passed the follies of my youth,
I'll heed my ways; I will and ought.
In my obstreperous mouth I'll put a bit,
Bridle on my loquacious tongue;
Others there are to curb their own omit,
Seeming for slander only strung.

To misinterpret and pervert my speech.
I then determin'd to desist
From colloquy whatever, and to teach
By Silence those who would not list
To voice of Reason, and continued mute,
As if irrationally dumb.
In that like them, in this like wiser brute,
Who only signify the sum

Of all desires and appetites in one
Sole, simple, servile monotone.
So they their ceaseless cuckoo calling con,
Concert of discords use alone
To vent their venom, spit their spite and spleen,
Weaving foul web of vile abuse,
Their crimson cloak of calumny to screen;
Those they affiliate to traduce.

I pondered what I'd felt, and heard, and seen;
Surprised and much amazed, I mused;
How, as unprofitable, stale, unclean,
Man Thy rich benefits refused:—



While his ingratitude warp'd Thine intents;
Wallowing in passion's vilest recrements:—

Silent,—not speechless,—was I, bent to take
Sweet counsel, though with bitt'rest, vexed
Long I reflected, deeply, and perplex'd,
And to my conscience, thus I spake—

“ Since mortal Thou hast made my frame,
“ O teach me well to know

“ From what far country 'twas I came,
“ To what near home I go.

“ Teach me how soon the glimmering day
“ That now scarce lights me on my way,

“ To twilight dusk shall grow.

“ More cautiously will sailor sail

“ Who kens his vessel, and how frail
“ When sails too fast or slow.

“ Why ask, when well aware how fit

“ The voyage planned by Thee;

“ Or can I think 'Thou'l shorten it,

“ Or lengthen to please me.

“ Shall He who poured the ocean out,

“ And girt with stony belt about,

“ And breathes the gale—will He

“ Listen to tim'rous Halyons' prayer

“ To modulate the gathering air

“ Upon a stormy lee?

“ What difference can there be, that us

“ To such He should prefer?

“ To navigator nautilus,

“ Whose wanderings never err?

“ Is he less often tempest toss'd,

“ Less subject to be swamp'd and lost?

“ Less skilful mariner?

“ Have such more vices than our own,

“ More need of virtues to atone,

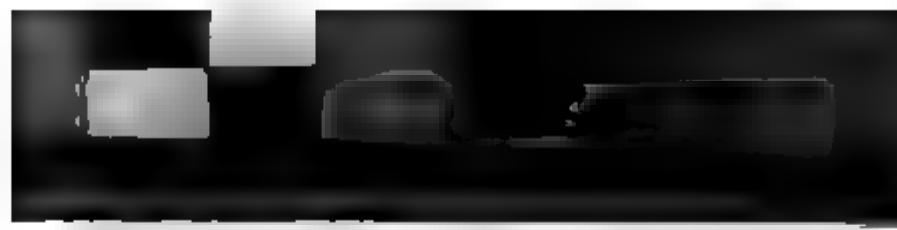
“ Or threatenings to deter?”

Am I not worm of low degree?
Am I not formed upon
The model by Supreme decree,
Of the ephemeron?
What is my day when dawn has broke?
Its birth a vapour—end a smoke!
Swifter than either, gone;
What are those things we call our years,
Glimpses of joys, flashes of fears,
From womb of Darkness won.

Man, as is my conviction clear,
For vanity was made;
'Tis his delight, his idol, jeer,
His trouble and his trade,
His life, his love, his labour, pain,
In wit, war, wisdom, woman vain,
Religion's renegade;
His element—uncertainty;
How well he styles himself to be
The shadow of a shade!

The flaunting flag that flouts the dead,
Broad banners of the brave,
But shade the showers of tear-drops shed
To soak a moister grave.
Where are the miser's silver, gold,
For which his sordid soul he sold,
Nor ceased for more to crave?
Of hoarding or of spendthrift tribe,
Whom shall they charm, or cheat, or bribe,
Whose soul shall damn or save?

'Tis not in opulence I put
My confidence nor hope;
Nor in battalions horse or foot,
In battle's dangerous slope.
'Tis not with one who proudly boasts



His host, but with the LORD OF HOSTS,
That they shall have to cope,
Who my integrity assail;
Fall, shall they fatally, and fail
To realize their scope.

Faith! grant me faith that I believe
Thy miracles of might;
As grace has granted to receive
With gratitude aright.
Free me from base desire of self,
From tyrant passions, from myself,
From this worst foe retrieve;
And has been so since I was born.
O leave me not the blight and scorn
Of those, delight to grieve!

I did not flinch when Thou didst strike,
Albeit the blow severe;
A friend's it was, and, parent-like,
From Hand that I revere.
O let the splendour of Thy face
Shed cheering sunshine on man's race!
Not lightning's flash he fears;
For if that vivid flame illumes,
Remember that its fire consumes;
Enlivens, but it sears.

For, man when taken at his best,
Mere meteor of a mist,
Can he against so hot a test
Have texture to resist?
How soon his comeliness's prime
Begnawed by rusty tooth of Time!
Fatal antagonist!
The Seasons such, as they revolve,
Fire, air, or water can dissolve.
His "vanity," what is't?



O listen to Thy suppliant child,
Thy pupil was of yore;
Though by temptation oft beguiled,
Those follies now are o'er.
O lib'rate from this load at length!
Permit that I may gather strength,
And take my breath, before
My final journey I commence,
And take—take my departure hence,
And I be seen no more.





Lyric xl. x.

—

O thanks for endurance Thou hast not disdain'd,
And thanks for the patience bestow'd,
And thanks for the punishment dealt or refrain'd,
The favour conferred, the lesson obtain'd,
From the Fountain of Mercy that flow'd.

From Despondency's pit, from the Gulf of Despair,
Their deepest and darkest abyss, [air,
Thou hast ransom'd, and rescued, restored to the
And hast comforted, fortified, dignified there;
How can I be thankless for this !

When my foes, like gaunt vultures, while scent-
[ing the flock,
To feast on my carcass concurr'd, [shock,
Thou strengthenedst my hand to encounter the
And plantedst my feet on immoveable rock,
Founded on Thy immutable Word.

They shall own it to whom Thou hast given to
Thy inscrutable purpose unknown; [explore
They shall see it, and feel it, and fear and adore,
Adopt a fresh song and adapt a fresh score,
And all Earth shall acknowledge the tone.

How exalted the mortal whose dignified pride
Turns his back on the haughty and proud,
But will not to the right nor the left turn aside
From Rectitude's road he has chosen and tried
To that trodden by Gaiety's crowd.

How kind Thy benevolent works, and how vast
Thy love to the children of men !
We cannot recount, we receive them so fast,
But contrive to forget them before they are past.
When shall we deserve them ? Ah when ?

To Thee, in the victim, what pleasure or good ?
Palpitation of agonized life !
In mountains of fat or torrents of blood,
That blacken the welkin or redder the flood,
Or reek on sacrificial knife ?

Then I said, "I will come. In my hand is the
"In which wonders are written of me ; [scroll
"Of that the bold characters I will unroll,
"Thy will each fond wish of my heart shall con-
"Would unveil Thy sublime mystery. [trol,

"Thy word before congregate nations, nay, nay,
"Before Thèe have I not testified ?
"Before the whole world in the face of the day,
"I never have ceased to preach and to pray,
"However believed or belied."

The blessing Thy long lovingkindnesses yield,
Have been my perpetual theme ;
I have not perverted, I have not concealed,
What weapons soever the wicked ones wield,
Or however the impious blaspheme.

O do not the light of Thy countenance veil,
Nor the glow of affection that lit ;
In their effusion I feel that I fail ;
Without these, when the truth of Thy law they
What confidence have I in it ? [assail,

How innumerable are the evils, abound,
Iniquities grave, that beset !



How countless the number of perils surround,
That of hairs of my head I confess might be found,
But of those, what arithmetic get?

Entangled I am in Guile's intricate toil,
And Thou canst deliver alone:
Rise, these base machinations of folly to foil,
Despite and disperse, and destroy and despoil,
That the terrors of Vengeance be known!

Rekindle Thy star of indulgence to shine
On the eye-balls that thirst for that fare;
Let those who recline at the foot of Thy shrine,
Who continue to bask in that glory of Thine,
Thy unsearchable marvels declare.

Though humble and needy I ever have been,
How poor and how low I may be!
My Protector and Patron Thou often wast seen,
Thou never hast thought for Thy mercies too mean
Haste, haste now, with deliverance to me.



Lyric xli. T.

To the needy, lame, and blind
Kind and generous be;
LORD of them and Thee, Thou 'lt find
Generous, kind to Thee.
Charity, shipwreck'd on Earth,
Finds in Heaven her proper berth.

Love Him from Whose deeds of love
Unbought blessings flow;
Ye shall reap tenfold above,
As ye sowed below.
Some may, here or not, befriend,
On high One that shall defend.

Sickness may come in her turn;
She will no one spare;
Be her couch, then, Thy concern,
And her cure Thy care.
Look upon her sufferings so,
With that glance can banish woe.

What, though long we 're languishing
On the bed of pain;
Health again shall tune her string,
Gratitude her strain.
“LORD!” I said, “Thou canst, Thou wilt
“Free me from this load of guilt.”

Tongues there were that evil spoke,
Threatening to defame;
But fond foresight fenced the stroke

Long before it came.
 Shall they live who, while alive,
 On the lives of others thrive ?

Then to visit me they came,
 Only to beguile :
 Seeking aliment for blame,
 Absent, to revile :
 Congregating, whispering low,
 Murmurs, coming storms that show.

“ Victim of his folly lies
 “ Deep immersed in it.
 “ He would soar into the skies,
 “ Sinks into the pit :”
 Rich or needy that implor’d,
 Battened, fattened at my board !

To my spirit health restore,
 Vigour to my flesh :
 Integrate my mind once more ;
 Renovate, refresh.
 ’Gainst the foe give courage Thou :
 Thine to conquer, mine to bow.

Can I be so worse than blind,
 Not in Thee to trust ;
 When to me Thou ’rt more than kind,
 Still to them art just ?
 As Thou art, so ever be,
 Glass of my integrity !

LORD Eternal, from whose Word
 All creation sprung ;
 Be Thy praise the theme adored,
 Of each living tongue ;
 And each tongue of land, each shore,
 Echo to the Ocean’s roar.

Lyric xlii. T.

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When the hard-run hart that's bunted
Through the scrubby bush and stunted,
And o'er arid sab'lous plain,
Longs, where purling
Stream is curling,
Verdant meadowy bank to gain ;
On the brink
Pants to drink,
And to bathe that dusty side
In the cool refreshing tide ;
To allay the fever pain ;
Could that pricking thirst be blunted :
Quells, with droughtiness unwonted.

So, when traitorous bands rebelling,
From my hearth and home expelling ;
Drove me forth to sue for aid ;
Unprotected,
And dejected ;
Without shelter, shed or shade.
On death's brink
Fain to sink,
Thirsted I for waters rife,
From the true well-spring of life,
By which every drought allay'd ;
In the Eternal Presence swelling,
At the porch of Bounty's dwelling.

Though Guile's Malice often worsting,
For these fountains I've been thirsting,
Flow with peace and love alone.

Eye-inviting,
Soul-delighting,
Emanating from Thy Throne :
How I sigh
To descry,
In the fulness of Thy grace,
Streams of glory, that efface
Slender rills that here have shone.
Though above their channels bursting,
So profusely they ran first in.

But sole moisture that assuages
Scald upon this tongue that rages ;
Is the salt, salt tear and sore,
Never ceasing,
But increasing,
From that brine that burns the more.
Tho' I pray
Night and day.
Scoffers taunt and take to task,
And insultingly they ask,
“ Why that Being I adore,
“ Rescues not, when He engages,
“ Nor to righteous pays his wages ? ”

When on these things I reflected,
Deeply was my mind dejected.
In my heavy heart I felt
Heaving motions,
Like the Ocean's,
Curdled, chill'd, as snow-storms melt.
Different feel
Used to steal
On me, as 'midst noble crowd,
With acclaim long, loyal, loud,
At Thy sacred shrine we knelt,
Pouring praises Heaven-directed,
And with tears of joy humected.

Whence, my Soul, this sickening sorrow ?
Art thou trembling for to-morrow ?
 Of itself that should take care.
 Why so drooping ?
 Wouldst thou, stooping,
Pluck up Misery by the hair ?
 Wouldst thou dive,
 All alive,
To the dungeons of Despair ?
 Soul ! ungrateful canst thou be ?
 Think of worlds, were made for thee.
Buy thou canst not, beg nor borrow,
What canst thou do for to-morrow ?

Be more chary of thy honour,
Obligations lie upon her :
 Thou alone unworthy them !
 When well knowing
 Thou art showing,
Thou continuest to contemn.
 No, I burn
 To return.
 This no longer shall be so ;
 To Thy temple I will go.
Conscience shall no more condemn.
Of Thy donary shall owner,
Worthy prove of gift and donor.

How my heart, depressed and cowering,
Deprecates Thine aspect lowering !
 I remember well my flight :
 Child rebelling,
 Troops compelling,
Jordan journey, Horror's fright !
 Far, too far,
 Past Mizar,
 Torrents to the torrents roared,
 Few could sail, and none could ford ;

Stretching to the Harmonite :
Waters from the welkin showering,
Overpouring, overpowering.

But I felt existence brightened,
And the path of life enlightened,
When the clouds, Thy Day-star broke.

Morn more cheerful,
Night less fearful.

I'll again Thy Name invoke.

Holy song

I'll prolong ;

Fragrant incense shall ascend ;
Peace on Piety attend ;

Freer sacrifices smoke.

By no anxious terror frighten'd,
I shall find devotion heightened.

Must I be again o'ertaken
By the adverse blast, and shaken ?

Shall mine enemies oppress ?

Deeply smarting,

While they 're darting

Venom'd shafts of bitterness ?

They revile,

With a smile

Quite sardonic, and inquire,

"If my G^DD is apt to tire

"Of assisting my distress ?

"Or, if sleeping, hard to waken ;

"Or have not, perchance, forsaken ?

Tell, my Soul, what is it vexes,
Plagues, perturbrates, and perplexes ?

"Slumber scares and chases Rest ?"

As if harassed

And embarrassed,

By some uninvited guest,



Can destroy
Hope and joy?
Fly to GOD, soft balm Who pours
On Affliction's sores; restores
Calm and charm of life and zest:
To all ages, to both sexes,
Health and happiness annexes.



*L*yric xliii. x.

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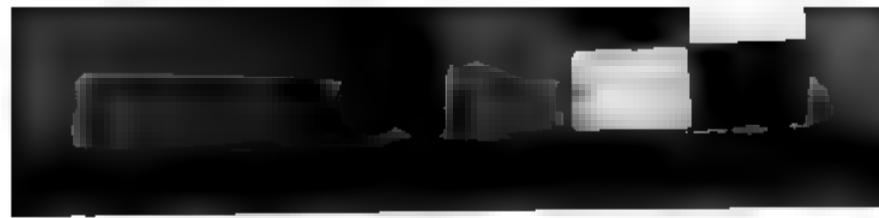
O Thou, righteous Judge
Of iniquitous earth,
Not to be brib'd nor intimidated;
Who never dost grudge
To investigate worth,
High or low, or however related.

My Protector Who art,
Mine Avenger wilt be,
This unnatural conspiracy quelling;
Thou Who turnest the heart,
Turn my people to me,
'Gainst their sovereign and father rebelling.

Thou nerve of my strength,
And Thou strength of my nerve,
My only resource in my anguish;
Hast Thou cast off at length?
As if I could swerve
In my duty to Thee when I languish.

Must I wofully steep
The pale evening in tears,
In mourning becloud the clear morning?
Must I endlessly weep
Whilst Mockery fleers,
Imperturbable Insolence scorning?

Then send forth the Light
Of the star of Thy Truth;
Let it lead to Thy hill that is holy;



To Thy courts, are so bright
With the rays of Thy ruth,
Dispelling doubt and melancholy.

No---abortly I'll go
To the altar of GOD,
And exhibit my constancy's gladness ;
My fidelity show
How Thy way I have trod,
Dissolving in ecstacy, sadness.

The ear-soothing thrill
Of Divine psalmody,
Tune the harp to the heart's fond emotion ;
And Thy temple shall fill
With the soul-stirring, free,
Exhilarant voice of Devotion.

Why, my Soul ! wilt thou droop ?
GOD not always will frown ;
Cast from thee Iniquity's leaven ;
There is ONE that will stoop,
With complacence look down,
For thy hope and thy helper 's in Heaven.





Lyric xlib. I.



Our fathers told of works by Thee achieved,
Most marvellous were they in their day ;
Yet these, as credible to be believed,
As worthy to record them, they,
Myriads have said, and millions say,
How from their lands, their foes, however brave,
Encountering in the fearful fray,
Thou drivest forth, or doom'dst to bloody grave,
Or galling chain of bondsman, or of slave.

Not by the prowess, nor the valorous deeds
Of our great ancestors, were won
Those fields, albeit their history exceeds
In crime-stained annals all e'er done
Since man, to slaughter man, begun ;
Nor yet were our progenitors thought slack
In front array, nor quick to shun
The mortal struggle, nor to turn the back
On Horror's torvous train in Havock's track.

But what, the mightiest, most intrepid host,
The cause Thou hast condemned, to speed ?
Could they its downfall one short day at most,
Foregone catastrophe ! impede ?
Derange, delay, what Thou 'st decreed,
One mote of matter, or one tick of time ?
'Gainst Thee, how hope they to succeed ?
Thou witherest in their pregnancy of prime,
Consumest in the fuel of their crime.

O Thou who lead'st our military forth,
Superne, Supreme, all-conquering !

To Thee what I? In blast of gusty North,
Shorn, shrunk, vain, vacillating thing?
Thou, Jacob's **God**, and Israel's King!
And mine. Deliver, then; defend once more
Again, that we, Thy victories sing.
How oft didst Thou in per'lous times of yore
Enfranchise Judah's host on Midian's shore!

My trust I marry not to bow of yew,
Nor to its string, nor breath I draw,
Nor to the glittering blade, that crimson dew
Has temper'd, in the hottest flaw
Whose gleaming flashed dismay and awe,
Disparting serried ranks in battle-field,
When spent and staggering squadrons saw,
To promptest rescue rushing where they reeled,
And found, their foes' defeat, their country's shield.

And yet, defence it is not 'gainst alarm,
Nor yet is buckler, helm, nor spear,
Nor armies, but alone Thy naked Arm!
That is our host, our boast; the fear
Of every foe, in van or rear;
And fled it, oft they have in terror's shame,
When no apparent danger near.
From smitten conscience 't was the panic came,
And Thou, we know, for ever art the same.

Yes; it is so. And are we not cast off,
Disdained, discarded, in disgrace,
The jest, and jeer, and mockery, and scoff
Of those that hate—defying to our face?
And Thou dost see us palter in our pace,
And turn our backs, delivered up like sheep,
To glut the slaughterer's knife. Our wretched
Wilt Thou no longer in Thy folding keep, [race
As erst, but scathe and from Thy Presence sweep?

Dost Thou count out Thy people ? Tell their tale ?
 To Thee what profit would there fall ?
 Or wouldst Thou set them up to public sale ?
 'Twould but impoverish after all.
 Wouldst Thou, in bitterness of gall,
 Cast off amongst the Heathens, who asperse
 By foul, opprobrious names, they call :
 The by-word of their wagging, and, worse,
 Their vile antipathy and odious curse.

What are these hideous imageries rise
 (Brood Horror-struck of Fancy seem)
 To blight the senses and to blind the eyes ?
 Brook not to see those, Thee blasphem ?
 Or phantasms, p'rhaps, of Fever's dream,
 Our heart we heed, nor harden it nor hide,
 Our hands are clean, our feet redeem
 Their steps when they hallucinate or slide,
 Would ! Thou wouldst guide, not chasten though
 [Thou chide.

Too hard Thy chastisements to bear,
 They do divorce from home that draws,
 To marry to a cruelty can tear
 With worse than fiery dragons' claws,
 Or Torture's axes, knives, or saws,
 And place in dreary prospect of the tomb,
 With dread foreboding that o'erawes,
 And shadowy images that darkly loom
 Upon the soul, and fill with grave-yard gloom.

If Adoration in forgetfulness
 Omit her {O} to magnify ;
 Or, more, neglecting duly to address,
 Bend to some pagan deity ;
 Shall He not search it out, Whose Eye
 (Fountain and organ, miracle of sight)
 Pierces the deepest mystery,

Lurks, in the heart's thick core, and sets in light,
As crystal clear, diaphanous and bright.

Fated to die in shadow of Thy frown,
Shall we be slothful to be slain?
Were we our lives unwilling to lay down,
Unworthy should be to retain.
O tarry not, awake again!
Wilt Thou yet longer mortify, and hide
Thy face, and leave us to remain
Bondsmen and slaves to Sin, has tied,
And rivets to the chain that we defied.

To Earth's cold touch our carcass sinks,
And cleaves to its congenial clay,
All but that vagrant particle that thinks,
And thinks it sees Thy twilight ray
On life's extreme horizon play,
And would adore it, as it must admire;
Pour out Thy long-expected Day, [sire
And quench the thirst with which these eyes de-
To drink Thy vital Light that they require.





Lyrīc xlb. I.

••••

My heart is heaving, and my bosom swells
With doubt's tumultuous throb;
As fervent fluid boils and bubbles
In caldron, when its labouring breast expels
Thick vapours in convulsive sob,
Assuasive of its fiery troubles;
So fitful heats within me rise and rob

Repose of rest and gentle quietude;
But stir to elaborate and write
Things most divine, and Meditation's
Delightful solace, fear, and fruit, and food;
Most ready penman to indite
Of glorious Monarch of all nations
The majesty, magnificence, and might.

O fairer, Thou, than fairest sons of Earth
Of woman's frailty ever born;
Surpassing e'en the sex in beauty!
Heaven's brightest planet harbinger'd Thy birth;
The wise Thy hallow'd shrine adorn,
And with warm loyalty of duty,
Their homage consecrates the auspicious morn

Begets, begins, beguiles Thy blessed day:
What hand can sculpture, finger limn,
Tongue tell Perfection's personation?
How can, then, human art or speech convey
Conception adequate of Him?
Most dazzling form, by inspiration
Of verve poetic drawn, how faint and dim!

Gird on Thy thigh Thy shining glaive,
Clothed in Thy burnished panoply,
With Thy ineffable glories streaming,
Roll Thy careering wheels on clouds that wave
Triumphant flags of victory.
Their living coruscations gleaming,
Terrific symbol of Thy Sovereignty,

How sharp the arrows of Thine anger rain
Wrath on the rebels of their King !
Till, by just punishment corrected,
Nor crime nor vice in human heart remain ;
Faith, endless votaries shall bring,
Unceasing round Thy Throne collected,
Thy praise in their felicity shall ring.

Yes, unapproachable Thy Throne is fixed,
Pillared on Justice, Truth, and Power,
Itself the basis of duration ;
The fountain unexhausted and unmixed,
Whence the warm tears of Mercy shower
Such unearned blessings on creation,
Ought only to be merit's meed and dower.

Thy sceptre, right ; benevolence its sway,
Beneficence' ubiquity !
Thy pathway, rectitude unbending ;
Thereon Deception never dares to stray :
From Falsehood's crooked windings free.
So far above Thy peers ascending
Has the great GOD of Grace exalted Thee.

In Thy unchanged, interminable reign,
Inaugurate and enfeoffed art Thou ;
Thy ivory Palaces and golden
Sparkle with clustering gems that would disclaim
The vanquished ruby's paler glow ;
Nor diamond ever yet beholden,
Its brightest facet would not blush to show.

How fresh the suavity of vernal air,
Those candid courts aromatize,
Shed from the breeze's scented pinions
Delicious odours! far beyond compare
With those of all the Arabies.
Rich spoil of their perfumed dominion,
Or balmiest drop that Gilead's grove supplies.

What are the lily, jasmine, primrose, rose,
The aloe, cassia, zedoary, myrrh,
To essence from His garments dripping?
Through the pleased atmosphere that flows;
To ravishment the senses stirs;
In soft, seraphic visions dipping,
Unparalleled beatitudes confers.

Kings in their robes of royalty and right,
Apparell'd in magnificence;
Queens in their modesty and graces
Of loveliness and beauty dight;
Their offspring, too, in dissidence
And bloom of youth, with cherub faces,
The homage pay of loyalty intense.

Daughter although thou be, thou shalt be tried;
Repudiate from thy father's house:
Thy kindred, thy connexions leaving,
And former loves. Thy Bridegroom gratified,
With open arms shall clasp His Spouse,
Who, to His bosom fondly cleaving,
Shall find fulfilment of her fervent vows.

He is thy L^OR^D, thy King, thy Master, Head,
To love, to honour, and obey;
Thy duty doing in adoring;
He thy desire, delight, shall be, or dread,
As thou His anger kindle or allay,
(Forgiveness for thy faults imploring),
Accept, acknowledge, or reject His sway.

Lo ! Grandeur from her courts old Tyre shall send,
Beauty from Sidon's palace gate ;
Their most immaculate maidens thronging,
Those fair, auspicious nuptials to attend ;
And Worldliness and Wealth shall wait,
For smile of approbation longing ;
Self-banished, Malice, Envy, Pride, and Hate.

Glorious the Monarch's matchless maid shall be :
Her raiment all the rainbow's hues,
With which He pranks the sky, reflecting,
Spotless her mind, her person, drapery.
Whose pearls her sparkling eyes accuse
Her purest, peerless skin detecting
How dimm'd the rays those Orient gems diffuse.

As young, almost as comely, lovely, fair,
Around her press the virgin groups,
With cheeks that blush and lids that languish,
With lips that scorn and locks that flout the air,
With mouth that pouts and lash that droops
(The mother's pride, the lover's anguish),
Gay galaxy of brightest planets hoops.

Their sprightly innocence and artless mirth
Her triumphs Joy shall celebrate,
The ear of Harmony delighting
With strains transmit from listening Earth
To wakeful guardians of Heaven's gate
(Ecstatic sympathy exciting) ;
Sounds, that new joys in Eloim breasts create.

Boast of ancestral lineage shall she quit,
And in long series shall survive
Of offspring from her loins descending ;
On lofty thrones of empire that shall sit,
Beneath whose shade shall nations thrive
In generations never ending,
Ever in young posterity alive.

Lyrical Elbi. I.

100

How poor and paltry, puerile, purblind,
Are man's conception and conceits,
With which he idly cheats
His visionary vital hours ;
When his presumption goads his motly mind
To follow the ALMIGHTY, who retreats
Within the pale of Power ;
In Wisdom's veil of secrecy entwined,
Who smiles to think that Folly hoped to find !

What vast and integrate sublimity !
Discordant elements that fought
Each with the other, brought
Endisciplined to order, e'en
In harmony co-operative to vie
In whirls from which a World is wrought ;
Thus Heat and Damp in strife serene,
Their pearl-drop mould in Evening's azure eye,
And hang the globe in her pellucid sky.

Who but must see, and feel, and understand
That these supreme unerring laws
Are not without a Cause ;
Themselves obsequious to fulfil
Intelligent and absolute command,
Dictates, directs, disposes, draws,
With potent and unerring skill ;
Effects minutest work with self-same hand,
As most magnificent, stupendous, grand ?

And if minutest, why not man and me ?
Poor worm that crawls o'er graves unknown,

And soon shall be its own;
Then mingles with its kindred dust
My every present help is all in Thee;
I seek and find it there alone,
Nor in vain vaunts of merit trust,
But in the refuge where the wretched flee
From Sin, to Solace and Security.

What though the Earth to her foundation shake,
And mountains at Thy voice, submiss,
Sink in the steep abyss?
Or if gulf surge its bounds o'erleap,
Or in their adamantine casemates quake,
While round their breast the billows hiss,
In brine the booming torrents steep;
Yet shall this breast their panic not partake,
Nor its fast confidence in Thee forsake.

But we have clearer waters, smoother wave,
Streams from the Throne of GOD that flow,
No ruffles ever know;
Issuing from that translucent lake,
Where sinless Seraphs drink and Saints may lave;
Blest pilgrim on his way who goes,
May there his palate's fever slake;
And in Thy Tabernacle's lofty nave
Sure refuge find, and threat of Danger brave.

Within this sapphire concave GOD has chose
His gorgeous palace, where to dwell,
His City, Citadel.
Who shall its stedfastness disturb?
On columns of Immensity it rose,
Their base below the depth of Hell,
Its roof above the stars; but curb
Is set on riot thought that would unclose
The barrier of that realm of dread repose.

And why should Intellect her tether strain
To gasp in ether's atmosphere,
Too thin for her, too clear,
 And subtle for her grosser taste;
When, if in her own central she remain,
She'll find innumerable objects near,
 Worthiest her search, by Bounty placed,
Both where young Morning weaves her diamond
 [chain,
And sober Eve with pearls bedecks her train?

See in their turbulence the factions wage,
Of strife the interminable gusty jar
Spreads devastation far,
 Till human skulls the causeway pave.
But hark! o'erawing voice forbids the rage
Of boastful warriors kindling hateful war,
 Melts them to vapour while they brave
The scourge, the scorn, and scandal of the age,
Soon shrivelled to a blot in History's page.

The smoking mountains trembled as He spoke,
The Sun stood still to see the Earth
Convulsed as at her birth;
 The blazing shafts of Vengeance sweep
The blooming valley with a blighting stroke,
 Leaving to Misery fainting Dearth,
Whose dreary harvests Drought shall reap;
To moody madness turned intemperate mirth,
Meed of Impiety and Folly's worth.

Nor sole Mirth's tool, that tongue, the organ too,
Of blandest sooth that man can hear,
Or fainting bosom cheer;
 When Sorrow's shivering fingers chill,
Accents of Peace to rest can passion woo,
 Delight still lingering in the ear,
And the heart's finest fibre thrill.

Is there more precious balm, O man ! for you,
For which to Heaven's high almonry to sue ?

Hush'd the hoarse clang and bellowing blast and
Of brazen clarion, cymbal, drum, [bray
Rash trooper's hoarser hum ;
For Harmony's resistless charm
Dispels the wild tumultuary affray ;
Its weapons blunted, trumpet dumb.
Be still, and recognise His arm,
The hero's flaming courage can allay,
Or char His chariot in the front array.

To farthest of the Heathen tribes, He says,
My Name shall be exalted there
As here and everywhere ;
Far as can journeying Sun extend
The fiery circuit of his piercing blaze,
That Earth's extremest limits share,
So far let pious vows ascend.
Is He not ever with us while we raise
In Salem's plains the {GOD} of Abraham's, praise ?



Lyrical Elvian. T.

—

Come, ye Goshen's exiles, come !
Come each company and tribe !
Let all meaner themes be dumb ;
Strike the timbrel, beat the drum,
Praises to your GOD ascribe !
Florid youths of noble and
Ancient, generous parentages,
Tune the voice and lift the hand ;
Venerable seer and sages,
Hebrews of all ranks and ages.

Lily-vested virgins drest,
Blest in innocence's snows,
By whose sparkling eyes confest
In the frost that clothes their brows.
There a central furnace glows :
Matrons, in your sober weeds
Step sedater, look demurer ;
Whom Fame follows, awe precedes,
Temper various, virtue surer,
Colour pure, and conscience purer.

Hither haste in blazing rows,
Clap your palms, prolong the shout.
Every hill and valley shows
Israel pays what Israel owes—
Homage loyal and devout.
Let the vocal tribute rise,
Fervent Gratitude's bequeathing,
Mingled with the melodies
Harp of harmony is wreathing,
And the mellow flute is breathing.

Let your foreheads kiss the ground,
Grovelling crawlers of the earth !
In your narrow pinfold bound,
Objects of { }'s anger found,
Might be subjects of His mirth.
Humbly be your offerings brought
(With your incense not incensing),
In your actions, as in thought,
GOD of terrors reverencing,
Life-bestowing, joy-dispensing.

Is there army dares to meet
His array, that all subdues ?
Nation's kings beneath our feet,
And in flight, however fleet
The scared fugitive, pursues.
Shall He not divide the spoil
Of their lust and arrogances,
In that fat and fertile soil,
To those promis'd heritances,
To fulfil His ordinances ?

Shake, O Zion ! to thy base,
Thine own King is going up,
GOD of Israel's faithful race,
To His Everlasting Place.
Bring the bullock, bring the tup,
While the trumpet's brazen throat,
To the golden welkin raises
Victory's most triumphant note ;
Prostrate nations that amazes,
Hill and dale re-echoing praises.

"LOED OF LIFE," through all the Earth,
Laud Him, every living tongue ;
Him who moulded at its birth,
To vast vocal power and worth,
With such slender pinions hung,

Ye, whose complicated frame
Counted 'mongst His masterpieces,
Will ye not adore His Name,
And, in lay that never ceases,
Own a claim each day increases ?

To munificence would you
Pettish, peevishly refuse
Grateful tribute that is due,
And both merit would ensue,
And reward you covet, lose ?
Heathen, in his pride of might,
Mystified in thoughts unholy,
Little thinks, concealed in light
(What perverseness, melancholy !)
Eye there is that mocks his folly.

Different far the reverent feel,
In these crowds with rapture glow,
Where with humblest, noblest kneel,
Vying in transporting zeal ;
Haughtiest princes bending low,
These the people's buckler are ;
Yes, their showy shield, and shining.
But, how far beyond compare
That, upon the arm reclining
Of Protector, we 're enshrining ?



Lyrīc Albīnī. I.

1096

Sublimely good, magnificent and grand,
Fountain of all munificence !
Showering all riches from Thy Hand,
Thyself enriched by Thy dispense,
Is 't not disgrace, reproach, and pity
That Thy Divine indulgence
Should be lost in effulgence,
Poured on Thy thankless city ?

Who should the treasures of Thy knowledge know,
The wonders of Thy works recount,
But those who cultivate, who grow
Upon Thy consecrated mount ?
Resplendent is that elevation,
Its golden turrets rearing,
The smiling valleys cheering,
In their devout oblation.

That sacred Hill, the hope of heaving Earth,
The wonderment of Heaven,
Where, of Delight there is no dearth,
No let, no limit, and no leuen.
Kings of these lower realms, connected
In league of amity and terror,
Pass by discomfited, dejected,
Groping in maze of error.

With horror, dread, and consternation dumb,
Shot with Fear's sharpest shaft,
Or by the wiliness o'ercome
Of their own subtlety and craft,

Dismay'd, they wonder as they wander,
 And each suspected by his neighbour,
 Writhing (in pity of bystander)
 Like woman in her labour.

Where are the Tarsus' gallant galleys gone?
 Where fled the flitting fleets of Tyre?
 The sport of fierce Euroclydon,
 The prey of lightning's scathing fire?
 Their pilots, victims of the billow,
 Their crews of ravenous fish or vulture,
 Their skulls bleached on their stony pillow,
 Their bones without sepulture.

Yet are there those shall hear and know these
 And clearly see and sharply feel ; [things,
 GOD's City own, th' impending stings
 Of acts, His purpose to reveal.

Wait, then, in silence reverential,
 Meekness, humility, composure,
 Of evolutions Providential,
 The marvellous disclosure.

Far as the extra-mundane verge of flame,
 Or aught beyond, if aught extends,
 So far the brightness of Thy Name,
 Eclipses not, nor fails, nor ends ;
 Thy power and vision co-extended,
 Uninterrupted bounties scatter,
 Unsearchable and unexpended,
 The former as the latter.

And thou, O Zion ! His peculiar choice,
 Exalt thy head, thou holy hill ;
 Ye, Judah's modest maids, rejoice,
 The conscious vale with warblings fill !
 Survey the sacred mounds surround her,
 Her loftiness and beauty scanning,

The buttresses and bulwarks bound her,
Bright garrison that's manning.

Her pinnacles, the buxom breezes fan,
Her peristyles through which they sigh,
The glittering domes her palace span,
Alcoves the scorching sun defy.
Respect, remember, and relate them
To reverence of succeeding ages ;
Let History blazon, consecrate them
In her immortal pages.

GOD be the Deity Whom we adore,
Obey, and fear, and love, and sue ;
Like our progenitors of yore,
Though favoured more, who says more true,
Through life Thou leadest, sage Instructor !
Showing its shadows false and hollow ;
To death Thou guidest, kind Conductor,
Through gloomier shades we follow.



Lyric Elix. I.

—

Hark, mark, and listen, great and small,
Both street and alley,
Mountain and valley,
Unnumber'd nations far and near,
Or insulated dwellers all,
Or rich or poor, attend and hear
The solemn, soul-awakening call,
And round your prophet rally !

If Folly's flattering voice be heard,
From lowest lisper,
Or loud or crisper,
What greedy ears the accents drink ?
From Wisdom's sagest sentence, surd :
Absurdly sensitive, that shrink !
By Duty's shrill appeal unstirred,
Or Conscience' secret whisper.

Nathless of wisdom would I speak,
Too fondly musing,
But not abusing
The Understanding by whose aid
To quest its qualities I seek ;
Strange were, by it, my cause betrayed,
For it, my wit, however weak,
Its strongest efforts using !

How deep the meditations go
By inspiration
Of Thy affliction !
Deep as the darkling womb of Fate.

O touch my harp with science so,
Truth's mysteries to translate,
Its germ and budding it may show,
And beauteous effloration.

Let not the day of doubt distress,
When force oppreses,
And wickednesses
Spread forth for every step a snare.
My hopes are not in hosts, much less
In wealth, as those of others are,
Who boast all evils to redress
By charm that it possesses.

And yet how powerless to redeem
A sister, brother,
Or any other,
In exigence of mortal need !
To lengthen life's precarious dream
One hour, would all their gold succeed ?
More often found, in case extreme,
Both hope and life to smother.

And what does length of life avail,
So shortly wasting,
And slowly hastening
To final dungeon of the grave ?
A narrow cell in roomy jail :
Of strong and weak, of cowards, brave ;
Save ONE, whom Death cannot assail,
As no corruption tasting.

We see the insatiable maw
The older swallow
(The younger follow) ;
What they prized most left to their heirs.
They deemed their title without flaw,
And their estate for ever " theirs ; "

But land must follow life's last law,
Unfeoffed, escheated, hollow.

Your successors may not condemn,
But is't not treason
To sense and reason,
You 'll say, ourselves to dispossess,
And sacrifice ourselves to them ?
When leave you must your bones to dress
Their furrowed glebe and swell the stem
Of their luxuriant season ?

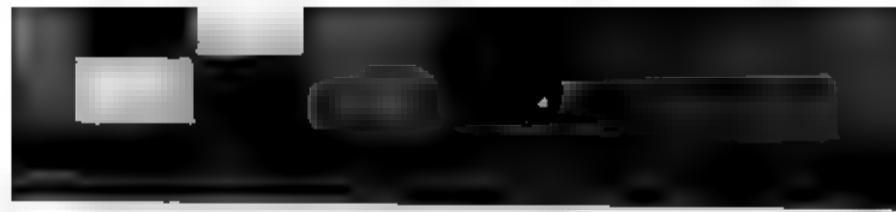
Stoop, Glory, stoop ! Thy proud and high
And portly seeming,
With beauty beaming,
Pollution's foetid home shall share ;
In dust he fought for, champion lie ;
The worms he trod, on conquerors there.
But GOD can rescue when I cry,
From their foul grasp redeeming.

No envious care thy core corrode,
And when beguiling
Fortune is smiling,
Thy luckier neighbour to enrich,
And groaning coffers overload,
Wait yet a little, and say which
Of all he takes to the abode
To which Fate is exiling.

Yet when alive, he blest his soul
That his contriving
Had been a-thriving
Till all his honours were full blown,
And yet when gained the further goal,
Of flowers upon his bier were thrown,
Remains no leafit of the whole
To crown him on arriving.

With countless generations gone,
His vessel stranding,
At last he 's landing—
Where?—but to mingle dust with loam,
Here in the rust of trophy won,
Trampled into one common doom.
What are your dignities when heaped upon
Clods void of Understanding?





Epitaph I. I.

Lo! He hath spoken : the Almighty LORD!
And His pervading Word,
Like distant summer thunder rolling,
Through the blue echoing vault is heard,
No bound in space controlling.
And the astonished world shall list
Both where the invariable sun
Melts into streams of orient gold,
Morn's dappled scarf, deep, dense, and dun,
Or hastens his feverish face to fold
In opal evening's veil of silvery mist.

But not that gorgeous "Sun of Light" alone
Gilds Zion's rocky throne ;
But "Sun of Righteousness" arising
Through the whole universe has shone
Illuming and surprising.
When clothed in Majesty He rides,
His vehicle 's the rolling blast,
His flaming messengers precede,
While breathless Silence stands aghast.
No measure is there of His speed
But Wisdom, Safety's charioteer, that guides.

Near Him mild Justice takes her rightful place,
Wise Arbiter of grace.
Mercy, with candid look confiding,
And Truth and Peace, with smiling face,
Pale Purity presiding.
With those to judgment shall His heralds call
The scattered nations from the east,

West, north, and south, afar and near,
Savage and social ; not the least
His willing worshippers who fear
Who've kept His covenants holy, one and all.

Yes, He shall judge, and courts of Heaven approve
The justicement of Jove,
Submissive Earth below, assenting.
The sentence 'gainst thee, canst thou move,
Israel, too late repenting ?
"Tis not for smoke of sacrifice,
Nor fat from victim falls,
That I reprove what I behold.
I'll take no bullock from thy stalls,
No kid, nor lambkin from thy fold ;
Think ye the blood of animals I prize.

The fleecy flocks that range the champaign fair,
Or brutes in matted lair,
On thonsand hills the cattle grazing ;
The winged tribes that winnow air,
Or finn'd, dive depths amazing ;
Are they not Mine, and Mine for good ?
Canst thou their species tell or tale ?
Shalt thou, for these, take Me to task ?
Insect begot to gasp the gale !
Were I an-hunger'd, would I ask
Thee to purvey my fields or folds for food ?

I, who from out my flaming nostrils blew
This bubble's being ; who
Sent it through Ether's ocean strolling,
Shall I delight in feasts, like you,
With wine the soul consoling ?
No ; immolate to $\text{G}\ddot{\text{o}}$ your pride,
Your avarice, arrogance, and lust,
That so beset you and besot :
And offer Him a spirit just,

A heart so pure that not a spot
It hold, where secret, lurking sin may hide.

Frequent and fervent be thy prayer preferr'd,
If deaf, be not deterr'd :

Though struggling in a sea of trouble,
That sea He quiets with a word,
The safety, glory double.

As for the wicked, what have they
In common with my laws and me ?
Repudiating me and them,
Betroth'd to base Iniquity,
Prone to conceit what I condemn,
Disloyal where they should obeissance pay.

Patrons and partners, patterns of vile deeds,
Vileness their own exceeds :

Is there a theft to be attempted,
Or rougery to murder leads ?

There's not one man exempted ;
Nor woman blameless, no not one !
How few, the fortunate, escape,
Of ag'd, or middle-ag'd, or young,
From rapine, robbery, or rape,
Or other villany or wrong,
In daylight or in darkness done !

Wretches, calumniate with blistered lips,
Another's slightest slips ;

But, truth and honesty whilst teaching,
The tongue betrays (in gall it drips ;)
The hypocrite that's preaching.

If scorner's seat you sit upon,
Right to adjudicate could give ;
'T would turn the culprit into judge,
To charge the crimes by which ye live,
On guiltless brother venting grudge,
Against your own, own mother's worthier son.

The acts of wile, or wantonness accurst,
Nor wantonness, nor worst,
How shameless have ye perpetrated,
Ye thought me deep in sloth immersed,
From goodness alienated.
And yet my eyelids slumbered not,
No sleep my vision steals ;
And e'en should Vengeance try to doze,
Each day atrocity reveals,
Would break the soundness of repose,
Though Mercy's tear should half the sentence blot.

But I will set before your blushing face
Transgressions of your race,
My calls admonitory slighting ;
Hear ye ! My lesson who disgrace ;
Evil for good requiting.
The pious heart is tried and known,
By Supplication's glowing strain ;
By warm adoratory lays,
Profferd with promptitude, not pain.
By praise they glorify My ways,
By prayer they prove and vindicate their own.



Lyric II. I.

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Have, have once more compassion, Thou
Who archetype of Goodness art !
 Who sendest pity from above,
 With cheering note like chirring dove ;
Thy highest attribute to show,
 To personate and to impart
 The power and presence of eternal "Love."
 How great and grievous my transgression,
 Greater, more grievous is the smart !
More copious too the inward flow
 Of còmpunct and contrite cònfession,
 Of smitten conscience, bleeding heart.

From Rigour's rigid register,
Black catalogue of vice and crime ;
 Let soft Repentance' tears efface
 The error, guilt, and the disgrace,
Inflicting punishment through her ;
 Let fiery ordeal, sublime,
 To purity near innocence we place,
 These acrid drops of wholesome sorrow,
 The soul's pollution, purge betime ;
Reform to-day, if you defer,
 Resolve may p'rhaps dissolve to-morrow,
 As sunshine melts the early rime.

'Gainst man if I have done a wrong,
"T were, chance, a pardonable thing !
 Invention, palliative might find
 To offer Thee and blind mankind,
Alas ! to other code my faults belong,

To other stigmata the sting,
On guilt and misery I've too far refined,
'Gainst Thee Thyself in secret sinning,
My Benefactor, Father, King !
Justice may separate from the throng,
Severer chastisement beginning ;
Yet hide, O shelter with Thy wing !

Is it not in iniquity,
Since the first man, all are begot ?
Was't not in sensual transports deep,
The soul in wantonness that steep,
My father's wife conceived me ?
Of man and womankind the lot !
Truth Thou desirest, Truth we fain to keep
In the most inward heart and hidden,
For where is Wisdom found, if not
Abiding in same cell as she ?
And though by Thee so often chidden,
I cherish still that chosen spot.

Then dealbate with hyssop pure,
With bitterest absinth cleanse the soul,
So white that it a stain may throw
On brightest speck of driven snow ;
So clear as Innocence to lure,
To bless and occupy the whole,
And with her bring her fascinating row
Of sister Joys with sparkling glances,
Whose cheeks the morning's blush have stole,
Whose lashes, eve's dark veil demure ;
And in whose eye-beam Gladness dances,
Whose look distress and care can cure.

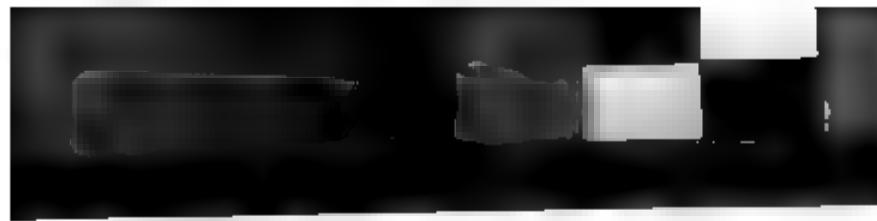
Extinguish Thou the burning shame
Of my abhorred indignities ;
Remodel in my breast anew
A perfect heart, and meek as true ;

O cast not from Thee nor disclaim
 Him who to Thee for refuge flies ;
 Let not in vain a suppliant sinner sue,
 Who seeks, who sighs for Thy Salvation ;
 Who looks for that with longing eyes
 From Thy free Spirit as it came ;
 The unexhausted emanation,
 With Heaven's rich manna Earth supplies.

Wash, wash, if so may be, wash off
 This blood-spot from my crimson'd hand !
 To Thee (to whom I trembling bow)
 All things are possible I know.
 So shall I 'scape the scorn and scoff
 Of worthless and malignant band [how ;
 Who bay and bate, and mop and mow some-
 Whom I would rather far be teaching
 To recognise and understand
 Thy covenant's mysteries, and doff
 Their evil habits haply reaching,
 To profit by Thy reprimand.

Thou loose again this tongue was tied
 In fillets sinfulness had spun ;
 Thy praise in language it shall couch,
 That for its eloquence may vouch,
 Though with it the most fluent vied.
 For bullocks Thou requirest none,
 No rams before Thine altar horns to crouch ;
 Hadst Thou in bleeding beasts delighted,
 What slaughter would I not have done,
 What sacrifice would have denied ?
 Alone has burning zeal excited,
 Or bleeding heart Thy favour won ?

That gracious favour duly spread
 Its dewy influence on the spot
 Where rises Salem's sacred wall ;



As Morning's balmy tear-drops fall
On heary Hermon's hallowed head.
So shall the right of homage not
The entrails' holocaust and cawl,
(Watered with floods of wine and oil),
Be at Thy smoking shrine forgot;
And goat and lamb there still be bled,
And summer's pride and autumn's spoil
Shall gratitude alike allot.





Lyric lli. x.

Petty despot in spite, how long riot in might,
Knowing Heaven shall deride
Thy perverseness and pride;
Against Fate wouldst thou foolishly fight?
Only thinking of braving,
While it thinks of saving;
Tyrant turned into tyrannicide;
Victim smit, to avenger to smite.

If thy action's abhorred, no less dreaded thy
That lanceolate tongue, [word,
From its crimson roof hung,
As trenchant as two-edged sword,
Is dipt in the chalice
Of Envy and Malice,
And the heart with their venom is stung,
By its puncture invisible bored.

The Spirit of God, ever bathing in good,
Refreshes, renews
His benevolent views;
How little by them understood!
Their folly disguising
The truth they're devising
By their talk, gift of speech they abuse,
Thus to poison converting their food.

But He shall awake, and His vengeance o'er take,
And suddenly rout,
And completely root out,
And from lowest foundations shall shake

That crew that 's rebelling,
From city and dwelling,
From their uttermost border about;
That the nations around thee may quake.

The man of the throng that is stedfast and strong
Shall ponder the end,
And shall fear to offend,
Despising the doers of wrong;
He shall say while he 's folding
His arms on beholding,
"These are they, on their riches depend!
"But how long have they lasted?—How long?"

Seek me in the nook; olive-tree by the brook;
On the verdurous sod,
In the garden of GOD,
To whom we for nutriment look;
There culture shall nourish,
And abundant fruit flourish,
While flat underfoot they are trod;
For the road they perversely forsook.

I will praise Thee, submiss, for ever for this:
Thy Mercy extreme
My perpetual theme,
E'en the stranger Thy footstool shall kiss.
How blest to those craving
The blessing that 's saving,
To think that from Vanity's dream
They shall wake to Reality's bliss.



Lyrical lxxii. I.

—

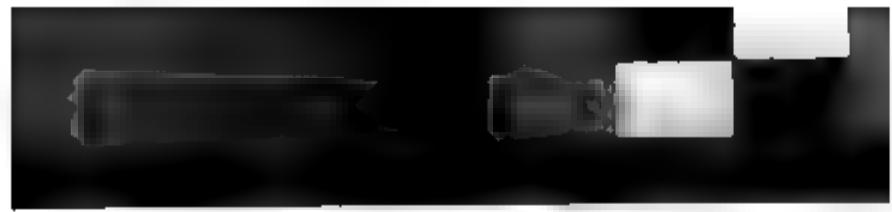
What fool is there, has only said,
Or outwardly has muttered,
"There is no GOD, of live nor dead?"
 "And if not here,
 "Why should we fear
 The threats he never utter'd?"

As senseless doctrine as abrupt,
Of dulness detestable.
But man's grown totally corrupt,
 And from the way
 Gone quite astray,
A graceless "miserable."

From loftiest pinnacle of Heaven,
To Earth's profound abysses,
GOD looked to see if there was even
 One, only one,
 No ill had done,
But still that man He misses.

Nor one there is, through all the length
 And breadth of His dominions,
That has not given his health, and strength,
 And faculties
 To idolize
Gods of his own opinions.

Have such, not ground My people down,
 Deflowering and devouring?
Like locust swarms the day imbrown,



And blacken Earth,
And lackey Dearth,
The face of Nature scouring.

So fear fell on their hearts, and they,
In every quivering muscle, trembled,
Though cause was none of that dismay;
Yet, in that dread
Itself, was bred
What grievous punishment resembled.

But He broke these on Zion's height
(To basest flight obliging),
To rout, dispersion, havoc, fright,
The powers intrigued,
Together leagued,
Her fort impregnable besieging.

O that the Almighty would again,
At Israel's voice relenting,
From bondage free! How loud should then,
From rocks rebound,
Her sackbut's sound,
The echoing Vales consenting.



Lyric lib. X.

-10-

O save me for sake of Thy Name,
In the tower of Thy strength,
Which is ever the same;
O save me at length;
Consider my cheerless condition,
And judge me, but hear my petition.

There are those in their malice arise,
And seek for my life,
And gloat with their eyes,
On Discord and Strife;
Because from their bosoms has vanished
The love of Thy law they have banished.

But the L^RD is my friend and ally;
He shall raise and uphold,
And I shall defy
The outrageous and bold;
And He shall cut off in due season,
In the midst of the triumph of Treason.

Dight in alb and in holiness come;
Come devoutest of Priests;
Bring the shawn and the drum,
Bring the fattest of beasts;
The rite that the righteous should tender,
To the "L^RD of all Righteousness" render.

To Thee will I ever address
The feelings I owe,
For relieving distress,
For repelling the foe,
For whose fall I so earnestly panted,
Whose fall was so graciously granted.

Lyric No. I.

—

Thou canst not, sure, be slow to hear,
Nor need I be afraid.

(O Thou who art Thyself all ear,
For me that organ made.)

Then listen to my piteous plaint,
That speaks a spirit fond, though faint,
Disturbed, and disarrayed;
That mourns and murmurs like the surge,
The vexing gusts of tempests urge.

Has not the blast of Hatred struck
The battlements of Power;
That threatened from its roots to pluck
Its last and tottering tower?
Who from Oppression has to fly,
Or who from treason, if not I?
Who from th' impending shower
Of sharpen'd and envenom'd darts
Welded and winged by wildest arts.

What is this stupor stops my breath?
While heart within me quakes!
The "King of Terrors" threatens death,
The "LORD of Life" forsakes.
Destruction sits in palace gate,
Grim phantoms on my passage wait,
And Discord with her snakes;
Her hissing, hot, and hasting brand
Hurls plagues and horrors o'er the land.

O fledge me like the downy dove,
With purple pinions blest,

Emblem of innocence and love,
Pattern of peace and rest.
So would I from Earth's dungeons spring,
And, grazing Heaven on venturous wing,
Skim azure's plains in quest
Of some sequestered sacred cell,
Where man nor witching woman dwell.

Or o'er the trackless Ocean float,
Or sandy desert roam ;
Or on some stony strand remote
Scoop out my humble home,
To nestle there secure at last,
From pelting of the unpitying blast,
Or roaring billow's foam ;
Or Faction's more uproaring tide,
Or War's encrimsoned deluge wide.

Thou who vouchsafest to preside
O'er my precarious life,
Distract these rebels and divide
In their own noxious strife.
For lust of ruling rashly robs
The city of her rule ; fierce mobs,
In every mischief rife,
With outrage, violence, deceit,
Fill every alley, every street.

'Twas not an alien to my house,
'Twas not a foreign foe,
That sought to cozen, cheat, and chouse
My goods and name—O no !
'Twas not mine enemy professed,
That to mine unarmed breast addressed
The meditated blow :
For *this* I could have parried, *that*
Have borne, p'rhaps laid the assailant flat.

No, 'twas my counsellor and guide,
Mine own familiar friend ;
From whom no secrets I could hide,
No falsehood apprehend ;
Our hourly converse, daily task,
A blessing in GOD's Fane to ask,
And He was wont to send :
In mutual ties of duty bound,
That mutual acts of kindness crowned.

But Death, on clay-cold bier shall stretch,
And from his children tear,
Profane, prevaricating wretch,
From marble mansion here :
And let him seize when he thinks fit,
And plunge in mortuary pit,
Dashing his gay career,
In loathsome rottenness to lie,
That Scorn may write his elegy.

'Tis to the Sovereign Majesty
Of Earth, of Sea, of Air,
Obedience bends her willing knee,
Pure Piety her prayer :
When early suns the matin quire
With grateful melody inspire,
My earlier vows are there ;
Nor less assiduous, less sincere,
Filling eve's cadence soft and clear.

From battle's yell delivereth He,
And Tumult's civil brawl ;
The many mighty, war with me,
Before a Mightier, fall.
So just and wise each sage edict,
Those who transgress, themselves afflict,
Their own true victims are ;

On crime, besotted culprits bent,
Forestall their condign punishment.

Who other fate for them expects,
Their Maker who defy ?
Who will adopt what He rejects,
What He adopts, deny ?
With hand in amity they pledged,
They draw their weapons double-edged,
That wound more fatally ;
Their words like oil—the oil that sets
The keenest rapier Rancour whets.

Cast, cast the burden of your care
On Him who cares for you,
Who promises the load to share,
Your share to lighten too,
And in the heart pours floods of joy.
“ Man of deceit” He will destroy,
E'er half his course is through ;
The bold blasphemer He shall blast,
But I will worship to the last.



Lyrice Lib. A.

Show mercy to me,
To thousands who mercy hast shewn ;
For, from *mine* enemy
No mercy can be
More fell and more rancorous grown.

Most Holy, Most High !
Abandon me not to their rage ;
No defender have I ;
They, insidious and sly,
And war internecine they wage.

If fear should appal,
Have I not One on whom to rely ?
On whom I may call,
Is He not *LORD* of all ?
And who can enough glorify ?

He has saved from their mesh,
What more danger should I apprehend,
Which the weak arm of flesh
Can compass afresh,
Or menace of mortals portend ?

To their purpose they hatch
For me, phrases ne'er uttered by me ;
They waylāy and they watch,
Food for censure to catch,
A half-finished sentence, may be !

So sinks their renown,
By Dispenser of Justice and Truth,

Their courage cast down
With a withering frown,
Though they boast to be faultless, forsooth !

My fresh wanderings forbid—
All my errors are open to Thee—
The drops from this lid
Have never been hid,
Thou numberest like those of the sea.

That Thou hearest my cry,
Are the enemy too well aware,
This one truth they espy,
And speedily fly,
In doubt, and dismay, and despair.

This truth, when so true,
Leaves no falsehood whatever to fear ;
No treachery to rue,
From Heathen nor Jew,
Since such an Auxiliary near.

Then my vows I will pay,
Whilst the breath that begets, He bestows ;
Nor shall the feet stray,
He has trained in the way,
The Light of His Countenance shows.



Lyrice Ibii. A.

Thy Mercy I've formerly tasted,
 'Twas my only restorative then,
The treasure I never have wasted,
To acknowledge it ever have hasted;
 Vouchsafe to bestow it again.
 What temptation has sin, or what sting,
When I'm sheltered by shade of Thy wing?

Thou shalt be by me ever obtested,
 When calamities gather around,
By Thy finger they shall be arrested,
Of all action injurious divested,
 And good in that evil be found.
 The envoy of Heaven shall descend,
And from the deflowerer defend.

Those messengers—what is their calling?
 And what are those ministers called?
They're Truth in devotion installing,
And Mercy who succours the falling,
 Though by sentence of Justice appalled;
 And I know their assistance is nigh,
Though 'mongst Lions and Leopards I lie.

Far worse amongst men when they flash on
 Me, fiercely with fury and flame,
When they grind with their teeth in their passion,
And sharpen their tongue in the fashion
 Of falchion to wound and to maim;
 Thinking in Thy enthronement on high,
Thou wilt not look down from the sky.

Awake to the theme of His glory,
Awaken the harp and the horn,
I would chant a strain'd adulatory,
Reviving the records of story,
With her symphony summon the Morn.
Summon those that dark night-watches keep,
Those in blaze of the daylight that sleep.

How extensive is Thy jurisdiction !
Let men see, and believe, and confess ;
Wider range than can pinions of Fiction,
Without hind'rance, or let, or restriction,
Expanded by Fancy, transgress.
How lowly the loftiest cloud shows,
To Him to Whom Heaven itself bows !

How man must mistake his dimension,
When minded to measure with Thee !
What bird could have right apprehension
Of azure ethereal extension,
If tethered her toe to a tree ?
And can wè e'en expatiate as they,
Fixed fast with our feet in the clay ?



Lyrīt Ibīiī. I.

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What is it that ye speak, O Congregation !
Is aught of justice in your generation ?
No,—with your face yenod, and wink, and smirk,
But in your heart ye plot nefarious work ;
Your blinking eye directs nice complication,
Your practised hand expert manipulation.
The arm of Violence the land has grasped,
Misery, the people to her shrivell'd bosom
[clasped.

E'en from first moment of their procreation,
The wicked reek of Falsehood's impregnation ;
Beneath their tongue the serpent poison flows,
More deadly showing as't more lively grows ;
Deaf as the adder in her obduration,
List not to call, nor chant, nor incantation ;
Against the charmer stop' the ear and choice,
Though sacred Wisdom charm, and with angelic
[voice.

O Thou who from emp̄real elevation,
Unsleepingly beholdest Thy creation ;
Maker, Preserver, Ruler, Judge of all,
Where none too great for Thee, and none too
With the resistless bolt of indignation, [small;
Break, smash the engines of their machination,
As Thou wouldst crush the fangs of tiger's jaw,
Or tusk of savage boar, or claw of ursine paw.

Split the yew-bow in 'ts accurate curvation,
And blast the uplifted arm with hapless dislo-
[cation ;

Melt hosts away, as floating icebergs glide,
And mingle in their elemental tide ;
Or Summer's snows, whose transient congelation
Dissolves in soft transparent liquidation ;
Or as the laggard traveller and slow
Wastes his heart's waning strength on glazy road
[below.]

Or as the womb's abortive effloration
Dwindles in its effeter germination.
Quick as the crackling flames the caldron boil,
His wrath shall kindle and consume like oil.
The good man sees their fate with consternation,
And more rejoices at his own salvation ;
Nations shall own His most conspicuous worth,
And bless the righteous {GOD} who judgeth sinful
[earth.]



Lyric Lit. A.

There are, whose hands spotted with blood,
There are who seek after my life ;
But there's Thou watchest over for good,
And securest from slaughter and strife,
Convinc'd that Thy Presence ubiquitous
Defends us from outrage iniquitous.

Protect me from traps by the way,
From snares that my dwelling surround,
Of those gather together to slay,
Though no flaw and no fault have they found.
Arise and assist mine infirmity,
Thou Who dwellest alone in eternity.

Awake, Light of Israel ! arise,
For fools Thy forbearance challenge,
The Heathen Thy chastening defies,
But Thine it is, Thine to avenge ;
If aught they display of sagacity,
'Tis but the bloodhound's pertinacity.

At evening they scamper and scowl,
Through the suburbs and purlieus they roam,
Like the dog seeks his master, they howl,
Shedding slaver of madness and foam.
"Heavenly Watcher," say they in sublimity,
"Cannot claim with us any proximity."

But Thou their derision deride,
Disconcert their ill-starr'd merriment ;
How paltry to Thee is their pride,

How grievous to me their intent.
Little aid required of ingenuity
To foretel fate of the fool's fatuity.

Thou the strongest amongst the most strong,
In whom my Defender I meet,
Grant the wish of mine eyes; that's, ere long,
To see my foe laid at my feet. [dignities,
Shouldst Thou slay them e'en for their in-
Twould not bē to belie Thy benignities.

Yet scatter Thou wilt and disperse,
Of all nations the opprobrium and scorn;
Surely punish Thou wilt the perverse,
The unwary and wayward wilt warn;
Yet for folly and pride no immunity,
Nor for cursing and lying impunity.

But they shall His anger relume,
Who persist in their impenitence,
When the flashes of Vengeance consume,
They shall find what their error, and whence
The effect of that inflexibility
Ne'er fails to chastise indocility.

Soft eve in her dew-dropping shade
Tries in vain their parch'd palate to cool;
Like lost curs that the city invade,
They go yelping to lap in the pool.
Driven mad they become in reality,
Pests and nuisance of every locality.

They shall starve and find nothing to eat,
And raving shall run up and down,
Lacerated through market and street,
And by no one to shelter be shown;
They shall prowl in their rabid gulosity,
Making hideous the night's tenebrosity.

But I of Thy Goodness will sing,
From the moment the dapple of dawn
Streaks the east with her rubicund wing,
And scatters with emeralds the lawn.
In the fast citadèl of security,
My fortress 'gainst Fear in futurity.





Ipric Ix. T.

Cast us, hast Thou, off for ever,
Never more to see Thy Face,
Nor retrieve by brave endeavour
Thy disgust or our disgrace ?
Turn again, and in Thy turning
Let our efforts shame efface,
Quench of anger flame that 's burning,
Every late and latent trace.

Round the altar we assemble,
Of the {GOD} that Israel owns,
At His breathing Earth shall tremble
Through her ribs and rocky bones.
Thou canst heal as Thou hast broken,
Thou who melttest flints and stones ;
Show us by some cheering token,
Thou hear'st penitential groans.

Hard the signs which Thou hast shown us,
Hard the lesson has been taught ;
Pride's ebriety has thrown us
From the pinnacle we sought ;
Yet in Thy good time and manner
Hast Thou extrication wrought,
And displayed Thy battle banner,
Round which all that fear Thee brought.

Might has Thy right hand to save us,
Stretched forth, 'tis victory ;
Where are those that thought to brave us ?
Us they might, but how brave Thee ?

Helmet shattered, lances shivered,
Fled or fallen,—none to see,
But Thy Darling is delivered,
And his followers, are not we?

By His holy and anointed
Priest and Prophet, G^OD has said,
"I'll exult as I've appointed,
In the conquering troops I led.
Shechem's borders I have spread,
Succoth's vale shall be divided,
On Manasseh I will tread,
As o'er Gilead I have glided.

While My statutes Judah teaches
Shall the nations bless her rule,
Instep Mine o'er Edom reaches,
And I cool in Moab's pool.
Palestina shall have pity,
Prostrate lie at My footstool.
Who shall lead to the great city?
Who shall Bozra's strength befool?"

Wilt Thou not, Thy wrath relenting,
Call again the castaway?
Host disloyal, unrepenting,
Thou refusest to array.
Hide Thee not so far, far distant,
Void and vain the help of man,
But we 'll reign if Thou 'rt assistant,
From Beershèba unto Dan.



Lyric Ixi. I.

—

Sublimely Good, beneficently Great ;
Eternal RULER of the universe !
As prone to help, as able to relieve
The sufferings of perplexed humanity.
Thou Who dost every whisper hear, O hear
And heal the anguish of a bursting heart,
With grief o'erwhelmed, that, from the uttermost,
Remotest, and most lonely spot of Earth,
Pours forth the unavailing wail of woe.
O take me to Thine Arms, and plant my feet,
My slippery footsteps, on the rooted rock
Of Thy immortal rest, immoveable,
Immutable, where battlements arise
To ward, to baffle, and defy the foe.
Within Thy Tabernacle let me dwell,
Beneath the shelter of Thy shadowy pale.
There was a time Thou turnedst not away
Thy altered Visage from Thy suppliant's prayer ;
Thy Hand not slacken'd, nor Thy blinded Eye,
Nor Thy deaf'd Ear averted, nor unheard
My earnest vows, but graciously bestow'd
The heritage of those revere Thy Name.
Thou shalt promote, and prosper, and prolong
The Monarch's life, and stretch His glorious sway
To generations are unborn, in fixed
Possession of His adamantine throne.
Let Mercy, sparkling in her tepid tears,
And Truth, in fulgent halo, gild His way,
Fresh'ning the lustre of His lengthened course,
Trying and tiring lapse of ages, and

In riches of Almighty blessings pave
His path with benefactions. So will I
My orisons descend from day to day,
Invoking Gratitude to crown my lay.



Lyric Lxii. I.

—

If comforted I've been when wailing heretofore,
 Finding in Thee relief, retreat, and rescue sure,
Now will I truly wail and fervently implore,
 And in Thy firmamental covenant feel secure.
What power of Earth can shake th' impenetrable

[mass

By Thee compacted, stedfasted, and given to
 [stand
Unflinching in the storms and ages o'er it pass,
 And flout, smite, pelt, and leave it bulwark of
 [the strand?

Or injure the Allegiance there has fix'd her seat?
 How long 'gainst {} will ye vaingloriously
 [combine
Mischief and malice, rapine, robbery, and defeat?
 Till ruin on ye fall for others ye design.
Yes, heavily and sudden, signally shall fall
 From insecure, unfaithful, ill-constructed bases;
Like the o'ertowering turreting of tottering wall,
 Encumbering the land it threatened to enthrall.

Such visionary schemes the thoughtless to decoy
 Were theirs, in lies delighting; treachery
 [treason train'd;
Hatred they nurse: hatch hope whilst hoping to
 [destroy;
 And lure to friendship, enmities retain'd.
But all my confidence, attachment, amities,
 I pledge in bosom of all Truth and Faithfulness,
Where lodged has been, and is, and shall forever be,
 All hope of help or happiness that I possess.

Bow, all ye people, from the greatest to the least;
Let each pour out the tribute of his swelling
[heart,
By new beneficence the grateful sense increas'd,
Binds doubly Duty down to vindicate her part.
When we consider man, and scan his low degree,
How poor his power, how great his impotence
[to aid!
Or view him puffed up by the breath of Vanity;
What frothier bubble in all ocean's spray dis-
[played?

" Relax the greedy grasp of Avarice' griping claw,
" Trick not out Robbery in gains too dearly bought,
" At price of damaged principle and broken law;
" Nor pin your faith on Riches, howsoever caught."
Once I heard this—nay, once 'twas not, 'twas
[twice, or thrice.
Power? What is power? It is the will, the
[nostrils' breath
Of DEITY, no virtue needs and knows no vice,
Can make, annihilate, give life, and steep in
[Death.

Rejoice, O Man! that where it reigns supreme is
[sound
Sweet Mercy tempering prompt Severity's sharp
[sting
And dropping balmy tears into the rankling wound;
Not suffering more than the due dole of suffering
To all or any; yet assuredly to none
Is given, to change the dye infuse in their
[twine,
Nor, as Humanity uncurls their coil, to shun
The knares, and knobs, and knots that knit their
[ravelled line.



Lyrīc Lxiii. I.

-10-

When Morning tints her cheek with red,
And wakes (through smiling scene,
She robes in livery green)
Her choristers, whose drowsy head
Beneath self-sheltering
And light and downy wing,
Lay slumb'ring on their pearl-bespangled bed,

Shall I not join their matin lay ?
Provoke the vocal throng,
Prolong the votive song,
Proclaim and hail the nascent day ?
Have I more laggard mind,
Less piously inclined,
Less grateful and less sensitive than they ?

My GOD Thou art, as well as theirs,
And so will I as meek
Thy Presence seek,
Thirsting for Thee-as traveller fares
In summer's sultry hours,
Who longs for showers
To quell the fever that his strength impairs ;

So do I long to see Thy Power
My moderate wishes crown,
As I have known,
When in Thy Sanctuary I lower
This earthly crown of mine
Before Thy shrine, [cower.
Where the world's haughtiest potentates must

What sweetest of Life's drops of sweet?
(How short the longest last,
Too soon forgot when past !)
'Tis Thy complacence when we meet
That fostering pregnancy smiles,
All care beguiles,
And flavours joys, however flat and fleet.

Thee will I praise while life endures,
Yea, living will I bless,
Nor dying less ;
(Adorement piety inures !)
And to my lip lift up
The welcome cup
(Howe'er unworthy) Bounty's hand procures.

And as that lip imbibes the dew
Of heavenly manna there,
This tongue prepare
The olden strain, but ever new,
To rouse the day-star bright,
Or twinkling night,
Relieved by flickering, feeble lamps and few.

Yes, when alone, how oft I've viewed
How modest, mild, and fair
Those sparklers are !
How full of Thee is solitude !
How Silence speaks Thy fame,
Echoing Thy Name
With tones that every worldly thought exclude !

What have I not to thank Thee for ?
The impulse why restrain ?
Might haply gain
New faculties to publish, or,
At least, acknowledge how

Thy mercies flow.
Ingratitude I from my soul abhor.

Then lead, lead on ; let me pursue ;
And every line I write
Propounce Thy Might,
To me, ancillary and true ;
But those that madly seek
Their wrath to wreak,
Thy sword shall slay, as others once it slew.

Their carcass shall the jackal tear,
And every leasing tongue
Wither'd and wrung ;
The king a brighter crown shall wear,
And fealty stanch, oblige
Each loyal liege
The homage of a happy heart to swear.



Lyric Lxx. A.

—

Hear the groaning, O GOD, of my moaning;
Hear the tremulous tone of my prayer;
From foul strife
Save my life,
Assistance no longer postponing,
When my enemies talk of dethroning,
And neighbours desert in despair.

Even now are they in insurrection,
These implings of iniquity,
'Gainst the laws
Without cause,
Disregarding all dueous subjection,
The devoted they've drawn to defection,
To revolt and fierce conspiracy.

What sword that wound e'er inflicted,
When employed in the slaughtering trade,
Ever stung
Like the tongue
Dipt in gall, and to guile that's addicted,
By principle when unrestricted,
And whetted by Malice, the blade?

Though the arrows from bow they are bending,
Smite their victim resistlessly fierce,
Keener far
The shafts are,
From her quiver, that Envy is sending,
To which Slander her venom is lending,
And deeper the vitals they pierce.

Innocènce is the mark of their aiming,
Their scope to disable the just.

“Who shall see
“That it 's we?”

In their impudent folly exclaiming;
Waylaying and slaying or maiming;
In Darkness and Mystery their trust.

Deep and black as the place whence extracted,
And the pit into which they shall go:
By contrivances they have enacted
Signal punishment shall be exacted,
Their own cùnning, their cruelest foe.

Their enemies' scorn shall deride them,
Their confederates' attachment desert;
Put to flight
In their fright;
The counsels of Heaven shall divide them,
Their own want of counsel decide them,
'Gainst each other their force to exert.



Lyric Lab. T.

enges

Shall not Praise awake the Morn ?
Shall she not lead forth the Year ?
Daughter of Devotion born,
Adoration's sister dear.
They await the LORD OF HOSTS
In the precincts of His hill ;
They festoon His lofty posts.
Spacious gates with gladness fill :
Curling incense theirs, and pearly,
Than the nascent day more early.

More delightful their *devoir*
Than the charm of eloquence ;
As harmonious as the choir
Nature's native strains dispense.
Plumy minstrels, pleased and prone,
In their verdant fane and fair,
At the foot of sapphire Throne,
Pouring universal prayer.
Prayer enchanting, chanted wildly :
O, may our's be heard as mildly !

When these lips my plaint exhale,
Patience let it not exhaust ;
Let not former sins prevail :
Be they from remembrance crossed.
Blest the Saint whom Thou hast chose,
To Thy counsels to admit,
In Thy courts along with those,
There eternally that sit.
How exhilarant are their pleasures,
'Midst display of Wisdom's treasures !

In Thy awe-inspiring ways
Thou shalt teach us with surprise,
How Faith her foundation lays
On the rock where safety lies.
If we scale the craggy coast,
Or we cross the mount'rous sea,
Other guide have we to boast,
Pilot else have we than Thee?
When nor star nor day is dawning,
And the watery graves are yawning.

Pilot at whose voice the breeze,
Noisy blusterer in the shroud,
And the restless, riot seas,
Cease their hurly long and loud:
But, much more, who can control
Longer, louder, hoarser roar,
Waves of pop'lar tempest roll,
O'er Sedition's per'lous shore:
More obstrep'rous wild commotion
Than when whirlwinds chafe the Ocean.

Who is this that dyes the sky
With the saffron hue of morn?
Blushing that it's seen to vie
With the rose-bud newly born?
Who is this that veils the vale
In pale Evening's silver mist,
That the feverish Hours exhale,
To assist her to resist?
'Tis Thy beauteous alternation
Of benignest dispensation.

But amongst ten thousand felt,
Count not this an only one;
Say, again the vapours melt,
And in rainy currents run;
These to rapid rills, that feed
And adorn the soil, and can

Fertilize the precious seed,
That the marrow makes of man ;
Drops through filtering pores that burrow,
To refresh the fruitful furrow.

Sallow stalks, with nodding ears,
Thence the rustling ridges raise,
Till the wavy land appears
Golden ocean to the gaze.
Through prolific yellow years,
May Thy bounteous gifts abound,
And with spiky garland sears,
Autumn's ruddy face be crowned,
While Abundance' stintless measures
Pour forth ripest, rarest treasures.

Through rich pastures pass the streams,
Spreading verdure as they go ;
Scattering fatness through their seams,
Nursing wild-flowers where they blow ;
Purple heather, scented thyme,
For the fleecy flock that strays,
Or gazelles that fearless climb,
In some grassy grot to graze,
Or up scraggy scarp that scramble,
Shaggier goats that browse the bramble.

Hear the Shepherd's mellow voice,
Bark of dogs sagacious watch,
Hill and hillock re-rejoice
In the echoes that they catch.
And the blithesome piper clear,
And the timbrell'd damsels shrill,
From the swelling bankside cheer
Th' answering valley that they thrill.
Artless music, soul-delighting,
Peace and Love with joy requiting.



Lyric Lexi. I.

—

Raise, raise your universal voice,
Ye countries, territories, lands,
To GOD, the Sovereign of your choice;
And stretch supine and willing hands
To Him who everlasting praise demands.
What though fastidious scerner carp
At what no scoffer understands,
Strike ye melodious notes and sharp,
Tone your apt tongue, and tune your mellow
[harp.

Think of the wonders of His Name,
His dreaded Majesty severe,
Skirted with clouds of smoke and flame,
Enveloping His foes in fear.
Let Earth adore Him, Heaven revere,
And join in acclamation wide,
Multiloquent, prolong'd, sincere;
In which the vulgarest dignified,
The proud find cause alone of honest pride.

August in His Almightiness,
Aweing the nothingness of man.
Did He the billows not compress,
That dusty feet the bay might span,
And dry-shod trudge, and dry eyes scan
The droughty depths, that used to merge
The finny tribes since time began,
And scare the pilot, bent to urge [surge?
His bark to woo the breeze and tempt the

How broad His rule on every side!
Vast, co-existent with extent;

That no distraction can divide,
No need that policy cement.
Nought shall diminish, nought augment.
Would rebels lift their impious head ?
Imprisonment and punishment
Lurk under spot whereon they tread ;
No act but theirs, and theirs shall strike
[them dead.

By thee, thou congregation rise,
With praises be your Sovereign crowned !
Alone Who holds your soul in life,
And makes your footing sound.
He tries, that haply ye be found
Pure as through fire the silver passed,
Without debasement or compound.
Thus, in affliction's furnace cast,
Gain ye that double Instru that shall last.

How fierce th' assays, how sharp, how hot,
In fire and water temper-tried !
Have we resisted ? Have we not
Come out more bright and purified,
From fresh temptations that have plied ?
And, though down-stricken under hoof
Of prancing foe that has outvied
Our courage, *that* has stood the proof,
Receiving refuge underneath Thy roof.

What though a weak, ephemeral worm,
Within Thy House, my kindling zeal
Shall Thy auspicious rites perform ;
The fervent vow I proffered seal,
That Thou Thy presence wouldest reveal,
While fattened ram and bullock, heap
Thy blazing altar, where I kneel.
For kidling, goat, and lamb and sheep,
The firstlings, nay—whole flock for Thee I
[keep.

Come ye that should with reverence bow,
Approach His venerated Shrine,
And teach your souls the mystery how
He has emancipated mine.
As in dark cave, rich ore and fine,
Pleased miner finds ; so, in my heart,
I delve for thoughts, more purely shine,
Outsparkle gold ; more joy impart,
Prompt native eloquence, unreach'd by art.

Simplicity was all my skill,
Sincerity and Truth my guides.
His frown the suppliant shall not chill,
When so parentally it chides.
Had I put on smooth mask, that hides
The guilty purpose, He had dash'd
Me down in the submerging tides
Of just displeasure, whelm'd, abash'd,
With every hope and every comfort quash'd.

Who knows not how inclined to list
To poor petitioner—my lot
To find most gracious to assist
Those who, the talent they have got,
Use with sedulity ; have not
Disparag'd traits of tenderness,
Nor favours undeserved forgot.
But on that stay I'll lean the less,
The more to merit, and the better bless.



Lyrīc Labīi. T.

Mercy—mercy show to us,
Thou who art of mercy art.
Promise Thine; fulfilling thus
All the longings of the heart.
Let the splendours of Thy Face
Shine the glory of our day;
Shades of doubt and dulness chase,
As the sun, the twilight grey.
Saving health shower on all nations,
To the latest generations.

Rise, impatient people, rise,
In the fulness of your joy;
Tune divinest melodies,
Angel-voice and harp employ:
Let Devotion temper mirth,
Human Wit learn wisdom when
She would scan surpassing worth,
Of the God of gods and men.
He, re-judgeth Justice ruleth,
Surely his own soul befooleth.

People, prince, with one accord,
Hymns of humble homage bring
To the universal Lord
Of the subject and the king.
So shall ripening Harvest spread,
With her golden grain the ground;
And unmuzzled oxen tread
Muzzled corn in catkin bound.
In your happy thanks bestowing,
Ye receive fresh blessings flowing.



Lyrical Lxxiiii. I.

—

If GOD put forth His strength, where is the arm,
Armour, or army, shall that arm oppose?
Let such as hate Him haste to shun the harm,
And save themselves from condign fate of those
Who 've fled, in vain dispersed as anger rose,
And dissipate as smoke's proud spiral strays,
And melts before the breeze its ringlets blows,
Or wax dissolved in the meridian rays,
Victims alike of burly blast or burning blaze.

So let the incorrigible fall and burst
Asunder, lost in thin and vapourish air,
Or in Earth's dank and darkened bowels, hers'd
In stale Oblivion's low and lightless lair,
Let those deny their GOD, for this prepare;
But Piety, not kneaded of base clay,
Soaring with blithe melodious lark shall dare
The orient chambers of the earliest day,
And join her flight, and emulate her loyal lay.

[hast,
And thou who creep'st the ground, nor courage
Nor will, nor plumy wing to lift so high
To meet the Power that rides and rules the blast;
Expand at least thy vocal faculty
To rise to Him who lower'd thy narrow'd sky,
And though so scarce perceptible a mote
To whom (so wisely) He denied to fly,
He lent awhile in fluid rare to float,
To dance, to dream, to doubt, to drivel, and
[to doat;

E'er that perchance to laugh, to play, and sing ;
Stretch, then, thy tremulous slender wire
And con His praises on thy strid'lous string.
What other theme is worthy of thy lyre ?
Which else accords it to the angelic quire ?
Praise Him in incommunicable Name,
Praise in careering car of flaky fire,
Launched with coruscant lightning's flicker-[
Whose rattling wheels the rolling thunder
[peals proclaim.

Praise in the terrors of His mightiness,
More in mild aspect of benevolence,
Fast Friend, and Father of the Fatherless,
The widow's best, and prisoner's last defence ;
Sure rest of weary soul, sole confidence
Of just and good; firm hope of the devout,
The living spring of healing virtues, whence
All vice and crime from which all miseries
[sprout,
And sin itself is washed away and blotted out.

From cheerless eremital solitude,
He brings the desultory wanderer home ;
And from the churlishness of savage mood
Recalls, recovers, and restores, to roam
No more a scatterling ; but under dome
And canopy of social roof to dwell,
The married mate (that late was mopish mome)
Domesticate in Happiness's cell,
Well-doing there, and only bless'd by doing
[well.

From bondage of Self-love He sets him free,
And other chains that held him down a slave
To Passion, Pride, and Prejudice ; but he,
If still rebellious, shall his portion have
With those for ever labour, want, and crave,

Shall till, (like their own heart,) ungrateful
 [streak
 Where no tann'd crops the laughing Harvests
 [wave,
 No bleating flocks the emerald meadow seek,
 No purple vintage flushes Autumn's sallow
 [cheek.

What! went not out the { } of Jacob's clan,
 To watch, to waken, ward, encourage, lead
 'The adventurous banner of their swarming van
 To many a bold and sanguinary deed,
 Through Ocean's bed, where cavern'd waters
 [breed
 Her slimy monsters,—safe, dryshod to trudge,
 Where hosts contemptuous, and snorting steed
 Array inveterate rage of rancorous grudge,
 Submerged and smothered in the deep,
 [avenging sludge ?

The ground was rock'd, the solid rock again
 Was split, and splintered to its topmost crag.
 A shuddering horror ran through all the plain,
 Swol'n Sinai shivered like a marshy quag,
 And broils intestine and portentous drag
 Her fuming entrails to the astonished day,
 Blazing ignivomous with flames that brag
 To eclipse the Sun, and scorch the sky, and
 [flay
 Sweet Nature's face, and melt her heart in
 [dire dismay.

How different when commissioned from above
 Descends through feverish furrow fresh'ning
 [shower,
 Like dewy drops from pearly plume of dove,
 Reviving thirsty blade and pensile flower,
 And fructifying the peculiar dower
 Of Thine inheritance, conferring there,

By wise munificence and boundless Power,
Prosperity and peace, to each his share,
That old with young, and with the rich the
[poor may pair.

And like those showers the pregnant Word of GOD
Rained blessings on the stubborn heart of man.
Vast was the congregation, wondering trod
On the dread spot where its display began,
Embattled hosts and warlike leader ran,
Routed brigade and panic'd squadron fled,
Damsels at home remained the grain to fan,
Divided spoil of those in battle sped,
Stained where the victor leads, more where
[the vanquished bled.

What, though Affliction's heavy hand has brought
Your towering pride to dust and ashes down,
Yet shall ye, like the fabled bird (that's thought
From its own cinders to revive) be known
To rise from offuscation, where ye groan,
And fledged afresh your purple wings unfold;
To honours soar; this short eclipse atone,
As turtle 'scaped from cage's murky hold,
Displays her silver plumage tipt with bur-
[nished gold.

Thy hoary head, tall Salmon higher rose
To see JEHOVAH's conquering arm disperse
Israel's insulting and inveterate foes.
But what is Salmon so renowned in verse?
Or Bashan, that the clouds and tempest herse,
To eminence where He has fixed His seat?
Look not askance, diminish'd mountains! worse,
Burst not with envy; 't is His lov'd retreat,
The storms that shake the nether earth shall
[never beat.

Can ye the glories know, to **GOD** belong
 Where thousand millions rapid chariots roll
 Flamiferous! Bright Angel armies throng:
 Invincible, untold, undying shoal!
 Mocking all count, defying all control,
 Save His, who through His ushering cherubs
[glides]
 On the rapt Seraphim supreme and sole,
 Or chance vast Sinai's cloven crest bestrides,
 Who in the fiery torrent bathes its panting
[sides.]

What Sinai to Thee, or Thabor even,
 Nebo, or Pisgah? is Thy footstool there?
 When wafted through the blue empyreal Heaven,
 Or seated 'bove the stars enthroned at ease,
 Kindling, controlling, quenching, if Thou please;
 Hast Thou not led captivity in chains?
 (Herself a captive) covering lands and seas
 With blessings, that Thy foes in fiercest pain
 May due experience of Thy boundless good-
[ness gain.]

O **GOD** our Strength, our Health, our Comfort,
 Who fillest with unmerited delights; [Pride!
 Our safety's bulwark, and our weakness' guide,
 Our sole Salvation in Thy holiest rites:
 Bright Orb of hope to those when Death
[benights;
 Who loved by Thy auspicious star to steer,
 But planet of malign aspect that blights
 The core of obd'reate heart, and insincere,
 No touch of reverence feels for Thee, nor
[love, nor fear.]

As once through Bashan's fastnesses,—I'll bring
 This folk again through deeper midway wave;

Between the rampart waters they shall sing
Triumphant chorus—lo! the brazen wall,
At bugle blast, before their feet shall fall;
Their hoofs be dipt in gore, and dogs shall lap
The wounds of warriors on the field that sprawl;
Their King shall clouds of incense pour
Around the curtains of Thy sanctuary door.

And see the grave procession serpentine
Around and up that consecrated mound,
Singers that breathe a psalmody Divine,
Minstrels that join their harp's religious sound;
Solemnity august! by Concord crowned:
Timbrel and cymbal shrill the choir enhance,
Kissing fair hands those smoother cheeks that
[wound,
While noble youths with stately step advance,
And files of dazzling damsels weave the
[mystic dance.

"Bless ye" (they sing), "the GOD of Israel, bless!"
From whom unsparing, unexhausted flows
The tide of benefaction and success;
As wave on wave on ocean's bosom grows,
There Benjamin the best-belovèd goes,
And Judah, judge, and lawgiver, and sage;
And Zabulon, with love of learning glows,
And Napthali's extremest heritage
Of Liberty, fast friend, Fidelity's sure gage.

From GOD it is the invigorate limb derives
Health, motion, elasticity, and force;
Your frame in full and faithful functions thrives,
Your cryptic blood its vivifying course.
Confess Him primary and sacred Source
Of every perfect gift and holy thing,
Beseech that He thy servant, not divorce,

Nor from that temple chase where foreign
 [king,
 And prince, and potentate, their spicy offer-
 [ings bring.

Despots not so, of tyranny innate :
 That like fell monsters couch'd in sedge and reed,
 Trust in brute force, and feller beast to bate
 Than bellowing bull—nor yet that clan whose
 [creed
 Teaches the frantic dance in flowery mead.
 Bending their heads beneath the cloven heel
 Of vituline divinity they breed. [zeal
 While priest and priestesses, with rampant
 In wanton maze to silvery sistrus tinkling
 [reel.

O scatter Thou vain pomp of War's array,
 The neighing horse ; in harness hero dight
 With glittering lance that mocks the rural day,
 And all in Conquest's cruelties delight.
 Lo ! from the banks of Nile, a peerless sight,
 A glorious embassy with gorgeous train,
 Envoys from swarthy Ethiop's farthest height,
 Sing to the L^OR^D, ye virgins, sing again !
 Yes, sing, ye dusky daughters of the dusty
 [plain.

To Him who roves the regions of the skies,
 Whose radiant Presence kindles blazing stars,
 The countless suns of freshened galaxies ;
 Beyond where Reason or Presumption dares
 To penetrate. His voice at distance scares
 The hardened ear of Guiltiness, and drowns
 The clash of armies, shock of battle cars,
 When isles and continents their onslaught
 [wage,
 And host and hordes of death-devoted vic-
 [victims rage.

Who, to what other but to Him, ascribes
Power, 'bove the clouds voluminous that go,
Or on the nether plains, 'midst motley tribes
Multiloquent, belligerent below?
How bold soe'er pretensions that they show.
Seek not to pierce the impervious veil, and
[dread
O'er His seclusion He is pleased to throw;
Whilst pardon on each pious prostrate head,
And showers of grace (blest be His Name!)
[for ever shed.



Lyric Leix. I.

+ + + + +

O Thou who only hast the power
To slay the soul or save ;
O save me in the mortal hour
Unlocks the yawning grave.
The gathering waters round me boil
And wind me in their slippery coil ;
And o'er me rushes roaring wave,
And 'midst that clamour heard my cry,
I fail, I faint, I sink, I die !

From foundered ship a castaway
Upon a stormy sea ;
Where is no boat within that bay,
No land upon that lee.
With wailing I exhaust my breath,
E'en floating in that fluid death,
My throat is parched in me ;
And salter drops my eyelids shed
Than those that fill my briny bed.

To crush my crown, in smiling mask,
Her crowds oft Envy sped ;
And more the numbers ply that task
Than hairs that clothe this head.
Nor were less bold than busy they,
Both to bewilder and betray,
Whose whispers wished me dead,
Without a cause, without pretence,
Without a crime but innocence.

With what I hated they were pleased,
I loathed what they adored ;

The thing my fingers never seized,
That thing my hand restored.
Thou kennest my simplicity,
From every wily way how free,
How guile, by me abhorred !
Are they, as foolishness that treat,
Not demons whose delight, deceit ?

Permit not those that worship Thee
To be exposed to shame,
For any fault that 's found in me
Where'er may be the blame.
Yet was it for Thy Sake alone,
To bear reproofment I was prone,
Of such sought to defame ;
A thought severest sufferings hush'd,
'Twas not for me, for them, I blush'd.

My brethren when I stood before
I was a strange unknown,
The very child my mother bore
Refused her child to own ;
Yet ardent zeal it was for those
For whom these zealous efforts rose ;
Consumed my flesh and bone ;
I well sustained the rough reproof
I well knew was in Thy behoof.

When chastening every thought within,
With prayer, and praise, and fast,
To me that was accounted sin,
And for opprobrium past.
My face disfigured, garments torn,
With tears bedewed the sackcloth worn ;
On this, too, censure cast ;
The judges did themselves condemn
The very pains endured for them.

The swaggering railed vilified,
The staggering drunkard worse,
The prayer profane, the scoffer tried,
Fell back on him a curse.

Still my petition I prefer
For my detracter, murderer,
And some not less perverse.
O might their victim, saved, secure
Their pardon, punishment, and cure.

Spare me not, for myself, O no !
Spare me for other's sake,
I would their life that they should owe
To that which they would take.
Let not the ruthless storm subdue,
Engulfing pilot with the crew
In the unsparing lake ;
As t'wards the port the vessel veers,
With rebel band of mutineers.

Assist me, L^OR^D ! for Thou art good ;
'Tis goodness to assist :
So copious is Thy mercy's flood,
One drop shall not be miss'd.
If once I've known, I now no less
Implore Thy loved forgiveness ;
For Thou canst, if Thou list,
Enable me to conquer pain,
Or else transform defeat to gain.

O that Thou wouldest uphold my head
In this oppressive qualm,
And on my saddened spirit shed
Consolatory balm !
My rights contrasted with their might,
Rancour duplicity and spite.
So should Thy sentence calm

The indignation that belongs
To base indignities and wrongs.

What is this languor that is nursed
By every sigh it heaves ;
This feel as if were issues burst,
Whence life its life receives ?
The fluttering pulse nor goes nor stops,
The tearful lid nor dries nor drops,
Paleness the cheek bereaves ;
A wistful look would Pity hail,
Though Pity's look could nought avail.

And what compassion to expect
Barbarians would afford ?
Who rather would these limbs dissect,
This aching heart have bored.
Or shall I *that* compassion call,
To fill for them, the cup of gall,
For me the potion poured ?
No, there their cup of guilt ran o'er,
Nor could hold drop or drippe more.

Be still their sumptuous table spread
With Delicacy's fare ;
Be they by that temptation led
To most destructive snare.
The more their prayers and vows increase,
To cherish Rest, propitiate Peace,
With sacrifices rare ;
The more shall war their coasts infest
With every peril, every pest.

Thick mists of mystery shall be drawn
Before those winking eyes ;
Shut to Truth's clear and heavenly dawn,
Open, to Infamy's.
Their limbs shall tremble, loins shall shake,

Their callous heart obdurate quake,
That on itself relies ;
And Trepidation shall lay hold
Of vainly strong and falsely bold :

And Desolation's withering hand
Shall plant a landmark nigh ;
Their wall dilapidated stand,
In ruin, roof and rafter lie.
Did they not persecute, lay low
Him Thou hadst smitten with Thy bow,
Mock at His agony ;
And laugh those sufferings to scorn
For their Redemption that were borne.

Of sorrows, Persecution heaped
On Him of many cares ;
By them eternal crops be reaped,
And their devoted heirs.
Shall traitors 'gainst Thee that rebel
Within Thy Habitation dwell,
Or enter upon theirs ?
No—Disbelievers in Thy Word
Shall have no word in Thy record.

How sombre be the cloud soe'er,
That 's o'er my prospect cast,
Send but one cheering look to clear,
As sent Thou often hast ;
So shall Thanksgiving's notes display
The fervour of her living lay,
And gratefully contrast
The echoing of the sullen rocks,
That bellow to the victim ox.

Humility shall smile at Fame,
And Sadness wipe away
The drop that dimmed her eye, and came

On that pale cheek astray.
Seek, suffering soul, the L^OR^D on high,
He shall relieve from misery,
Prolong the peaceful day ;
If low—to honour shall prefer ;
If prisoner—shall enfranchise her.

Wave your tall heads, aspiring trees,
That kiss His placid sky ;
Waft His praise on the murmuring breeze,
Through your blue canopy.
Thou ! Ocean clasp'st in crooked shore,
Mute multitudes—thyself shalt roar
Sonorous eulogy ;
Thou land, with shoals of creeping thing,
His worthier panegyric sing.

Zion shall raise her head afresh,
And Judah's arm expand ;
Embracing all the heirs of flesh,
Each heritable land.
And through most distant regions sought,
Assembled millions shall be brought,
His love to understand ;
Their progeny, amending, cleave
To bright inheritance they leave.





Lyric Lxx. A.

Haste, hasten Thee, LORD,
And linger no longer.
I rely on Thy word;
And what can be stronger?
Grant Thy aid against those
By whom I'm surrounded;
Their deception disclose;
Let their plots be confounded.
When they cry on me "Shame!"
With some taunting allusion,
Visit them with same name,
But with greater confusion.
Yet the good shall be glad,
On Thy promise relying,
Fulfilment that's had;
That to come, ratifying.
In devotional lays,
To the pleasures recurring,
Of the wonder and praise
Of Thy Wisdom unerring.
As for me, I am poor,
And of all men most wretched,
If to lift from the floor
Thy arm not outstretched.
Rescue me from the scorn
And the scoff of blasphemer;
Thou who, since I was born,
Wast, and art, my Redeemer.



Lyrīc Lxxi. I.



Thou Life of Life, my only trust,
Afraid can I be, or dismay'd?
Deliver from the furtive thrust
Of fell assassin's bloody blade:
 Bow down Thine Ear,
 For danger's near,
And assist the course I'm shaping
From the peril to the escaping.

T.

Open Everlasting Gate
 Of Thy fortress where I flee;
Thy commandment I await,
 Bid me enter, and be free;
 Free from sin,
 When within;
'Gainst that wall their weapons shivered,
They're defeated, I'm delivered.

Was I not delivered first,
 From the blessed womb that bore,
And my youth protected erst,
 , And my manhood more and more.
 Where the days
 Shall not praise
Him who gave me freedom, reason,
Comfort's scope, and zest, and season.

P

Others, with surprise may view
(E'en to me it strange appears),
How that change upon me grew,
Work of Mercy many years!

Trials sore,
Rescues more;
Thy indulgence ever prizing,
Their deceitfulness despising.

Cast not off in later days,
Ne'er in need deserting yet;
Weakness strengthens, Strength decays,
Hopes deceived, Despair beget.

Friends desert,
Foes exert
All their craftinesses, saying—
“Take him while his GOD's delaying.”

From Thy armies numberless,
Kind commission'd Angels send,
Ruthless arrogance repress,
And oppress'd desert defend.
Mark the wretch,
Seize and stretch;
Fell him on the field he's furrowing,
Bury in the trench he's burrowing.

See the day-spring from on high,
Hear the bird that carols spring,
Such my dawning hope, and I
Like that quirister will sing
Every hour,
To that Power,
Who in grateful feel I'm showing,
Is His choicest boon bestowing.

In Thy blessedness how bold,
In Thy sympathy how strong!

Shall those mercies not be told
That to me and mine belong?
From my youth,
Fed on truth,
Nor my riper years forswearing
What my life has been declaring.

Nor abandon Thou my care,
When these raven locks that now
Dally with the buxom Air,
Shall be bleach'd in Age's snow:
Let me first,
E'er the worst,
Show my pious resignation
To the rising generation.

Till I can proclaim the range
Of Thy magnanimity,
Undisturbed by chance or change,
Or opponent there can be;
Tell Thy Name,
Spread Thy fame
To each organ made for hearing,
To its Maker more endearing.



Lyric Lxxii. x.

verses

O give to the King
Thy judgments, O LORD,
That righteousness may be enacted,
That no one may wring
The poor by abhorred,
Excessive extortion exacted.
So shall Happiness sing
In the vale to which Peace is attracted.

The weak He shall ward,
The needy protect,
Confirm in his right the possessor ;
The good He shall guard
From the wrong they suspect,
Save Innocence from the aggressor,
To all, justice award,
And in pieces shall break the oppressor.

The fear (as foretold)
And the reverence of Him
Shall tame the most barbarous of nations,
Till the Sun shall wax old
And the Moon shall wane dim,
And the latest of man's generations
Be doomed to behold
The Earth melt in her last conflagrations.

But His favour comes down
Like the dew-showers of May,
In her fairness, and freshness, and fragrance,
On the grass that is mown,

Odoriferous hay !
Assuaging meridian fragrance,
To the seed that is sown,
Or to wantoning kine in their vagrance.

In our MONARCH's blest day
Shall the people have rest,
In her children Uprightness shall flourish ;
The fields in their gay,
Ripe abundance be drest,
That Peace, Power, and Plenty shall nourish,
As long as a ray
Of the Crescent, crepuscule shall cherish.

From the land that is near
To the sea that 's far off ;
To the uttermost limits of Ocean :
Shall His empire appear,
Deriding the scoff
Of the traitor, would plot a commotion :
Walled cities shall hear
The wide wilderness glow with devotion.

Of Tarshish the prince,
And the lords of the Isles,
And of Seba the Queen exoteric,
Shall their homage evince,
And the grateful Gentiles
From circumferent belt hemispheric,
Endless presents send, since
His Reign not like ours, ephemeric.

Every subject shall bend,
Every sovereign shall bow
In the spirit of sound adoration.
His Ear He shall lend
To the high and the low,
Where sincerest is the supplication,

The destitute tend,
And raise from severest probation.

'Gainst deceit a defence,
Against violence a shield ;
For their safety paternally caring ;
To sincere penitence
Assistance will yield,
And free from temptation's ensnaring
Shall elevate thence,
His conquest and victory sharing.

Long, long shall He live,
And for Him they prepare
The treasures of Ophir, the rarest ;
Whose incense shall give
An odour to prayer,
Breath'd from lips the devoutest and fairest,
Alas ! too fugitive
For such praise, and by voices the yarest.

Lo ! lapfuls of corn
On the mountain shall be,
And Barrenness shall begin teeming ;
And the valleys in scorn
Boast their fertility,
In the sunshine of fruitfulness gleaming ;
City's gates troops adorn
With garlands and bannerols streaming.

His Name shall remain,
His praises inure
Through regions and realms wide-extended :
While a town on the plain,
Or a dweller endure,
Or the blue arch to which they 're appended
His beatified reign
No longer with time shall be blended.

Then blest be the L^OR^D!
Inscrutable G^OD!
Wonder-working in Israelite story;
Who fecundity poured
On the sterilest sod,
O'er red fields waved the flag of Victory;
Be ever adored
Who robeth the Earth in His Glory.



Lyrīc Lexīū.

I.

to see

How good is GOD, when forth He goes
To meet and conquer Israel's foes !

Is there a man
On earth that can
Sufficiently declare ;
Yet most supremely good to those
Who of that excellence aware,
Place their soul's sole reliance there.

But as for me, I wildly run,
My footsteps slipt, and hopes were none,
When I beheld
The wicked swelled
In Pride's prosperity :
Yet foolishly of me 'twas done,
To envy fools in high degree,
Merc lights on shoals set up by Thee.

But though this truth I've since believed,
Yet was I for a while deceived ;
And the mischief,
Like sunken reef,
From cognizance long lay concealed ;
For they at death dismay'd nor grieved,
But blithe and placid to the last,
Like summer breeze their spirit passed.

While living, basking in the ray
Of Fortune's sunshine holiday,
By Vanity
Their fond ally ;

In borrowed trappings dight;
They practise treachery by day,
Malice and undissembled spite,
And lawless violence by night.

Nor need we long consider which
'Tis, guile or rapines, that enrich
Their coffer store,
And barns run o'er;
On fatness of the land they feed,
Their glaring eyes convulsive twitch
Gloats on their luxuries that breed
The train of Miseries that succeed.

Strange Vices their companions, who
Within them hatch Corruption too;
Exterior fair,
And vaunting air,
Disguise the rottenness beneath,
To those who but the surface view.
'Gainst Heaven they show their impious teeth,
Their tongue the adder's, wanting sheath!

The pious they shall not cajole,
Though grieving for their perilled soul,
Whose streaming tears,
With generous fears,
For their salvation flow,
To hear them ask, "Can $\text{G}\ddot{\text{o}}$ control,
" Detect, or hear, or see, or know
" The crimes that craft conceals below?"

Do we not see in strength and health,
The wicked wallow in their wealth?
My hands in vain
Are cleans'd from stain,
And wash'd in innocence:
I catch some fitting joy by stealth;

But every day brings new offence,
And every night fresh penitence.

Who is there 'round will hear my speech,
If salutary theme I preach?
 If ear they lend,
 I but offend;
 Too callous to coerce;
And if that ear I fail to reach,
 How teach the intellect? or, worse,
 How touch th' obdurate heart perverse?

In pondering this, I murmur'd, and
Exclaimed, "How hard to understand!"
 But when I knelt,
 And felt, and dwelt
 Within Thy shrine,—I saw
The master-working of Thy Hand;
 How crime did to delusion draw,
 And how their folly was their flaw.

Are they not soon vain terrors' sport,
Set fast in miry slough, in short,
 In sin involved:
 Consumed, dissolved;
 Like flies that woo the flame?
Caught by the dazzle that they court,
 They perish in their reckless aim,
 In flagrant fault and burning shame.

Awake!—The sinner wakes at last,
Like sailor at the tempest's blast;
 The lightning's beam
 Dispels the dream
 That fanciful Delight
Wove out of transient pleasures past;
 Scattered like tears of Ocean's spite,
 Rained on the rocks that mock its might.

My heart sank down, depressed and sad,
Extinct the courage it had had ;
 My stolidness
 Was little less
 Than brutishness of senseless beast,
Or wanderings vague of one that 's mad ;
 Yet were not lessen'd in the least
 Thy tender mercies, but increased.

Thou, my true Counsellor, and tried,
Hast been my Guardian and my Guide ;
 And guide Thou shalt,
 Nor let me halt
 Till Glory of Thy realm I see.
For whom have I on earth beside,
 To whom for refuge I can flee ?
 Or whom in Heaven have I but Thee ?

When my own weakness I bewail,
'Tis through Thy Strength that I prevail.
 I find Thy fold
 Is my stronghold :
 Beyond—a dangerous, deep defile,
And those that try to pass it fail.
 Temptation there, with harlot smile,
 And Death, with grin of Fear, beguile.

Among the dying and the dead,
Before Thy bastion I have bled :
 Like fluttering bird,
 By tempest stirr'd,
 To seek its parent nest ;
So underneath Thy wings I fled,
 Invited friend and welcome guest,
 Sure there to find eternal rest.



Lyrīc Lxxib. T.

—

Wilt Thou, then, destroy for ever,
Stifle in Thy anger's smoke,
This Thy people, who endeavour
Thy dread sentence to revoke ?
Sheep within Thy pastures bred,
Smothered where they late were fed.

This Thy People, who of olden
Times and prosperous, Thou didst choose ;
Of those happy times and golden
May they never memory lose !
Thou but smile on Zion's Hill,
Where Thou dwelledst—dwell there still.

View its piteous desolation ;
Lift Thy feet and come along ;
See what right has Heathen nation
'Gainst Thy folk to do this wrong ?
Blasph'mous shouts Thy Temple shake,
Choking echoes that they wake.

Flag profane of triumph waving,
Flouts the face of holy walls.
Who is this, his Maker's braving,
Sorriest, meanest insect crawls ?
Dust upon the balance blown,
Equipoise Thy scales disown.

As the woodman in the forest
Fells the stateliest trees that shoot,
So, bold Pagans Thou abhorrest

Lay their axes to the root
Of the columns tall and straight,
Of Thy Sanctuary's gate.

In the lieu of tools that builded,
Crow and mattock they employ;
Fretted cornices and gilded,
Base and chapter, destroy.
"Let 's," say they, "disgrace, efface
Hebrew rabble's royal race."

They light flame of desecration
At the consecrated fires,
Spreading round vast devastation,
Mad Impiety inspires,
Till the altar, in the fume
Of its incense, they consume.

Where the signs, once were to witness?
Where the sage and seer of old?
Where the prophet in his fitness
To forfend what he foretold?
Where the sleepless eye to guard,
Warning tongue of tuneful bard?

Wilt Thou suffer Pride's reproaches,
That stultiloquent blaspheme,
With impenitence encroaches
On Thy lenity extreme?
From Thy bosom pluck Thy hand,
Lozel, traitor, brigand—brand.

GOD is working man's Salvation,
Unobserved by thoughtless men,
Without let or deviation,
In wise plan beyond their ken.
Thou subdu'st the roaring seas,
And those louder roar than these.

Huge leviathan Thou smitedst,
And deliveredst all his spoil
To that folk for whom Thou fightedst
On the wilderness's soil ;
With Thy rod rash rivers dried,
From reft rocks fresh rills supplied.

Thine is Day, whose tresses pearly
On her blushing bosom stray,
Till her bridegroom's transports early
Kiss those sparkling tears away ;
Gorgeous bridegroom, whose embrace
In her changing cheek we trace.

Night is Thine, grave, coy, and simple,
Looming in the spangled west ;
Or in soft and sable wimple,
Wrapping weary wretch to rest ;
Making dismal Darkness glad,
Shedding solace on the sad.

Thine is shining Spring's presuming
Promise of the faithful Year ;
With her incenses perfuming
Winter's flower-encircled bier.
Thine bright Summer's blooming gay,
Rich fulfilment to display.

Thine plump Autumn, courting Pleasure,
Crowning Peace with Plenty's hand ;
Hoary Winter, hoarding treasure
To enrich a teeming land,
With regenerating tear
Softening the repentant Year.

Yet are found strange hordes outlandish,
Thy supremacy besiege ;
Word and wit and weapon brandish,

Armed against their Sovereign Liege ;
Yoke He'll break from neck of poor,
But break neck of the wrong-doer.

Ne'er shall they Thy promised love
From Thy faithful flock withdraw.
Who 'd commit his turtle-dove
To the vulture's bloody claw ?
Thy displeasures deeper pierce
Than their fangs, however fierce.

Mild Thy sway and everlasting ;
Why in holes and corners, then,
Is confederacy casting
Treason's tools in Darkness' den ?
Shall their treachery bring to shame
Votaries of Thy choice and Name ?

When Thy cause, and Thou the pleader,
Wilt Thou warmly not espouse ?
Perish shall they, host and leader,
If Thyself, Thyself arouse.
Tis meet that presumptuous foe,
Weakness of their strength should know.



Lyrical Lex. A.

—

By Thee as we live,
To Thee should we give
Love and duty not doubtfully due.
With what reverence and fear
We feel that Thou 'rt near,
Though we are not worthy to view !

When Thy authority
Shall descend upon me,
I'll administer justice aright ;
But the government frame
Is disjointed and lame,
And its faculties paralysed quite.

If on me Thou resolve
That high office devolve,
And with adequate strength I was born,
I'd teach pragmatic fools
How untaught are their schools,
Though so proudly exalting their horn.

At those He has laugh'd
Who presum'd that by craft
Was fulfilled the ambition of some ;
For 'tis not in the least
From the west nor the east,
But from Thee that promotion must come.

In Thÿ righteous Hands
The Cup of Life stands,
In which each to participate begs ;

On the ruby drop shed
The virtues are fed;
The wicked shall drain out the dregs.

Till the torpor of death
Shall extinguish my breath,
And from misery Thy mercy shall spare,
My voice shall record
The truth of Thy Word,
That breath shall that mercy declare.

The tongue shall be lopp'd,
And the crest shall be cropp'd,
Of those who blaspheme and defame;
But the voice shall be heard,
And to honour preferr'd,
Of those whose sole Glory Thy Name.



Lyrical Lexicon. I.

—

In Israel is G^D wholly known ;
 'Tis what in Judah they rely on ;
Ephraim His tabernacles own,
 His habitation Zion.
Bursting the bands of bended bow,
 Blunting the barbed arrow ;
Piercing helm, target, corslet through,
 Breaking broad sword and narrow.
Mount, mount sublime, how far excelling
Far loftier mountains, brigands' dwelling !

The harness'd warrior, in his toil,
 Was caught in arms of Slumber.
His hands no more shall grasp the spoil,
 To him now useless lumber.
At Thy rebuke, despoil'd himself,
 He sleeps upon his duty,
Relinquishing his plunder'd pelf,
 And keeps his rest, not booty.
Where are the horse and rider going,
The G^D of Jacob is o'erthrowing ?

May those who hate, like those who love,
 Be trembling brought to fear Thee ;
Sure we below, like those above,
 Are not far from, but near Thee !
To struggling Virtue's suffering plight,
 Considerate and tender ;
To Reprobation shall Thy might
 Due retribution render.

Thy Judgments hailed in Heaven, when taken,
Israel is to her centre shaken.

Yet oft Thy Judgments come to spare,
Fears, tremors tranquillizing ;
With Modesty and Mildness fair,
And Meekness sympathising.
Come, then—Affliction's pang allay,
With look dispelling sorrow.
The drops that dew the cheek to-day,
Dried by Thy smile to-morrow.
The eye of those to Thee that listen,
With tear of joy alone shall glisten.

For to Thy praise the puny wrath
Of man shall be converted ;
Or else dispersed, like driven froth,
By angry Ocean spurted.
Then prostrate let us homage pay,
Nor from allegiance swerve ;
To Him to Whom alone we pray,
We only ought to serve.
Stoop, stoop ye Princes, and admire ;
Ye Kings be warned, nor wake His ire.



Lyric Lexibii. I.

-19-

My vows paid to the L^OR^D,
Were whispers low and weak,
For well I knew He condescended
His favour to accord
To humble and to meek,
Who have His counsels comprehended,
And diligently seek.

In trouble whence I came,
With many a grievous sore,
The flesh and spirit paining, waning ;
The macerated frame,
In stillest night, no more
Its renovating rest retaining,
Though mercy I implore.

When I remembered me,
How awful and severe ;
My throbbing heart within me failing,
Sunk in despondency ;
Chill'd and o'erwhelm'd with fear,
Abash'd, confounded, and bewailing,
In penitence sincere.

The drooping lids were closed,
But not in genuine sleep ;
Though dreamy terrors barred the waking,
As listlessly they dozed,
A silent tear would creep,
Its solitary furrow making
Its loneliness to weep.

My sighs were Autumn's blast,
That blights the ripening fruit.
When on the days of old I pondered,
The years have fitted past,
And follies they impute ;
So was I, in the way I wandered,
Struck motionless and mute.

Then on my nightly couch
I communed with my heart ;
Marvels of Providence revolving :
Thy goodness could avouch
Repentance on my part.
These intricacies lastly solving,
How sore soe'er the smart.

"Are now Thy mercies less,
"Or my transgressions more ?
"Thy powers become less efficacious ?
"Is this contemptuousness,
"Or anger I deplore ?
"Hast Thou forgotten to be gracious,
"Or I, my sins of yore ?"

This, I despairing said,
Is mine infirmity ;
Shall I say this when recollecting
Vicissitudes have bred
Such constancy in me ;
Those troubles transitive effecting
Peace and stability ?

Have I, then, lost of late
The memory of all
That fruitful shower of benefactions ?
O no ; I'll meditate
On bounty's Source, and call



Thine Ear to witness these transactions,
While on the earth I crawl.

Thy ways are marvellous,
Thy worship holiness;
Safety is in Thy Sanctuary,
And honour in Thy House.
How can the voice express
Thy works in language sublunary?
Matchless and measureless!

The wonders Thou hast done,
As the broad world, are wide,
In rescuing Joseph's remnant often;
Where rivers ceased to run,
Rough seas rolled back their tide;
Where granite rocks, the rod could soften,
And sparkling streams supplied.

The deep was roused, where erst
Slept placidly the wave;
The pregnant clouds, by tempest driven,
Their reservoirs to burst,
Echoed the storm that drove:
The dark abyss, by thunder riven,
Exposed her yawning grave.

Thy lightning's vivid flash
Outshines the sunny noon;
A brighter sheen o'er Nature casting:
Its bolts through ocean dash
And singe the vast lagoon;
While Heaven's grey forehead everlasting,
The curling sparks festoon.

Where is the flood profound,
Unfathom'd by Thy Foot?

Where the tumultuous waters swelling,
Not by Thy Hand unbound ?
Where rapid currents shoot,
Where boiling tide—Thou 'rt not propelling,
In gulf, in bay, in sound,
In drop the most minute ?

Didst Thou not scoop and grave,
In the firth's widow'd bed,
A dry and crispy rut, and droughty ?
Strew it, and lace, and pave
With hauberk, helm, and head
Of Egypt's swarthy swarm, and doughty ;
To unarm'd Israel gave,
Smooth and unharmed to tread ?



Lyrīc Lexibīi. I.

together

List ! hoary North ; attend, thou ruddy South ;
Give ear, GOD's people, listen to His law ;
Ponder the orac'lar sayings of His Mouth,
To thee of import vast, and full of awe ;
Dark and mysterious biting words, that gnaw
Their way into the heart's profoundest cell ;
Reflection from her hiding-place to draw
To holy counsels, by a moral spell, [well.
Our sage progenitors first found and followed

Shall we the task desert, on us devolves ?
Ours to enjoin, as theirs was to enjoy ;
What from neglect our consciences absolves,
Refusing precious talents to employ,
To initiate in that sacred lore the boy,
The sedulous sire instilled with pious care ?
That time, nor accident, might ne'er destroy
The heart's clear register, divine and fair,
Of GOD's magnificence, scribed by His finger
[there.

To Jacob, and to his posterity,
To faithful Israel His designs were known ;
His covenant, and His testimonies, He
Permitted and commanded to be shown
To babes and sucklings ; and, as soon as grown
To reason's state, associated and sworn
To venerate and vindicate, and own ;
Handing to generations yet unborn,
To regulate their paths, illustrate, and adorn ;

That, race might rise to reverence the LORD,
And not in surly wilfulness morose,

Shut out the radiant light His works afford :
As heretofore, when rebel spirits rose,
Closing their eyes on wonders these disclose,
A tribe that never set their hearts aright,
But anguish brought unutterable woes
On their own heads—presumptuous thought
[to fight
For Sin's worst weaknesses 'gainst **GOD**'s
[prescriptive right.

The Ephraimite and Gaddite in the rear,
In strength of safety's panoply complete,
Bristling with javelin, flying shaft and spear,
Gave way and fled themselves in battle's heat,
With hearts where Terror's fluttering pulses
[beat.
No wonder they their standard should desert,
Who from the path of truthfulness retreat,
And loyal standard of **GOD**'s law, expert
Alone to mock His Ordinances and pervert.

How wilfully and wofully purblind,
And deaf to witness of astounding act,
Before ye set--your ignorance to remind,
Your folly cure (if curable in fact),
Love to attract, obedience to exact, [tile;
When in the abyss He plang'd the array hos-
Car, Chariot, infantry, and cataphract,
Spite Egypt's fastnesses and foul defile,
And Zoan's flattering wile and meretricious
[smile.

The foaming waves that rear their crispy head,
And trunk voluminous, with serpent hiss,
Threatening to swallow, shrink with dread
At Thy rebuke, and, humbled and submiss,
Sweep bare the road, and Israel's footsteps kiss ;
Torch meteoric leads the intrepid van,

And sears and smoothes the track they cannot
[miss.

The weary limb the sea-spray breezes fan,
Sight-blinding fogs their foe bewilder and
[unman.

The clifted rocks at His command divide,
Forth dart impetuous the impatient streams,
Veiling in frothy snows each swarthy side,
Through shrivelled crevasses and bursting seams
Stone's sterile womb with living waters teems;
Through a parch'd land the copious currents
[fume,
Gladness in eye of famish'd nations gleams,
The pallid cheeks their native rose resume,
Health, wonder, gratitude, the countenance
[relume.

Tired, tanned, and thirsty, troubled, on they
[trudged,
Circling the scorched Desert's meagre waist,
Where stifled Nature stunted herbage grudged,
Where fire the breathing element displaced,
The burning soil the blistered sole defaced:
Her wingy denizens' swart spawn impure,
Of race venine, in scaly armour braced,
Whose scorpion bite delirious calentúre,
With flagging wings mock the Sun's ra-
[diance and obscure.

Yon children chide the torrent's tardy course
That yet precipitately scoops the vale;
How do they rashly rush, with frantic force,
Imbibe that lymph, at every pore inhale,
Plunge in that pool and o'er their bodies bale;
Wallow in muddy luxury of that shore,
On the dank ground their limbs delighted trail,
Renew their simple orgies o'er and o'er,

Quaff the long draft unquench'd, and more
[implore !

So deep engrained ingratitude in man !
Forgetfulness remembers to begin
Her task e'er favours cease. Ne'er truer than
When Israel dwelt wide "wilderness" within
(Might well be called the "Wilderness of Sin.")
'Twas not to satisfy their thirst alone
They madly dared th' Almighty ear to din ;
But to base appetite's indulgence prone,
Lusted for flesh in wilds where savory cates
[unknown.]

Refused in that untiring arm to trust,
Deliverance most miraculous that wrought :
Following their own intemperance, that must
Bring bane and bale : Craft in keen cunning
[caught,
Perchance to taunt Omnipotency, thought—
"Can He on arid rocks a table spread ;
"Though from the splintered flint a prill He
[brought ?
"Can He procure a nation to be fed
"On sustentation's meat, and on salubrious
[bread ?"

What, though the ethereal storehouse open wide
And pour abundance on a barren spot ;
And fertile clouds at morn and eventide
Drop dewy fatness, and to each allot
Celestial nouriture ; they heeded not,
But scorn'd the grain that rained them
[angels' food,
Their senses in satiety besot ; [brood,
O'er well-earn'd Liberty's hard fare they
And sigh for Egypt's flesh-pots, stripes, and
[servitude.

From sun-gilt borders of the genial South,
Where spicy fragrance smooths her balmy bed;
Or East, where smiling Morning's ruby mouth
Breathes odorous sighs o'er blushing buds she
[bred;
A fat and feathered tribe, instinctly led,
Swarm through the camp and strew the
[long'd-for treat.
Too hasty but delicious banquet sped—
Till the gorged revellers rueing replete,
Loathe the lush luxuries their craving lusts
[intreat.

That morbid longing, big with punishment,
Fill'd their foul mouths with curses as with food:
The boon, they needed, chastisement, was sent,
Precocious error, too late understood.
What evil prayer can ever bring forth good ?
There Israel might have learnt that 'tis not
[well
To tempt the L^OR^D (if learn they ever could),
For there their hostssuccumb'd, their heroes fell,
But the unwarned nor fear the more, nor less
[rebel.

Of all the greatest wonders there ensued
(And where so lavish'd, or before, or since),
Greatest of all was their ingratitude :
Too dull to feel, too obd'rate to convince,
Too solid, stolid, senseless e'en to wince,
Thence justly plagued with grievous visitings,
That much offending people and their Prince,
Whom prick of a compunctionious conscience
[wrings :
A more envenomed shaft than sharpest scor-
[pion's stings.

**Their boldest chieftains, stoutest champions, slain,
Defeated and dispersed, their leaguered host**

Swept by victorious legions from the plain,
While Desolation stalking through their coast
Levels their battlements, and mocks their boast,
They then remembered them, where once
[their shield,
Was least regarded when they needed most,
Still deadened their case-hardened heart,
[and steeled
Till it refused, when struck, one native spark
[to yield.

Yet for all this did His compassion shine,
With more conspicuous and effulgent ray,
Deigning in bounds His anger to confine,
And Devastation in her havoc stay.
With pity recollecting oft that they [breath :
Were flesh, were dust, mould, ashes, vapour,
Drawn with a sob, puff'd with a sigh away ;
Tainting the wholesome gale it gathereth ;
Buried and reabsorbed in 'ts elemental death.

How fertile was that wilderness, and rise [blame ;
With scoldings, murmurings, discontent, and
With bickerings, quarrels, heart-burnings, and
Soon to maturity precocious came ; [strife,
The roots of mischief, and the fruits of shame.
Could such forgetfulnesses be forgot ?
E'en to ignoring His most holy name. [lot,
Disgracing sphere of Heaven-distinguished
The leading-star of nations turned to foulest
[blot.

Merged in their hebetude the threat'ning signs
Smote Mizraim's shuddering meads, and Zoan
[Towers,
When blood-red rivers rolled their nauseous brine
To balk the raging thirst of torrid hours,
And clustering reptiles hung on fruit and flowers,

While toads obscene pollute the verdant pool,
 And noisome grubs beset the emerald bower,
 Gnawing the leafy screens their fever cool,
 And sightless locusts harvest's beauteous
 [hopes befool.

Corruption seethes the corn, the wine, the oil ;
 The horned cerastes and the hooded asp,
 Wind round the living limb the livid coil,
 Crushing the muscles in their slimy grasps
 With puncture fiercer than the enraged wasp's ;
 The infant strangle, the fond father foil.
 In vain the Vine's caressing tendril clasps
 Her bridegroom Elm, of shrivelling frost the
 [spoil,
 Mow'd by sharp hail, her daggled tresses
 [sweep the soil.

The frisking lambkin, heifer, and the colt,
 The docile dromedary, patient ox ;
 Victims and aim of the vindictive bolt ;
 Scatter'd the herd, and prostrate is the flock,
 Parch'd the green mead and reft the blacken'd
 [rock.

Amid the crash—destroying Angels flew,
 And in the frantic mother's arms that lock
 The babe whom frenzied love is doomed to rue
 The guiltless firstborn of a guilty nation slew.

Boils, blanes, and blotches score the scurfy skin
 Of blistered breasts (as mounts volcanic rage)
 From conflagration's furtive waste within,
 Shows war with fever that the entrails wage ;
 Loathsome are these, but there's an appanage
 Of Sloth and Filthiness, disgusting Vice !
 Disease more loathly, harder to assuage ;
 Destroying vermin, and annoying lice,
 On wretchedness that feed the Misery they
 [entice.

As wakeful Shepherd leads his shaggy sheep
Along the shaggier mountain's rough pathway,
Or through the dangerous defile's rugged steep,
Or oft invites on pleasant plain to stray; [lay,
So Israel's { } showed where her journeyings
And beckoned to His Sanctuary's pale,—
Guided in peace and guarded in the fray.
'Gainst Him could their effrontery avail,
Who parted their inheritance by line and tale?

But they, to pride and provocation prone,
Despited His beneficence the more;
Perversest of perverse forefathers grown;
Transgress'd the sacred covenant that they swore,
Nor at His shrine, but idol fane adore; [worn,
So that, like arrows pointless, bow-strings
Aside He cast them on the scattered shore;
Or like a garment tarnished, tattered, torn,
Alike unfit to warm the wearer or adorn.

Their graven images and molten calves,
Idolatry's abominations, see!
Sinners entirely, worshippers by halves!
How the dire consequences shall they flee!
Their fate the fiat of His enmity.
Shechem for this abandoned, and the tent
He pitched in Shiloh—never more to be
The tabernacle that of yore He lent
To dwell therein—where to be sought of
[men He meant.

To ruthless ravager delivered there
The holy chamber's consecrated place,
Where stored His precious promises, and where,
Veiling His glory from their blanched face,
He sealed His covenant with man's wretched
[race.
That barrier burst, rolls rapid tide and deep

Of war, of carnage, conquest and disgrace ;
 There Valour's sons on gory couches sleep,
 And Beauty's maids unwed their woes, and
 [countries weep.]

On smouldering ashes of His temple lain,
 Mingling his own, the hoary priest expires ;
 Who victim slew, himself the victim slain—
 On broken altar and extinguished fires ; [sires.
 Sad daughters ravished, on their slaughtered
 Wives their convulsive arms distracted throw
 'Round their fall'n husbands in the purple mire.
 Those that have felt *their* pang alone can know,
 Impoverish'd language gives no symbol that
 [can show.]

Rose the roused L^OR^D in fury of His might
 (As giant from refreshing slumber wakes
 To rush to battle to defend his right) ; [shakes,
 His ponderous step Earth's solid framework
 And bold the heart, not at that tremor quakes.
 Thus smote the All Powerful His affrighted
 [foes,
 Whom late but certain vengeance overtakes ;
 Their outward tower of trust a touch o'er-
 [throws,
 Whilst in the fortress coward Conscience
 [treason sows.]

Of Joseph, once howe'er beloved and blest,
 Repudiate the pavilion was at last ;
 But Ephraim forced to yield to Judah's test :
 All that were chosen, good, yet Zion best,
 And there He fixed His Sanctuary fast,
 Immoveable, eternally to stand,
 Till every mundane generation past ;
 Stedfast as basis of the solid land, [hand.
 Laid with behest omnipotent by Wisdom's

And He it was selected and enrolled
Old Jesse's fondest favourite, favoured son ;
Staff of his age, and guardian of his fold,
Whose safety nursed those deeds of valour done,
Proved, practised, perfected, that prowess won.
Bright wreaths his name and country's in-
[tertwine
(Of Thee these works so wond'rous, or of none)
From his own flock that pass'd by call divine
To feed and tend, to lead and rescue
[Thine.

How has his host his foresight often fed [cause !
When faint and struggling in their country's
How oft his energy to victory led,
Snatch'd from deceitful war's devouring jaws !
His justice judged them by impartial laws ;
His spirit roused them with his martial wire,
Or soothed their uproar to a breathless pause ;
Then woke their breast with the celestial fire
With which some Seraph touched his hal-
[lowed lyre.



Lyrical Lexie. A.

•••••

And what is that sound,
And what are those blows,
And what is that tumult appalling?
And what from the ground
Is that smoke that arose,
And those ruins that on it are falling?
Waking thunders that wound
Echo's solemn repose.
What are those that for mercy are calling?

Ah! the Heathen prevails,
And Thy Temple attacks,
Thine inheritance rudely invading;
Its courts he assails
With mattock and axe,
Bursting barriers the port barricading;
The bastion he scales,
And the citadel sacks,
Through torrents of blood and tears wading.

On this terrific sight
Shut no longer Thy lash;
Through Thy holy place infidel dashes,
'Midst the battering trains smite;
And the ramparts that crash,
The hammer Thy sanctuary smashes;
Thy priests put to flight
By the falchions that gash,
And the flame round the columns that flashes.

Here weltering in gore
That has glued to the heath,

The mangled, the maimed, and unburied ;
By the vulture's beak tore,
And dog's ravenous teeth,
Dead devoured, and the wounded are worried :
Their fighting is o'er.
While they struggle for breath,
Breath of Fame—to oblivion they 're hurried.

Thy saints are thrown down,
The wild beasts to allure,
On such fare unaccustom'd to batten ;
Their blood waters the ground
That their bodies manure ;
A reproach to the Earth that they fatten.
The head that is crowned
To-day is not sure
But to-morrow his bauble may flatten.

What are we not become,
With our trumpet and horn,
And the fanfaronade of our tabor ?
Reviled as the scum,
Derision and scorn,
The jest and by-word of our neighbour ;
We ourselves are struck dumb,
Of our honours are shorn,
By neglect of our service and labour.

How long wilt Thou prove
And probe to the core ?
And wilt Thou be angry for ever ?
When Thy jealousy strove
With Thy culprits before,
Mitigated it was, by endeavour
Compassion to move :
Then pity once more
Those who ne'er will offend again—never !

Pour Thy volleys of ire
On the valleys where sit
The Gentile in proud profligacy,
Without a desire
To exhibit a fit
Devotion to Thy theocracy ;
But league and conspire
To smite and have smit ;
Israel sore in their confederacy.

Remember not Thou
What Time had forgot,
And we trusted that Thou hadst forgiven ;
Elaborate our vow,
And discountenance not
The zeal for Thy favour has striven.
Look down, then, below,
For so low is our lot,
To the gulf of Despair we are driven.

O come to our aid
For the sake of Thy name,
For the glory with which it's surrounded ;
And do not upbraid
Those already by shame,
By fear and remorsefulness wounded.
Rather cast in the shade,
Since to purge is our aim,
The corruption by which we're confounded.

Who presume, then, to say,
"Where, where is their GOD?"
When the frown of that GOD they discover,
In that terrible day,
When retributive nod
Shall deliver to punishment over,
Where just Angels display

The flames of Thy rod
O'er the heads of the culpable hover.

Let the sufferer that 's galled
With imprisonment's chain,
Or in most grievous servitude groaning,
By Thy sentence recalled,
Be released from his pain,
Thy mercy unmerited owning ;
And by Sin when enthralled,
Not struggle in vain,
But *that* struggling *that* sinning atoning.

They Thy goodness reproach,
Reprove Thou their crimes,
With inflictions tenfold castigated ;
Pardon those who encroach,
But repent them betimes ;
With Thy flock O be not irritated.
So shall Gratitude broach
Fresh praise, sweetly chimes
With devotional zeal unabated.



Lyric Lex. I.

—
—
—

O Israel's foster Shepherd ! who
Lead'st Joseph's erring flock
Through dreary wildernesses, through
The quaggy earth and waters shock,
And yawning gap of shaking rock ;
Their rear-guard coved in mystic cloud,
The proud pursuer's chase to mock,
The rattling tramp of harness'd crowd,
With yell and imprecation lewd and loud.

O Thou, from Thy most holiest place,
'Round which the vaulting cherubs fling
(With purple pinions interlace)
The shivering shade of waving wing !
Shine through that auburn cloud, and bring
A dawn of Hope to Benjamin ;
And wake the grateful uttering
Of those elect that won the twin
Inheritance of Joseph's favoured kin.

Thou who hast courage oft instilled,
Again our safety's buckler spread ;
So shall our hearts with strength be filled.
Why should we, then, be longer fed
On bitter orts of Sorrow's bread,
Soaked in Affliction's scalding tear,
Our Heaven-dropt provender instead ?
These plaints our envious neighbours hear,
With gibe ungentle, and with jealous jeer.

Turn, turn us, L^OR^D ! to Thee, that Thou
Thyself to us mayst then return ;

So shalt Thou our repentance know,
And we Thy tenderest mercies learn ;
Our gratitude Thy bounties earn :
Some spark by lamp of knowledge shed,
Illume our darkness to discern
The only tried, true path to tread,
Though thorns beset and precipices head.

Didst Thou not once, from Egypt's sand,
Transplant a solitary vine ;
And sweep the encumberers from the land :
Stunted its growth, with eye malign,
Too blind to see culture divine ?
That taught in novel soil to shoot
The penetrative fibre fine,
Of its tenacious spreading root ;
Fitting the mould the nutriment to suit.

Her suckers crept along the grassy ground,
Or scaled the aspiring mountain pine,
And kissed his bristly head, or wound
Along the cedar's rugged spine,
With wanton tendrils clasp and twine
Their feelers in his glossy hair :
Or o'er the cliff's far loftier chine,
Tinting its cheek with clusters fair,
Its venerable baldness blushed to bear.

She dips her arms in waters, lave
The broad Euphrates' thirsty banks ;
Her feet she cools in western wave,
Sidonia's glittering turret pranks ;
But she, defrauding Thee of thanks
Were due ; discouraged, damp't, delayed ;
Estranged Thy willingness to save.
Her fainting strength deprived Thy aid,
Welters and weeps, sad withers in the shade.

Rash censurers twit her tardy growth,
 And pluck her offerings with disdain,
 Or spurn them with contemptuous oath—
 The crashing hail and cutting rain
 Scatter the leaves and sweep the plain ;
 The wild-boars from the forest haste,
 The tamer, too, driven there amain,
 Tear, trample, ravage, and lay waste
 The crop their touch polluting had defaced.

Return, then, to Thy people, Thou !
 Whom hosts of Earth and Heaven obey ;
 And listen to the adventurous vow,
 That trembles as it burns its way.
 Come, search, and scrutinize, survey
 This vine of Thine, that Thou didst set ;
 O guarantee it from decay,
 Nor ever let Thy truth forget, [yet.
 'T has been, shall be Thy vineyard's glory

Vile wretches have its vigour swamp'd,
 Nay, singed its shrivelled leaves with fire :
 Have cut, and clipt, and cleft, and cramp'd,
 Trailed, trod, and trampled in the mire.
 Let not Thy indignation tire,
 Till driven to dèfile, cave, and glen ;
 They shake and shudder, and desire
 The mountains to fall on them, when
 Thy bolts transpierce their deepest den.

O'er head of Thy peculiar choice,
 Stretch forth the hand of sovereign power ;
 So shall the "Son of Man" rejoice
 In His most blest propitious hour ;
 Nor suffer us again to cower :
 But, re-established in Thy Name,
 Accept our penitence, and our
 Fond hearts shall kindle at the flame
 Of Love Divine, whence our Salvation came.

Lyric Lexi. T.



Cheering be the note, and merry,
Wakes the chord this blessed day;
Let the crowd
Cry aloud
In their transport as they hurry
To their gala, should be gay.

Be reviving timbrel taken,
Song and psalmody, and psalm.
Heart and voice
Now rejoice.
Bring the minstrels, love can waken,
Bring the harpist, grief can calm.

Let the trumpet's swell sonorous
Ride upon the early blast;
Let the horn
Rouse the Morn;
While the solemn peal rolls o'er us,
As if summer thunder passed.

Now the Moon, worn, wan, and waning,
Veils her visage from the eye.
Pallid Moon!
That shall soon,
From repose fresh fuel gaining,
Light her cresset in the sky.

Now revolves the welcome season,
From of old appointed us,
By a law
Full of awe;

Sacred influence, solid reason,
Stamping deeds miraculous.

Breath that shrilly clarion 's casting,
Shall not melt in empty air;
Bold record
Of the L^OR^D,
Like Him shall be everlasting,
Each successive age repair.

Sons of Israel, testifying
Wonders of deliverance:
Bonds accurst
Then were burst,
Of Egyptian slavery; flying
By light of Thy countenance.

Land, whose language rude, outlandish,
Stranger to our straining ears;
And the slash
Of the lash,
O'er our bending backs they brandish,
Dropping scalding—crimson tears.

Rescued there, scarr'd arm and shoulder,
From the burden and the stripe:
Livid soil,
Potter's toil,
Lasting stain to younger, older,
From task-master's cruel gripe.

But their heart-strings rent asunder,
They address'd the piteous prayer;
As preferred,
It was heard:
Answered, in a tone of thunder,
Through the crude, cloud-curdled air.

Who, from Horeb was in hearing
Of their impious murmurings? Ah!
Whose the shock
Smote the rock,
Pour'd the crystal stream appearing,
Massah in? ah! Meribah.

Hear thy covenant G^OD's renewing;
Hear, O Israel! and adhere;
Idols shun—
Idols none,
In thy camp that He 's reviewing,
In thy tabernacle, rear.

Own thy G^OD, in thee preserving
From the Egyptian martial bands;
Foot and Horse;
And, far worse,
From thyself, when from Him swerving,
To false worship of those lands.

I, I filled to heart's desiring,
Thy unthankful mouth with food.
When ye cried,
I supplied
All that comfort was requiring;
More than merited that mood.

Deaf ye were to My inviting,
Blind, your interests to see:
Then I left,
You bereft,
Since My good with ill requiting:
For ye would have none of Me.

Long ago ye should have perish'd
In your own perversity;

Stricken down
By a frown,
While by smile of favour cherish'd,
Basking in that sunshine, ye !

Mellow, yellow harvests nourish,
With their rife fecundity ;
Budding plants
Feed your wants,
Fancy's wild-flowers freely flourish,
Luxury's fruits load garden tree.

Sapid shrubs of spicy savour,
'Round their balmy incense spread.
Tepid ray
Cheers your day ;
Golden drops, of fragrant flavour,
From the virgin hive are shed.



Lyric LXXXII. I.

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—
—

Bethink thee, proudest of proud congregations
(Though ne'er in all thy days thou didst),
There's One now standing in the midst,
Unseen, unheard : It is the "God of Nations!"

Unfelt, unknown (and yet, perhaps, not grudgeth
His silent marvels to display,
Or known unrecognised His sway),
He judgeth gods—yea, men He also judgeth.

How long will ye, corrupt decisions framing,
Screen the rich, haughty, great and bad ?
When, should decree inverse be had,
Vengeance her shafts more accurately aiming ?

If smite He must, smite the o'ergrown and greedy.
What have the weak done, the distress'd ?
How merited to be oppress'd ?
Go, go defend the poor, relieve the needy !

From danger snatch them, from deceit ensnaring :
If ye must rescue—rescue these,
From gripe of grasping paws that seize ;
With these your equity and substance sharing.

To Truth and Justice should ye have submitted,
And not obstreperous, fierce and rude,
Recalcitrated when subdued ;
Half-wickedly inclined, and half half-witted.

So *might* I have gone on this folk enduring,
Till Time his stores of years had pass'd,

Baffled in striving to outlast;
Firm faith my faster faithfulness securing.

But o'er your leaden eyelids darkness hovered ;
What but confusion is to see ;
Strange disarray of vanity ;
The earth's foundations loosen'd and uncovered !

Did I not call your princes gods ? Auspicious
Vicars are they of the Most High !
One death the prince and pauper die ;
Why not the godless, vain, profane, flagitious ?

Arise, O L^OR^D ! and judge the Earth in mercy !
Let Justice hang aloft her scale,
And Peace with budding olive, hail ;
Contention calm—and convince controversy.



Lyrīc LXXXIII. I.

+ + + +

Be not unmoved, O LORD, nor seem to close
The unwakened eye upon Thy wakeful foes ;
Hold not Thy peace, withhold not Thy disdain
From those dare threat, although they threat in
Tumultuous and rebellious who arise [vain ;
To oppose by force whom they cannot surprise,
Their nightly visions and their daily dreams,
Steeped in perpetual plots, perfidious schemes.

Come, strike ! say they, this rampant stranger
Till Israel be no more a nation known. [down,
Like rock uprooted, plunged into the deep,
Oblivious, wave of Silence o'er them sleep.
Confederates sworn, their cursed conclave came
To blot from History's page its brightest name.
There Edom's youths, there Moab's sons were seen,
Gebal, the Ishmaelite, and Hagarene.
Ammon and Amalek, and Philistine,
And Tyre and Sidon's formidable line.
Nor must Assyrian levies be forgot,
From lands allotted to the sons of Lot.
League of ten mighty nations against one ;
In ruin ending, as in wrath begun.
As unto Midian, do to them as well ;
Or Jabin, who by Kison's streamlet fell ;
Or where lie rotting carcasses that yield
Manure to Dor's, or Endor's ranker field.
Or him beneath a wðman's foot subdued,
Who paid in blood for water when he sued.
Oreb and Zeëb, and their cruel crew,
As Zeba, and Zalmunna, so be you !
Did ye not think the House of GOD your prize,

To fill it with abhorr'd idolatries ?

But Thou, O LORD, Thy people's only trust,
Reprove their vanity, repress their lust, [sire,
Let them climb Fortune's wheel, their heart's de-
Then headlong whirl with her revolving tire :

- On the rude gale their pride and projects toss,
Like anther's down, or thistle's silver floss :
As surging flakes incendiary rise,
And threaten conflagration to the skies,
When crackling forests in one furnace cast,
Soar in thick volumes on the blazing blast ;
On their red wings the burning volleys ride,
Devour the vale, and scorch the mountain side—
Drive them like sparks that flicker and that flare,
And sow Thy vengeance through the affrighted air.
While o'er the wasted land the torrent fire
Scoops the deep furrow of Thy Tempest's ire.

To all that call not on Thy sacred name,
Be death, destruction, degradation, shame,
From lisping cradle to the silent bier ;
That all may know Thee, and that all may fear
Thee with Thy light diffus'd, or lightning hurled,
Who dost redress, reclaim, redeem, and rule the
[world.



Lyric XXXI. I.

—♦—

How amiable Thy Dwellings are,
How lovely are Thy courts !
They are a Heavenly hospice, where
The world-worn weary wayfarer
For peace and piety resorts.
How oft my soul, though not untainted,
For that pure atmosphere has fainted !

Voice as expressive as sincere,
Within my bosom speaks
Soft aspirations, to be near
Thy chosen tabernacle here ;
Though seldom from my lip it breaks :
Or if it do, 't is but in sobbing,
The flesh, of rest accustomed, robbing.

The sparrow has found where to woo
Her amatory mate ;
The migratory swallow, too,
And speckled ringdoves bill and coo,
And keep their feathered state ;
Around Thy horned altar fluttering,
And their harmonious homage uttering.

Assiduous chirpers ! whose repair,
Thy sanctuary's gate :
They build their home, and nestle there,
Prolong the song whose joys they share,
And on Thy sacred service wait,
Where not a note around is swelling,
But is some tale of glory telling.

Blest in his choice the man, resides
 Where Safety only found ;
 In hall Thy vaulted roof bestrides,
 Whence the far world his eye derides ;
 His ear its false and jarring sound,
 His thirst the limpid streams allaying,
 Through Baca's verdant meadow straying.

From strength to strength he 'll grow and go,
 And glow along the fiery road,
 To seek Thy residence below,
 Where Thou Thy strength art pleased to show,
 And veiled by cherubs hast abode.
 O hear Thy humblest suppliant crying,
 Resign'd before Thee prostrate lying.

For one short day of sweet content
 That 's there serenely cast,
 Is worth a thousand ages spent
 In all Vice e'er to Luxury lent,
 In regal ostentation passed.
 For what the wretch, on down outstretched,
 But more magnificently wretched?

Magnificently good the L^OR^D,
 And like His gorgeous Sun,
 Has through His whole creation poured
 The flood of joy His smiles afford,
 Since man or Sun begun.
 How happy ! creature that 's possessing
 His blest C^EREATOR's love and blessing.



Lyrīc Lxxv. T.

•••••

Less, less fiercely frown Thy features,
On Thy most offending creatures ;
Thou beholdest all their weakness,
Their humility and meekness ;
From captivity releasest,
Their prosperity increasest ;
On their faithfully repenting,
Thy severity relenting ;
Pains of punishment relaxing,
No more with transgressions taxing,
Nor with awful visage shrouded,
All their joyfulnesses clouded.
O'er their heads Thy angels hovering,
Their undutifulness covering :
With Thy mercy never failing,
Veh'mence of Thine anger veiling ;
Having found it cease from burning,
Have they not been found returning ?
From this timely mitigation
Came that perfect expiation ;
Thou wilt not divorce for ever
From Thy covenant, nor dissever
From Thy bounty those believing
That Thy promise in receiving,
They shall see Thy vast Salvation
Co-extend to every nation,
Every people under Heaven
Where now works the sacred leuen.
List, we will to Thy instruction,
To our peace the introduction :
"T would, indeed, be melancholy

To relapse again to folly.
(Doth not Piety dwell near Thee ?)
Curtain drawn round those that fear Thee,
Truth and Equity providing,
Joys for Fealty there residing ;
At the altar Duty 's placing
Love and Righteousness embracing ;
Palm-branch-Seraphs from Heaven's portals
Kiss Devotion, bred by mortals ;
Nursing Innocency, smiling
At temptations, she 's beguiling :
Near them bud eternal pleasures,
Plenty scattering all her treasures ;
Seeds of gratitude they 're sowing,
In that soil its fruit bestowing.



Lyric Lexibí. I.

—

How can a worm that crawls the earth,
So wretched, weak, and little worth,
 So reprobate as I
Am now, and have been since my birth,
 Presume to Thee to cry ?

Yet at the bidding of Thy Word,
Address Thee, will I, Holy L ORD !
 Bow, then, Thy gracious Ear;
Thou through immeasurable space adored,
 Bend from Thy Throne and hear.

O cast upon me from above,
A glance of Thy ineff'ble love :
 That look alone preserves ;
That mounts the spring of Life to move,
 And modulates its nerves.

Thou wilt not,—no,—Thy child abash,
Who would in innocence wash
 His hands from every stain ;
Nor from his lip abruptly dash
 The precatory strain.

Thy purpose rather to control,
Console the sorrows of my soul,
 Foregoing, to forgive
Those whose support is Thy parole,
 The food on which they live.

And living only to prepare
What comes by Penitence and Prayer ;

Petitioners, the sky
Who mount, that sheds celestial fare
From reservoirs on high.

But when on me fresh trials fall
(Turmoil and trouble come to all),
When deprivations grieve;
I cannot doubt on whom to call;
One only can retrieve.

What is to Thee, sun, moon, or star,
Though Heaven's most glorious lights by far?
(Some to be gods opine!)
Be they or not, by Thee they are;
To make Thy palace shine.

Yet how much worse the Pagans, they
To brass and marble homage pay,
Man's image, boast, and shame,
'T were bold relief of brittle clay,
Likeness to Thee to claim.

How little weet ye whence ye sprung,
Nor by whose skill your muscles strung,
By which ye move and stand;
And yet the muscle of that tongue
Reproves its Maker's Hand!

All creatures rational to Thee
Shall bow the head and bend the knee,
Not crouch to stock and stone;
We see Thee not, Thy works we see,
And canst Thou be unknown?

What miracles in them we find
Speak volumes to the pensive mind!
What beauties to amaze!

In crystal dew-drop sky-refined
As in the diamond's blaze.

I'd fain search out Thy Love and Truth
In the warm bosom of Thy ruth,
Unfathomably deep;
That lesson learnt in vigorous youth
Decrepid age shall keep.

Deep thoughts of Thee my bosom swell,
But lips of fire, that mine excel,
And harp of loftier flight,
Those thoughts' profundity should tell,
And ecstacy requite.

O how indulgent Thou hast been!
Thou my heart's penitence hast seen,
And cleans'd each inmost cell;
'Gainst Thine Own wrath of Heaven, my screen,
And 'gainst the snares of Hell.

But Pride, Vainglory, and Deceit,
Fierce frowns browbeat, and smiles that cheat,
Surround in dread array;
Assembling and dissembling meet
To persecute and slay.

They suffer not Thy Sun to shine
Upon their hideous, black design;
Nor yet can craft conceal:
They see not—they, the ray Divine
Concealment, can reveal.

Reveal undoubtedly it will,
The lies that Folly's fancy fill,
For Thine of Truth is full.
Of Wisdom too, detected ill,
Can pardon, or annul.

From height sublimest condescend
To my petition to attend,
For grace of old was shed ;
Thy handmaid's servant to defend,
And crown his favoured head.

This token warrant be from Thee,
When Envy bursting I shall see,
With jealousy and shame,
Beholding the prosperity
Of those that bless Thy Name.



Poetic Lexicon. M.

—ages—

What and why are these bold decorations,
Whence the glory of their radiations,
That carving, and gilding, and gem ?
The science and beauty in them ?
These impregnable fortifications ;
The skies to surprise,
From the Earth that arise,
Taking root in her rocky foundations ?

This is the elevation respected,
Here miracles have been effected ;
And this is the temple He built,
To expiate folly and guilt ;
And these are the walls He erected :
Terrestrial road,
To celestial abode ;
For Israel, p'rhaps Gentile selected.

Of GÖD, O thou City most glorious !
Most admired and renown'd and victorious,
What marvels are spoken of thee ?
More than e'er were in Jacob to see,
Wide-spread though they were, and notorious,
Rahab and Babylon,
Far outgone and outdone,
So luxurious as well as uxorious.

Ethiopia vast, sandy, and torrid,
Rich Arabia, sweet, balmy, and rorid ;
And the land of the gaunt Philistine
Shall turn unto me and be mine :

Zion bower in groves shady and florid,
Where Eternity's spring
With carols shall ring,
Freed from Winter's frore kisses and horrid.

But there is a name in that writing
Of One, in the scroll thou 'rt inditing ;
To that of all angels preferr'd ;
And in sounds of soft melody heard,
In Him all the sources uniting,
Whence salvation can flow
To mortals below,
This all ages shall know,
Their most grateful remembrance exciting.



Lyric Lexibii. I.

+ + + +

Most holy L^OR^D! most high, most wise, most good!
Within whose lap alone salvation lies,
Surely hast Thou heard, seen, and understood
My hopes, my fears, my wishes, tears, and sighs.

Sole Thou canst all my sufferings comprehend,
To whom my prayers like Morning's vapours rise,
From whom my joys like Evening's dews descend;
O scatter not my daily sacrifice.

Ah, how this languor weighs my spirit down!
And whence this anguish heaves my aching heart!
The shadows of the tomb my thoughts imbrown,
Death's fellest sting inflicts its sharpest smart.

They count me now a neighbour of the grave,
Nor falsely so, since Envy's barbèd shaft,
Through the rent soul, the hand of Treachery
[drave,
And Malice, at Affliction's torment, laugh.

Smit and cut off, in catacomb concealed
From suns enliven, and from stars that cheer,
From works and wonders by Thy Word achiev'd,
From Friendship's circle, and from Glory's
[sphere.

Like one to earth consigned, in battle slain,
Am I then doomed to dungeon-darkness dread,
Where corpses lie and rot, and long have lain,
A corse half-living, or a man half-dead?

Hast Thou not plunged me in the deep abyss,
 Where o'er me roll dissension's troubled waves,
 Exposed to frown of friends, and traitor's kiss,
 To fool's derision, insolence of knaves ;
 Severed the ties, the kindliest feelings wound,
 Seared the deep stigma Calumny engraves,
 And clenched the chains that Cruelty had bound ?

When fever parch'd the arid throat of Pain,
 And not a tear-drop left to quench that fire,
 Nor sigh to cool, though multiplied in vain,
 Still did that breath to waft Thy praise aspire,
 Still were these straining eyeballs raised to Thee,
 Still did these writhing arms Thy aid require,
 Thou wouldest one spark of glory cast on me.

Mak'st Thou Thy marvels for the tongue of mute,
 Or eye unconscious of the drop serene ?
 Or ear no chord of melody can suit,
 Deafened and dull'd behind sepulchral screen ?
 Shall Fondness harbour in Corruption's den,
 Or Loving-kindness' rosy lip be seen,
 Glued on frore front of Earth's dark denizen.

P'rhaps on these stiffen'd organs wilt Thou spend
 Power recreative in Thy bosom bred.
 Capacious womb ! exhaustlessly, and lend
 A ray of healing virtue mildly shed ;
 Or else might stray where wandering planets play,
 Or on blunt optics of the dreary dead, [day.
 And wake from doze of death to daze of cloudless

To clear effulgence of Thy sun-starr'd throne,
 Round which careering worlds resplendent
 Whereon the sons of Innocence alone, [blaze,
 Worthy in rapt sublimity to gaze ;
 With purest zeal's ineffable delight :

Fathom Thy wisdom and expand its praise.
Springs of Thy bounty gushing in their sight.

To the celestial SIRE ! my daily prayer
I dedicate, and pour my nightly moan ;
My early incense scents the Morning's air,
My later vows consenting Planets own :
Yes, own, approve, concentrate, and combine
Through all infinitude the joyful tone,
In the wide thrill of harmony divine.

Shall stern rejection from Thy presence cast
These aspirations of a sinking soul ;
In this extremity, the worst, the last,
Refuse to try, to hearken, to control ?
Leaving to slide upon this slippery slope,
Where from my youth so oft has Terror stole
My peace of conscience, confidence of hope ?

The dread of Thy displeasure hemmed me round,
As when conflicting torrents far and near,
Inundant cataracts, from ruptur'd bound,
Compass, confine, confound in front and rear;
No road to rescue, and no force to fly ;
So my horizon verge clips in with fear,
Hidden Thy face in Thy o'erclouded sky.

Chased from me, mate, loved counsellor and friend ;
Uncheer'd, unmourn'd, unpitied, and unsped ;
My life I leave, view its approaching end.
The quick I quit, and cleave unto the dead :
Day's scene shuts o'er me as my spirits sink ;
No heart bleeds for that heart for others bled.
No cup for me; a board for all who've spread,
But the deep dregs of bitterest drugs I drink.





Lyrical Lxxxi. I.

—

Speak, will I, of Thee, "HOLY ONE!" and sing
Of all Thy attributes for ever;
These lips shall sound, these vaults shall ring
With laudatory, bold endeavour;
My faith Thy faithfulness to show
That each successive age may know,
And lose the recollection—never.

Predicted hast Thou, Mercy shall endure,
Nor from the face of Earth shall perish,
Whilst light to Night the stars insure,
Or Suns delight the Day to cherish.
Hast Thou not league with David made,
His children's children's sons to aid;
Their latest generations nourish?

Does not tried saint Thy clemency adore,
All Heaven her wonderments declaring?
Thy power all Nature organized, nay, more,
Thy goodness every creature sharing;
Whether o'er shadowy earth they creep,
Or slide adown the immeasured deep,
Or glide through air on pinion daring.

Tis Thine to regulate the unruly main,
Repress its fury when it rages;
Or roll it out a glassy plain,
Smooth, green as emerald pasturages;
Or swell its foaming mountain sides,
To hiss at lightning it derides,
When war with baffling storms it wages.

But did it not at Thy rebuke recoil
(Like snake by wizard wand when wounded),
With bellowing roar, and billowy moil;
As it Thine enemies surrounded;
And in capacious groove it scooped:
Buried and drowned and crush'd and cooped
Together, prince and host confounded?

But what to ~~of~~ this clod of senseless Earth,
To add an honour to its making?
Created p'rhaps in wrath or mirth,
For the adopting or forsaking:
When first, His glory to exalt,
This perfect star-encircled vault
He built—stupendous undertaking!

From burning south to farthest frozen north,
From cardinal and oriental;
Whence the world's bridegroom issues forth
To His cool chambers occidental:
Both when He gilds the mountain tops,
And when in silver wave He drops,
To bless their feet with kiss parental.

Where dwell the strong, the mighty in the land?
Is it 'gainst Thee their arm they're baring?
Shalt Thou not crush with heavy hand,
Or mark their impotence by sparing?
What were all princes, peoples, known,
To levy war against Thy own:
Or every head a crown that's wearing?

Justice and Judgment elevate, support
Thy throne, that Equity is rearing;
Truth guards the entrance of that court.
The garb of Innocency wearing;
Blest are Thy servants there resort,

Of whom Thy Angels make report,
Before Thy Majesty appearing.

Blest are the poor that recognise Thy voice,
In Thy appointed pathway walking,
And in Thy countenance rejoice,
In sweet communion with Thee talking;
Sunn'd in Thy smile, their virtues shoot,
No tempest sheds their ripening fruit,
No canker-worm its promise balking.

How well we feel *our* strength by Thee bestow'd !
Thy strength alone is our protection :
If merit be, from Thee it flow'd ;
Else 't were demerit and defection ;
Through Judah's coast Thy praises ring,
Art Thou not Judah's, Israel's King ?
Are they not tribes of Thy selection ?

Dear were the gracious words prophetic said,
" I'll lay my help on ONE Most Holy,
Most mighty, too, when on Him laid,
To bear our sins, griefs, melancholy,
To all an aid, through these for those,
Our dearest guests, our bitterest foes,
Passion's pet nurslings, spawn of Folly !

Can to the righteous man a harm come near ?
Can Falsehood's flattering tongue deceive him ?
Or Treachery's wile inspire a fear,
From which his GÖD will not relieve him ?
Smitten his foe before his face,
And none to pity that disgrace ;
And none to ransom or reprieve him.

To Him shall nation after nation bow,
Who o'er all nations is appointed,
And exultation shall show how

I do distinguish Mine anointed !
O'er every highland, and o'er low,
O'er tides that ebb and streams that flow,
O'er realms compact and isles disjointed.

Call Me He shall His Father and His GOD,
With deepest filial aspirations ;
Awake Firstborn, await My nod,
Accept His awful ministrations ;
Whose golden sceptre long shall wave
O'er the roused inmates of the grave,
O'er princes, potentates, and nations.

JEHOVAH is His dread, His sacred name,
Blest SON of GOD His appellation,
Who in His Father's Image came ;
Doomed to mysterious degradation ;
Whence, without blemish, blush, or blame
Stands through all time unchanged the same,
By covenant of affiliation.

For ever shall His truthful empire last,
The endless tale of truth inuring,
Till Time's last registry be past ;
Fruit of Obedience maturing ;
For in my lap the lot is cast
To Him who holds my compact fast,
Peace and security securing.

Yet if the Children of the flesh despise,
Evade, forsake the words I 've spoken,
Following their follies and their lies,
By which the bonds of Truth are broken,
So punishment shall follow them,
The meed of those that I condemn :
Yes, by Myself I 've sworn this token.

This rod of reddest vengeance dipt in fire,
With flame eternal burning,

Shall score upon their backs the ire
 Their frauds and basenesses are earning.
 Though they may quake I shall not quail,
 Though they may faint I shall not fail,
 From any promised word returning.

Have I not by My holinesses sworn
 To David, on that oath relying ;
 Who never shall My wavering mourn,
 That his illustrious, never dying
 Line of progeny shall even
 Be countless as the stars of Heaven,
 In multitude and brilliance vying.

Ah ! woe is me, and hast Thou thus disowned
 Thine own ANOINTED, in resenting
 Sins that He sought to have atoned,
 In the regretting and repenting ?
 But Thou His temples hast unbound,
 And rolled the glittering trophy crowned
 In dust with anger unrelenting.

Thou gav'st but to subvert His rampart's height,
 His honour's hope in mould to mingle,
 His pride to ignominious flight,
 His way-worn feet to sharp-edged shingle,
 His forts dismantled, friends dismayed,
 By some bewailed, by some betray'd,
 His ears with cries reproachful tingle.

My sword in fellest fray turn'd never back,
 In 'ts time its thousands slaying ;
That hewed and hacked, they hew and hack
 My thousands routing, disarraying ;
 Once so courageous, now so slack,
 When traitorous troops my throne attack,
 My march of promis'd glory staying.

In boast of sinewy thew no longer bold,
Nor in my youthful ardour hardy,
Before my death-blow stiff and cold,
Before my date effete and tardy,
Before my years decrepid, old :
The heartless crowds my shame behold,
How smit with fear where no jeopardy.

Wilt Thou conceal, impenetrably shroud
Thy secret purposes for ever,
Beneath that dark mysterious cloud
That blinds and baffles the endeavour ?
The vast designs to penetrate,
That weave the webbing of our fate ;
Twist or untwine, combine or sever.

Where is the favoured mortal shall not see,
And feel, and taste, the sting of dying ;
What manner of a man is he
This only certain truth denying ?
To shun conviction whither flee ?
Through all his life a lie was he,
And in truth-teiling-grave when *lying*.

We call this life, alas ! but is it more
Than a mere evanescent seeming ?
A wave that 's dashed on shadowy shore,
Within the tidal ebb that 's streaming ;
Man's flimsy texture weak and vain,
The woof of pleasure, warp of pain,
His days a desultory dreaming.

Remove, not, L.O.F., from Thy all-piercing sight,
The contumely and reproaching
That on Thy suffering servant light,
Daily some enemy encroaching :
They scoff at Thy long-suffering might ;
But Thou be blest when Thou shalt blight,
As Blasphemy new scandal 's broaching.

PYRIC EC. I.

- - - - -

With Thee, within the teeming tomb of Time
We dwelt, e'er Sun smiled on our groaning birth,
E'er crest of craggy altitude sublime
Warted soft bosom of young mother Earth ;
Or vernal valleys had unroll'd their gold,
And with trim boscage fringed their emerald
[slopes,
E'er Earth herself in Thy capacious mould,
Had firmament, or form, or ornament, or scope.

President and provident Being Thou,
From everlasting glorious and supreme ;
To Thee these worlds, nay, Heaven's high Hier-
[archs bow
With adoration, fear, love, joy, extreme ;
Thy love, Man's life, he dies if Thou shouldst spurn,
He sinks, and sickens if Thy face be hid.
And why should that offensive reptile mourn,
Who never does a blameless act, nor ever did ?

To merit he should not to dust return ?
With Thee, a thousand ages that have slid
Through Time's lubricity, Thy date adjourn
No jot, not e'en the twinkle of a lid :
Beneath that cope the obsequious lightning glows,
And darts the flash of Indignation's eye ;
No lapse of eras Thy existence knows,
No weeks, nor months, nor years, are in eternity.

No day decreases, and no century grows ;
No restless minute lifts its tiny wave

Entomb'd, extinguish'd as its fellow flows
In Time's vast flood its cradle and its grave,
By its impatient brother (that should save)
Destined to be deposed, devoured, and lost,
As drops chase drops where frothy torrents rave,
Form'd, born, and buried, o'er the cataract tossed.

Such are thy days, O Man! and such art thou,
Like grass that withers in the Sun, and what?
Ye flourish, flutter, fade, ye know not how;
Ye rise together, and together rot.
How troubled are we when Thine Eye detects
(That Eye that searches secrets and illumines),
Unveils to Conscience all her own defects!
How wasted as Thy ire her pride consumes!

How grievous those detested faults that hold
Our souls in horror of the wrath to come!
As feelings follow tale of terror, told;
The spirit leave in consternation dumb.
To threescore fleeting years by adding ten,
The reckoning of man's flitting life we gain,
When cade and cocker'd, if fourscore—what then?
T is a laborious surfeit spiced with pain.

On the pall'd appetite the taste decays:
To rapturous melody the ear is dead:
The sight bewilder'd in a drizzly haze;
A whiff of Winter snaps the rotten thread.
Where is the mind as mindful as it ought
To be, and full of meditative awe;
That has a vigilant, perpetual thought
Of Thy dread anger at Thy broken law?

O Thou Conductor of my devious ways,
Guide of my youth and Guardian of my age!
Teach me the worth and number of my days;
And grant me wisdom for their appanage,

O look once more with favour, look on me;
Forget my folly, and forgive my sin;
My firm endeavours meet propitiously,
From evil ceasing, sure, I good begin.

Let the soft kiss of Morning's earliest sheen
Seal my peace-offering and excite my vow,
So shall this day and all my days be seen
Radiant with joys that from my presence flow.
Perchance denied in this obscure abode,
These mysteries of happiness to know.
Abode, say we? 'T is but the rapid road
To rest! which has no resting-place to show.

Might but those transports a proportion bear
To sore afflictions long and late endured,
So should the working of Thy works appear,
The glory in our progeny secured:
Shed, then, the effulgence of Thy grace, that we
May knowledge of Thy holiness transmit,
Thou mayst the truth of our obedience see,
And in our glowing hearts establish it.



Lyric XII. I.

to See

What hope, what trust, what strength, what power,
Comfort, security and joy,
(All other earthly joys excelling),
The portion of the man that's dwelling
In sacred Meditation's favourite bower;
Where thoughts of the MOST HIGH employ
All other thoughts, lurk there, expelling.

He has protection, expectation's scope,
Serene integrity and peace;
In shadow of the porch residing
Where the Almighty's seat abiding
In His ethereal palace sapphire cope;
That echoes praises never cease
From tongues of Seraphs all confiding.

When pondering things that were and are,
No other Refuge could I see,
For faults, though not perverse nor shameless,
Were, nathless, numberless, and nameless;
When fluttering in their tangled snare,
His pity saw and rescued me,
However penitent, not blameless.

Thus mildly addressed, methought, was I:
No pale-faced Fear with livid streak
Around thy nightly couch shall hover,
So shall thy waking eye discover
The javelin pass thee harmless by,
Unblench'd the ruby in thy cheek,
As by a breath 't is wafted over.

No random shaft through murky night,
 Nor surer arrow shot by day ;
 With poison-tinctur'd barb they 're arming,
 Shall have a leave thy life of harming.
 A thousand shall fall on thy right,
 And on thy life ten thousand may,
 Nor grazing, injuring, nor alarming.

And when the gloom of horror broods
 O'er a devoted, guilty land ;
 And foulest fogs and influential,
 And loathsome breathings pestilential,
 Spread a contagion that illudes
 The searching eye and practised hand
 Of skilfulness the most sciential,

He shall with wave of downy wing
 Chase noxious vapours from thy couch,
 To fervency of prayer attending ;
 An ear compassionately lending ;
 He shall extract the biting sting
 From suffering limb of those that crouch
 Before His blazing Altar bending.

Unask'd, unscath'd shalt thou behold
 The due reward the wicked meet ;
 The condign chastisement inflicted
 That Justice still to crime restricted,
 Of the impenitently bold.
 Howe'er they think the world to cheat,
 Self-judg'd they stand and self-convicted.

This shalt thou see if thou hast made
 Thy wise abode where the MOST HIGH
 Has fixed His choice terrestrial dwelling,
 Thence Danger, Doubt, and Dread dispelling.
 On special mission to thy aid

His ministers of good shall fly,
New strength inspiring, troubles quelling.

Nor Malice point her venom'd sting,
Nor Envy whet her teeth to tear ;
 No asp in thicket thou art threading,
 Nor adder smite whereon thou 'rt treading,
Nor fiercer tiger at thee spring ;
 But warning Angel shall be there,
 Warding the dangers there, are spreading.

The forest monsters scowl and roar,
Shalt thou not trample underfoot ?
 For from the love, the truest, fairest
 To Him thou so devoutly bearest,
He will protect thee more and more ;
 Loth, sins and follies to impute,
 And shower down beauties richest, rarest.

With faith confiding if thou call,
Thy fervent zeal shall He not hear ?
 Yes, hear and answer thee, redressing
 Cares, qualms, and fears, and doubts distressing.
Far, far preferring over all
 Comrade, competitor, compeer ;
 Through life and with Salvation blessing.



Lyric xlii. A.

+ + + +

Where 's the pleasure the World can bestow,
The dream of delight it devises,
Can rival the transport they know,
In whose bosom the currents o'erflow,
When the full gush of gratitude rises?

How ennobling these sentiments feel,
When exhaling Beneficence' praises,
Who made Morning our joys to reveal,
Eve our sorrows to soothe and conceal ;
As each feeds the emotion it raises.

Now turn ye, young poets! your lay,
To the chord that the minstrel is tuning,
Come, ye pipers, and harpers, and they
Of fair damsels, sweet dulcimer play,
In thrillingest concord communing.

For 't is Thou, L^OR^D! inspirlest the joy,
Of the varied and vast contemplations,
Of the skill that Thy marvels employ,
Few distinguish and none can destroy ;
For they triumph through all generations.

How dignified, serious, and wise,
The review of Thy multiplied wonders !
Brutish man who in ignorance lies,
Never can to this cognizance rise,
His attempts, but a series of blunders.

Be not at the wicked dismay'd,
Their growth is so rash it is rootless ;
Like plants are drawn up in the shade,
Fast they flourish, still faster to fade,
And their flowers, though so beautiful—fruitless.

They dazzle, but soon disappear ;
In the midst of their pageantry perish ;
But those to Thy culture adhere,
A glimpse of Thy sunshine shall cheer,
The sap of fertility cherish.

Like rank weeds, fitting food for the scythe,
Which are trod underfoot in the mowing,
So the bad, in the morning so blithe,
In the evening in agony writhe,
Reaping seeds of misdeeds they 've been sowing.

I liken my strength to the horn
(Invincible by Thee appointed)
Of th' untamed, unreclaimed unicorn :
Thy foes in my vigour I scorn,
With the oil of Thy gladness anointed.

With prompt ear I shall hear the sad fate
Of the traitors are over me crowing ;
Shall see with pleas'd eyes, soon or late,
Poured on heads of the wretches who hate,
Thy vessels of wrath overflowing.

Let me see, let me hear, let me hail,
That man in his bright day and palmy ;
Like tall plantain, who shadows Thy pale,
He shall thrive on the pure native gale,
As refreshing as fragrant and balmy.

Such shall grow in matureness of age,
And bear fruit in their ripeness and lateness ;

To fructify their heritage,
Like fat flocks in their green pasturage,
By a lasting and gen'rous innateness.

How perfect the L^OR^D in His way!
His Truth is the rock where I 've taken
My stand, and though storms of life may
Beat and buffet and cover with spray,
It shall never, no, never be shaken.



Lyric Eccl. X.

•••••

The LORD, LORD Omnipotent reigneth,
Clothed in Majesty, girded with strength :
And who is there so rash that maintaineth,
Presumeth or feigneth,
To equal, to rival at length ?

On foundation cannot be subverted,
He laid the wide base of the world :
In peopling His marvels exerted,
Nor has closed nor deserted
The theatre that He has unfurl'd.

His Throne ! (but how vain the endeavour !)
The faculties search to extend,
To discover the date of what never
Had beginning, nor ever
Shall know variation nor end ?

Hark ! A voice from the deep there is calling ?
'T is the Waters that roar in their rage ;
With their turmoil the senses appalling !
Word from Thee quells the brawling
Of the wild wavy war that they wage.

Testimonials of Thee evidential,
In each element man may explore ;
In developments intelligential,
And research most essential,
Compell'd to admire and adore.

•••••

Lyric Epib. I.



There is a GOD, and Thou art He,
To Whom must rightfully belong,
To vindicate pure Innocency.

By Thy celestial energy
To punish those for man too strong,
And curb perverse Impenitency.

Arise, O LORD ! and judge the Earth ;
For Thou shalt judge it fearlessly.
The beam in Justice' finger tremble ;
Poised well, demerit against worth,
No Vice shall bear that scrutiny ;
Nor impudence her craft dissemble.

How long 'gainst Thee shall fools rebel ;
Creature against Creator leagued,
With Slander, Leasing, Treason ?
Within the scorner's tent they dwell ;
Too long their follies have fatigued :
Sweep from the earth, for Thou hast reason.

Thy flock they follow ; fold infest ;
Making Thine heritage their prey :
Thy saints insulting while oppressing,
The orphan's curse, the widow's pest,
They ransack, ravish, torture, slay,
Each law and rule by turns transgressing.

Yet Self-delusion hopes to hide,
From the all-searching Eye,
In veil Hypocrisy is wearing,

Distorted features of their pride;
While Loathsomeness their Lusts reveal,
That too transparent texture tearing.

O ye, most brutish 'mongst dull brutes,
Most execrate 'mongst thinking men!
When will ye, spark of Wisdom spying,
Perceive her ends, her purpose suits.
Deep-laid her means, beyond your ken,
Though still to light ye, lamp supplying.

Who scoop'd the ear, shall He not hear?
Who strung the visual nerve, not see?
Wound up the brain to nice libration,
Who stored the heart with joy, love, fear,
Shall He by thee be deemed to be
Devoid of knowledge, sense, sensation?

He who dowers nations, as they rise,
With learning, legislation, law,
Moral and social duties teaching;
Wont their infraction to chastise;
Shall He fault, foible, folly, flaw
Of His own people, fail in reaching?

Is there a sigh, a wish, a thought,
Half to the mind itself unknown,
In its most intricate recesses,
Can hide itself from Him who taught
That heart to judge, to feel and own
The wrong it to itself alone confesses?

Is there a wretch that dares repine,
When wiser Providence rebukes;
Ignoring Prudence' premonition;
And at that blessing mourn and whine,
To which, as only means he looks
For bettering his forlorn condition?

There are, from shore behold the main ;
With tranquil eye, its treacherous roar ;
Caught in their bark, in its commotion ;
They call upon that Name *in vain*,
So oft they took *in vain* before.
Of life's last voyage what their notion ?

The **LORD** casts not His chosen off,
Nor His inheritance forsakes ;
Nor yet forgets His adversaries,
At His supremacy who scoff :
Each from his dream, when he awakes,
Shall find 't is he, not Justice, varies.

Against these imps of darkness, who
Shall light to combat on my side ?
Yes, yes, there 's One, my soul's Defender,
Who has done so, and still will do ;
My sinews strengthen, footsteps guide.
My Guardian—but my Reprehender.

With morbid mind, in pensive mood,
When I revolve my chequered lot ;
The ill I feel, the good I 'm dreaming,
And dark desponding thoughts intrude,
Of broken vows and rules forgot,
While sighs exhale and tears are streaming ;

Tis then I feel the dawning peer
Of comfort from Thy promised aid ;
The soul-supporting strength reviving,
And chase despondency and fear,
That on my wearied spirits preyed,
Werc to abyss of misery driving.

For whom shall the unrighteous build
A tottering throne that cannot stand ;
They 're undermining while they 're rearing ;

With Folly and Presumption filled,
And founded on the moving sand ;
Devouring waves are nearing.

Their counsels are deceit ; their law
The rule of wrong ; their statutes death :
In mask of Mercy—right bewraying.
Against the poor their sword they draw
(Which for the rich rusts in its sheath),
In blood of Innocence 't was slaying.

My breast, well-steel'd, they cannot reach,
For adamantine corslets brace
The GOD of Safety 's interposing ;
He, too, His justice has for each,
And glaive for losels who disgrace,
And dream in vain, of Vengeance dozing.



Lyric Eccl. I.

1843

Ye just ! come, join the joyful train ;
Who love the L^OR^D, draw near Him.
Come, tune your harps, nor tune in vain :
Ye Valleys, vocalise the strain :
 Ye rocks rehearse
 The inspiring verse ;
 Ye crowds, adore and fear Him !

Come, Israel, kneel before this Throne ;
 Fall down, it is your Maker's.
Him for your King and Shepherd own,
Ye for His chosen flock alone ;
 His pastures range ;
 Nor seek to change,
 Of such rich gifts partakers.

Copious His daily almonry,
 Why niggard your thanksgiving ?
Bless'd as His bounties let it be.
And with His works in harmony,
 The elastic air
 Convey a prayer,
 From every lip that's living.

For G^OD is one expansive Good ;
 Through space and time dilated ;
Where smiles the plain, where frowns the wood,
Where springs the fount, where rolls the flood,
 Or azure bend
 The skies extend,
For endless years, from day undated.

He 't was that the stupendous steep
 Of ether elevated;
'T was He depress'd the unfathomed deep,
Within its oozy bed to keep,
 And pours from each,
 That all may reach
His blessings unabated.

To-day, then, harden not your heart,
 As in the provocation,
Nor re-enact your fathers' part;
Compelling Him to make them smart,
 In deep distress,
 In wilderness,
For their abhor'd temptation.

Yes, proved, profaned, provokèd sore,
 A stubborn race and faithless;
Though they had seen My works before,
Long their iniquities I bore;
 But they their yoke,
 And covenant broke:
Take heed yourselves be scathless!

For forty years was I aggrieved
 With this weird generation,
That never My behests achieved,
That never in My Word believed;
 By every lapse,
 More near, perhaps,
To utter reprobation.

Oft slipped they, wandering deserts o'er,
 Their falser hearts more erring;
And to My sacred Rest, I swore
That they should never enter more.
 Could they expect
 I 'd not reject,
Repentance thus deferring?

Lyrical Echoes. T.

—

Join, all nations of the Earth,
Bring soft voices, sweet, harmonious,
To the Author of your birth ;
Let your worship prove your worth ;
Come consenting and consonious,
With all instruments symphonious.

Sparks that gem the heavenly hall,
Light your azure oratory ;
Spangle Night ! thy pallid pall,
Cast dun shadow over all ;
Modest flag of thy seignory,
Prank'd with pearls of peerless glory.

Sing of Him, thou gorgeous Day !
Who arrays in lovelinesses,
Morning, robes in rasher ray,
Eve in veil of silver grey,
His wan, waning, languor dresses,
And a parting kiss impresses.

Oh ! ye people, whom He bred,
With a parent's prepossessions,
Bless the Arm your armies led,
When the foe before ye fled :
Such that Arm's unseen compressions,
By your own attrite confession.

To the Heathen show His praise,
And His ways to unbelieving ;
O'er all other godheads raise,

On Whom simple Gentiles gaze ;
Drivelling dupes alone deceiving,
Hearts of all the righteous grieving.

What these gods ?—blind brass, or stone ;
Blinder Superstitions fashion ;
Molten metal, Indian bone :
GOD is the true GOD alone,
They the types of lust and passion,
Wrath should lay severest lash on.

Things of vanity and nought,
Split in frost, in fire consuming,
May be bartered, sold, or bought,
Filthy hands of workman wrought,
Carving, gilding, and perfuming,
In Heaven's attributes costuming.

Of the millions share GOD's gifts,
Where 's the man regards the Donor ?
Never from his shoulders shifts
Debt of gratitude, and lifts
Voice He gave to do Him honour ?
What will Pride not take upon her !

Majesty, and Power, and Grace,
Hover round when He approaches.
Bow, ye tribes, before His Face,
At that holy, holiest place,
Where His will supreme He broaches,
Sin nor sinner e'er encroaches ;

Proffer homage to His Name,
Worthy of His Power amazing,
Warm'd and brighten'd by the flame,
From that fervid altar came,
In pure holinesses blazing,
Vivid vow of votary raising.

Tell the people of His Word,
Tell the nations that He reigneth :
Tell the Heathen, never heard
Of the anger they 've incurred,
To beware whom He disdaineth,
Woe to perjured wretch who feigneth !

Ever-during kingdom now,
Firm on adamant erected,
Heaven's high hierarchs avow ;
Humble, earthly suitors bow,
By Devotion's chain connected,
By a look Divine protected.

Let admiring Earth be glad,
While tumultuous Sea rejoices ;
Sky unveil his visage sad ;
Groves in gayer garlands clad,
Revel with consenting choices,
Of your most mellifluous voices.

Lo ! He comes to judge mankind,
And His trembling beam prepareth ;—
Justice was accounted blind :—
How sharp-sighted they shall find,
When the avenging Arm He bareth,
And, nor rich nor mighty spareth.

Cloud of mystery hence we chase,
Overhangs the page of story ;
Entries, two, to Zion trace,
One, the door of special Grace ;
One, the gate of endless Glory,
Goal of trials transitory.



Lyric exhib. I.

Ye people all, on sea-girt land,
Or ocean with land-girth surrounded,
Of every speech, or rude or bland,
However spoken, sung, or sounded :
Here bring your prime, opime oblation ;
Divinest vocal melody ;
Sweet, spontaneous intonation ;
Join, join the jovial jubilee,
To Him who vanquish'd Sin and Death,
Who liveth, reigneth, conqu'reth, triumpheth !

Victorious treads down crime and Hell ;
On Mercy's starry throne is seated :
By Angels, never did rebel,
And man, who did, adored and greeted :
Thick clouds of darkness round Him gather,
Awe, Dread, and Majesty invest,
And Law and Judgment, Justice rather,
The solid pillars of His Rest,
Whilst crackling blaze, and fetid fume,
His foes confound, consternate, and consume.

T.

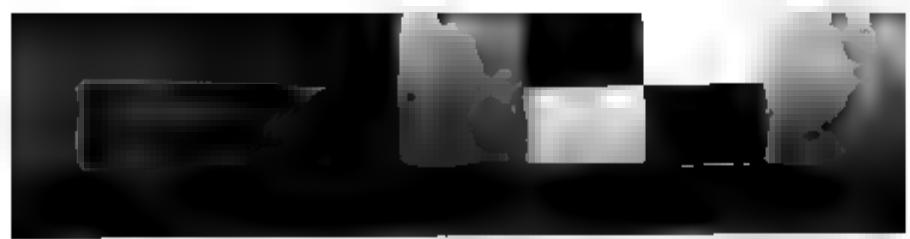
What ? the Lightnings when they play
In lone Evening's tangled tresses ;
Or, with firier flash, when they
Scathe her eye, their flame caresses ?
What ? to bolt His vengeance reddens,
From the armoury of His wrath ;

Nothing damps, and nothing deadens,
 When it His commission hath ;
 On Destruction's errand bound,
 Through the pervious air, impervious ground !

At His touch the mountains melt,
 Into Ocean's bosom flowing ;
 Rocky range His breath has felt,
 All its frosty turrets glowing :
 His just judgments Heaven declaring,
 Earth contributes humbler praise ;
 Other gods with wonder sharing,
 Terror, horror, and amaze.
 Sore abash'd are all who err
 From Thee ;—Idol and Idolater.

Listen, Zion, to the strain ;
 Golden harps, and silver voices :
 See the dark-haired virgin train,
 In thy triumph that rejoices !
 In thy GOD, all gods excelling,
 In supremacy of right,
 All in Earth or Heaven are dwelling,
 In Omnipotence of might ;
 None can equal ; rival, none ;
 Nor approach that holy, holy One.

Sweet Obedience ! love the LORD !
 Serve Him, stedfast-eyed Devotion !
 Faith, with latent virtue stored ;
 Patent in each thought and motion.
 From the oppressor He delivers,
 From assaults, from threats, from snares,
 Quivering lance to splinters shivers,
 The insidious ambush bares :
 Shedding light around the feet
 Of the pious pilgrim pants to meet.



Racy ray of rosy hue,
Gilds their path, and guides their going,
Ever bright and ever new;
From primeval fountain flowing,
Strength all human aid exceeding,
In th' invigorate heart He pours;
By the hand meek Wisdom leading,
Mysteries Divine explores.
Joyful be ye, O ! ye Just ;
GOD your Treasure is, your Triumph, Trust !



Lyric Eccl III. T.

eeeee

Sing, exult, exalted proudly,
Bright-eyed daughters of the land;
Tune your measures, strain them loudly,
Show the marvels of His Hand;
He it was that did these deeds,
By a Power all power exceeds:
His perfections vindicating,
In destroying or creating.

Power arresting, power subduing,
How invincible is it!
Ever victory pursuing;
While around, dark terrors flit.
Go, tell things you see and hear,
Spread th' announcement far and near;
Blind are seeing, cheered the weeping,
Dumb are shouting, lame are leaping.

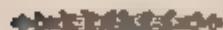
On the dark and the benighted,
Bursts the blaze of Knowledge' torch,
And the lamp of Science lighted
For the lazarus in the porch;
Cur'd the lecher of his lust:
Cleans'd the leper from his crust;
Sin by Penitence converted,
Death defeated, tombs deserted.

On the evil-doer pouncing,
Equity resumes her sway,
His salvation in announcing
Doth the LORD Himself display.

To the Jew, neglects to seek;
To the Roman, to the Greek;
Till on furthest desert isles
Grace descends, and Mercy smiles.

Come, lost nations, late repenting,
Faults and follies, vices, crimes;
Lips applauding, hearts consenting;
Through all climates and all times.
On the psaltery and the harp
Wake the living note and sharp:
Cornet, trumpet, swell rehearsal,
Of that chorus universal.

Let tall mountain, lowly valley,
Bosky thicket, breezy plain,
Rifted rock and ridges, rally
All their echoes to the strain:
Murmuring ripple's restless sound
In hoarse surge's roar be drowned,
Robed the L^OH^D in righteousness,
Comes to prove the world transgresses.



Lyrīc Ecīe. X.

-10-

The L^OR^D in Omnipotence clothed,
On the Throne of His Majesty seated,
Rules the people He well might have loathed
For the Treachery with which they have treated.
Strange Fears which their arteries are freezing,
In sad torpor their senses benumb,
For the scorpions of Conscience are seizing,
And prēluding vengeance to come.

To its core let the continent quake,
Those that crawl on its broad bosom quiver,
At His Presence terrific they shake
And shout, but there 's none to deliver
For the strength of that King is excessive,
Though never exerted in vain ;
And the conscience whose conduct transgressive,
Justifies His infliction of pain.

It is yours the L^OR^D G^OD to exalt,
At His footstool adoring I him daily ;
Of the Heathen not following the fault,
Who mock Him contemptuously, gaily ;
Type of His Anointed was Moses,
Was Aaron His Prophet and Priest ;
True worship their story discloses.
By their fervour, His favour increas'd.

See, too, sacred Seer ! Samuel came
E'er born, to His fane dedicated ;
He was heard, for he call'd on G^OD's Name
With faith and with zeal unabated.

From the mount most mysterious and misty;
In thunder He spake from the cloud,
And again from secrètest sacristy,
Gave His Word, and they gave to the crowd.

Thou didst answer when sorely they wept:
Thou didst pity when under oppression;
Though Thy laws so imperfectly kept,
Thou listedst to their intercession. [ing,
Then your thanks and your peace-offering bring-
With intensity, Nature that thrills;
Your euphonious cadences singing,
Illustrate the holiest of Hills.



Lyric L. T.

-væ3æ-

Lift the lute, and tune the throat,
Pitch your most melodious note;

Marry to the noblest songs;
Temperate gladness
Chasing sadness.

To Oblivion's cave devote
All to discord that belongs;

All to Grief that appertains:
Joy shall swallow Sorrow's pains—

Advent of the L^OR^D prepare,
"T is the essence
Of His Presence

To absolve what guilt remains;
To absorb all other care.

Know the L^OR^D, implore His aid:
Who should help, but He Who made,
And the liquid life instill'd;

Lungs coercing,
Blood dispersing,
Upwards, forward, retrograde;
Till each vein with vigour fill'd.

He it was, not ye, that gave
With proud crest erect and brave,
Kindred with high Heaven to claim:
Tribe selected,
Long protected;
Whom His purpose once to save,
Till your pride opposed His aim.

Flock He was inclined to keep,
As His choice, peculiar sheep;
Lodged and foddered in His Fold,
Led to fatten,
Bask and batten,
Near cool fountains clear and deep,
Emerald pastures flower'd with gold.

Come and on His glories gaze:
Enter in His gates with praise:
Sons of Gratitude resort,
While you're living,
With thanksgiving
In sweet laudatory lays;
Rouse the echoes of His court.

Changeless {O} ! supreme ! the same !
Pour rich blessings on His Name;
Who far richer, showers on you;
Never-ending
Mercies lending,
Let the Universe proclaim,
Let uncradled nations view.



Lyrical. I.

1030

Let sanctity employ my thought,
And melody my tongue;
Thus most spontaneously ought,
With will unbidden, grace unbought,
The GODHEAD to be sung;
And sung shall be His Truth and mercies,
In cavil's spite and controversy's.

How grand, sublime the theme, and wise,
For where seek Wisdom's bed?
But where Devotion prostrate lies,
Her contrite heart to sacrifice:
Where with a hallow'd tread,
Pure Piety the pavement paces,
Repentance hails, and Faith embraces.

These will I study, these obey,
Perfection to attain;
The grimmer phantoms round me play,
Disturb my rest, distract my way,
May frown or smile in vain;
Thy fear, from dread of them exempting, [ing.
Thy love, from charms with which they're tempt-

For Frowardness breeds my disgust,
And Vanity, dislike:
Lies and Deceitfulness, distrust
From Theocratic Throne I thrust,
From conscience' counsels strike;
From social board the slanderer sever,
And cut the scorner off for ever.

To humble-minded, meek, sincere,
Of every sphere and grade ;
With pertinacity adhere,
Relapsed reclaim, reclaimed revere :
In sorrow, comfort, sickness aid ;
Worth, Honour, Honesty, regarding :
Truth and Fidelity rewarding.

Deceit I banish under ban,
From precincts of my state ;
Is there a hypocrite, a man,
Confiding neighbour would trepan ;
My soul ! that man abominate !
May thöse plant poisonous berries, perish
By food, for others, they would nourish.

Yes, perish shall ye, one and all,
Ye evil-doers, ye !
Ye great offenders and ye small !
Till from your stratagems and thrall
I free, this City see.
Purg'd its external streets and inner
From every sin and every sinner.



Lyric III. I.

—

If sins do not, sure sorrow often will
Extort a glance, a sigh, a tear, a prayer ;
The melting heart, compunctionous feelings fill
With terror and repentant sadness, where
It mocked at menace and derided care.
Then, to my orison attention lending,
Presumption pardon and dispel despair ;
Look not on idle breath I 've been mis-spending,
But sigh-bedewed breeze to Thee ascending.

What are those days, and whither are they flown,
Like smoke volutes, that from Thine altar rose,
Casting dim shadows on the spot where shone
Thy goodly sun ; then lost, dispersed like those,
Exhausted by their latent heat. Who knows
But th' inward spirit, too, may be expanded
When flesh, and blood, and bones shall decom-
[pose ;
And when all human hopes on earth are stranded,
Perchance be in Thy heavenly City landed.

The heart that should its nutriment bestow,
And pour warm currents through the conscious
[veins
(Ebb of Life's crimson tide and swelling flow),
Shrivels and dries—the ulcerated veins
Refuse their functions ; parching Fever drains
The vital moisture, seething and devouring
The sap, gave juice and vigour to the brains,
The humours of the mass corporeal souring,
And all the mental energies of man o'erpowering :

The bone that marks its profile through the skin
Proclaims the flesh is hastening to decay.
The groans that burst unbidden from within
My ill-disguis'd soul's buffettings betray.
Where the lone pelican or bittern stray,
On my forsaken fate forlorn I ponder;
Like her, through miry mead I take my way.
Or may be, of the deaf'ning cataract fonder,
With its own reckless speed beside it wander,

Or sit like sparrow peering where to roam,
But keeps his vigil on the dripping thatch
Of some recluse' dilapidated home;
The last sad tenant and unwearied watch,
Nor squeaking hinge to scare nor creaking latch.
So comfortless sit I, in unfrequented,
Ruined tower, where listening ear can catch
No cheering sound, nor yet to view presented
Object can soothe the secret sigh that's vented.

All day reproaches grate upon the sense,
And dark, wide-spread conspiracies surround
In murder-hatching-midnight-conclave dense:
My spirit shrinks and sinks into the ground
From tongues that lacerate and eyes that wound.
My bread is mingled with funereal ashes,
Or steep'd in tears in which my lashes drown'd,
But what is that to look, my soul abashes—
Thy withering look that indignation flashes?

If once in vigorous hope Thou raisedst up,
Thou now in rigorous contrast castest down;
Mingling few drops of joy within my cup,
Whose nauseous dregs to acrid gall have grown.
O'er all my days a dismal umbrage thrown,
Thick, darkling shades a lurid light is breeding
(My own twin shade I'm terrified to own),

Or flickering moonshine eyesight faintly feeding,
More tall, more dread, each om'rous hour receding.

Into unknown vacuity, to pass—

The room, the womb, and tomb of Nothingness:
So shall I vanish, like the crinkled grass
That shrivels in the Day-star's warm caress;
Whilst Thou like him, for this no atom less;
Far above fabulous gods of pagan story,
Shalt shine on Zion's favoured hosts and bless;
And wake from Terror's vision illusory,
To see, exult, and revel in Thy Glory.

Disease and Misery, Want, and Damp, and Cold
Are banish'd from her marble walls and floors;
With joy the sainted denizens behold
Her jasper pillars and her sandal doors,
Her glittering turrets and her sparkling shores.
The time foretold is come, she knows the token
Of the salvation she so long implores;
Proclaim it, then, her galling chains are broken:
The fact accomplish'd, for Thy Word has spoken.

Those that despised shall learn to dread Thy Name;
The heathen hesitate, the wicked wake;
Rebels be crushed, and the fierce savage tame;
Kings feel their lofty thrones beneath them shake,
Their councillors troubled, and their subjects
[quake.]

In justice to the just, yet Thou delightest,
And for that very truth and justice' sake;
To show Thine attributes the highest, brightest,
And most to the devoutest and contritest.

So shall the story of redeeming Grace
In characters imperishable writ,
To young posterity the latest, trace

Soul-saving mystery therein that's knit,
Passing man's ken, sagacity, and wit.
So shall astonished tribes, unborn, unnumber'd,
Through His resolves inscrutable that fit
(Eternity's dilated lap encumber'd),
Awake to gratitude, so long that slumber'd.

From culminant of His cerulean fane,
He cast a glance upon the prostrate earth,
To pity prisoner pining in his pain;
To scrutinize his worth or want of worth,
To change his maze of misery for mirth,
And, from the jaws of grave the death-devouring,
To usher to a new and happier birth,
Where Zion, in her borders sweetly flowering,
Inspires her saintly crowds that she's embowering.

And must impatient Time my route curtail,
And sow its path with seeds of fear and woe?
Oh, let me not in primal budding fail,
Shorn and trod down e'er bloom of beauty blow,
That none may honour and that few can know.
Like rose to storm, expiring fragrance lending,
Or luckless lily by the scythe laid low,
Or taller cypress that the blasts are bending,
Or sturdier oak the lightning's stroke is rending.

But Thou, for ever bounteous and the same,
The firm foundation laid'st and didst exalt
The intricate and opalescent frame
Of this world-spanning dome and cerule vault;
Through which these blazing globes that never
Enlightening and delighting, go careering, [halt,
Without delay, defection, or default,
Thy flaming witnesses of power appearing
To children's children wondering and revering.



Epitome. L.

228

Praise, praise the LORD thy GOD, my soul, and
Adore His holy Name ; [bless,
And every vital breath confess,
That swells my breast, or that belongs to me,
That power that in the matrix hatch'd :
Released from crimson dungeon, watched,
Unbound the fillets of my flimsy frame ;
Set me from dark and crippling carcerage free,
And led to life, and light, and love, and liberty.

To light ! resplendent, soul-pervading day,
That shows His gorgeous works ;
To Life ! prime daughter of that ray ;
And Liberty, the bridegroom that enjoys ;
To Love ! that family that breeds,
Begets, perpetuates, nurses, feeds ; [lurks,
So from that well-spring, where it lingering
And its diviner energy employs ; [cloys.
Thou crown'st my cup with balmy drop that never

Thou gav'st my youth that buoyancy that drove
To soar to starry height ;
Danger, and Dearth, and Death to brave ;
By Thee from Death, and Dearth, and Danger
[screened ;
So from that mouth Thy bounty filled,
Shall loudest praises be distilled.
Hast Thou not banished from Thy purest sight
The frequent crimes to which my weakness leaned ;
From Sin's sad servitude, and Folly's foibles weaned ?

Shall it through border of the land be told,
The oppressor grinds his prey ?
And this shall LORD OF HOSTS behold
With equal Eye, and let His thunders sleep ?
When was it so ? Not when the wand
Of Moses smote a guilty land.
When was it so ? 'T was not the awful day
When Edom's wave, resistless, rapid, steep,
Merged Mizraim's mighty multitude in gulfy deep.

And yet how just, considerate, bland, and good,
To th' upright and discreet !
To mercy, merciful His mood.
Nor 'gainst the sinfulest of creatures, will
His anger always quenchless burn,
But to those turn to Him—return,
And as lost child, the father runs to greet,
O'er his repentance fondly yearning still,
Will He the poor petitioner's soft prayer fulfil.

High as the sky's stupendous altitude,
Or azure hoop, recedes,
The eye delighting they delude ;
So lofty, broad, and ample is the space
Through which His fostering love extends,
And, never weary, never ends ;
Unchecked munificence ! that, spreading, speeds,
Showering on heaven-aspiring, earth-bound race,
The copious floods of His regenerating grace.

He knows the stamp, the stature, and the state
Of each tripudiant worm ;
To dust, they sprung from, how cognate,
In their spic'd smouldering ashes soon to learn :
Across the autumnal breezes pass ;—
Collapsed they sink like Harvest's grass,
Faint in the sun, and fail before the storm.

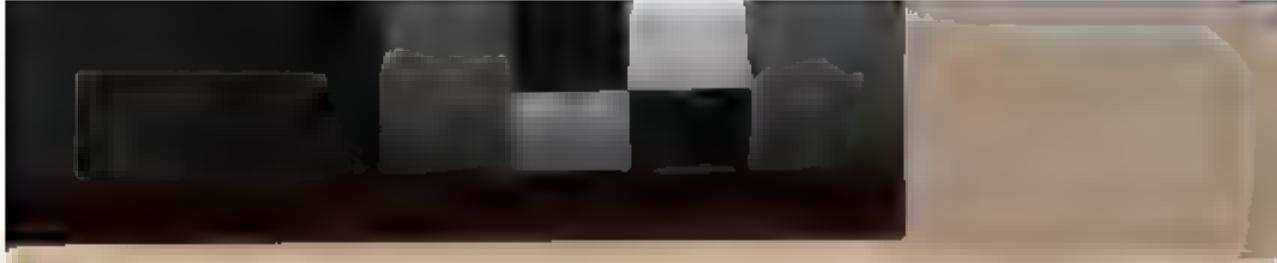
The north winds freeze, the southern breezes burn ;
 The ape, their brother, mocks—the lynx and lion
 [spurn.

Man's time is come—is gone—his race is run ;
 Another soon we seek ;
 He's heard, he's seen, he's known of none ;
 Forgotten favour, fashion, form, and face,
 His clay received in kindred grave
 (In Ocean's bed as dying wave).
 The placid surface smooths her dimpled cheek ;
 So sinks the stone, nor stops the streamlet's pace,
 That rolls, for ever rolls, unconscious of a trace.

His enemies, perchance his friends, look round ;
 'T is desert, void, and blank !
 No shadow of that shade is found,
 How few remark the dull catastrophe ;
 Who from it surely should have known
 The near approaches of their own ?
 More seize his rights, his riches, or his rank ;
 Cozen, intrigue, bite, fight for them, nor see
 How soon they must relinquish them, unblest as he.

Yet is there everlasting covenant struck
 With those who keep His law ;
 Nor does exist that power can pluck
 A name away from that eternal scroll.
 Who hopes from realm he can emerge,
 Extends to Heaven's remotest verge ?
 Bless GOD, ye Angels that approach with awe :
 Ride on His lightnings, and His thunders roll.
 Bless Him, all ye His works :—bless Him, O Thou
 [my soul !





Lyrical Lib. I.

To Thee in trials, troubles, true;
Bless thou the LORD, my soul!
Arrayed in goodness ever new,
With majesty and honour crown'd,
Dispensing joy from pole to pole,
Through endless galaxies surround,
And blazing gulfs where restless sight is drown'd.

Like a pavilion covering Heaven,
Enveloping in light:
Nor in that light discovered even,
Shrouding in pure lucidity —
Brightness invisible! so bright
That sparkling veil,—no glances pry,
Through matchless glories there unfaded lie.

On the broad firmament he lays
His chambers' solid beams,
The ethereal agate palace raise:
Sublime, symmetric, polished, pure,
Beyond bold artists' passioned dreams.
To sketch such vast entablature,
Were rather hint vain Science to abjure.

His flaming chariot—rolling cloud,
Whose panels dipt in molten gold,
Of Morning's rosy presents proud:
Heaven's portal on its pillars reels,
Her turrets shiver to behold!
And Earth a conscious tremor feels,
From whirling axle, wild spontaneous wheels.

Before Him sweep the ministers of Power,
Behind Him crowd His messengers of Grace:
Host of untold efficient spirits shower
The high commissions of His bounty ;—they,
With sedulous zeal and emulous race,
To the obsequious elements convey
Behests, these willing execute as those obey.

E'er Earth put forth her ornamented head,
From her capacious womb and azure bath,
Smouldering in which she lay, not smothered ;
Was He not there to quicken into life,
To deck in all th' undying charms she hath :
To harmonize discordancy and strife,
And store her as the treasure-house of marvels rife?

As softest robe should wrap the babe new-born,
So swathed smooth waves the World just bred,
Sheathing its callow tenderness forlorn ;
O'er Ararat's high peak roll'd on the flood,
Till heard a voice it ebbed, and frightened fled ;
Leap't down this deluge—dell and dale to scud,
And left to its Creator's Hand the plastic mud.

Precipitate from loftiest Throne terrene,
He fetter'd fast in loose and liquid chain :
Infrangible, insoluble, unseen :
In diamond dungeon or chrysolite cave,
In rock-built prison ever to remain.
To sulk in silence or in riot rave,
But still with briny tears the land to lace and lave.

No more crag-scarp'd acclivities to climb,
And flout Heaven's visage with its spiring spray,
Nor Earth's defile with sluggish, slippery slime,
Nor in each snorting nostril stop the breath,
Nor sweep all living from the live-long day,

Nor Nature dread, when Ocean threatenèth,
Her beauty's ravishment and her dear children's
[death.

Now rather, if the Welkin's features lower,
The well-warned flock their leafy haven gain ;
Whence eye the spangles of the sleetting shower ;
The Sky's blue floodgates open on the hills
Tears Summer drops on Drought to dry again :
The genial stream the dimpled vale distils,
Adorns and fattens with a thousand crystal rills.

Nor only grassy meadow's broider'd bank
Imbibes gay freshness from that sparkling source
Of its florescent verdure rich and rank :
But sleeky kine with grateful lowings drink,
Where tigers and wild asses used to course
The light gazelle scared from that per'lous brink,
Or craftier fox from fiercer lion fain to slink.

Perch'd on their ramous screen the feathered race
Shake the soft glitterings from their purple wings ;
Proud of blush-rainbow-tinctures' grace,
The vagrant kisses of the dawn renew :
And clustering thick round the scaturient springs
Sip iridescence from the pearly dew,
And leave your harder, duller, falser gems to you.

Up the tall peak (by mechanism hid,
Pleased, the prime essences of things to hide,
Though to investigate be not forbid,
Else graceless man ungratified might go :)
Or o'er bluff steep the ponderous waters glide
From bursting chasm of reservoir below,
Where cavern'd conduits' gushing founts their
[brims o'erflow.

Whence spreads re-vernalising lengthened slope
The undying greenness of luxuriant mead,

Or mossy knoll, or tufted hillock's cope :
Covering a dainty table many a rood ;
For the dumb families of sinless breed ;
Innocuous, simple, serviceable brood ! [food !
Man's helpmate, playmate, slave, and friend, and

Whose couch so low, whose canopy so high,
The coarsest fodder, their delicious fare :
Who live contented, unrepining die : [bleeds ;
While *he* for whom each toils and sweats and
Made for whose use, committed to whose care ;
Unmoved, from slavery to slaughter leads,
Clothed in their spoil, triumphant in their deeds.

In these at once finds labour and manure,
His pastures fructify, and till his field,
Thy board to deck, luxurious epicure !
The savoury seasoning and the draught divine.
The snowy drop the swelling udders yield,
The golden streams from topaz press that shine,
And those from nobler, sweeten press—the ruby
[wine.

What—of prolific ear of spiky corn !
Strength of man's muscles, marrow of his bone ;
Without—how faltering, feeble, and forlorn !
Dark his burnt brow, and clammy his pale cheek :
He totters with his load, and sinks and groans ;
His body dwindleth and his members reek !
With this—how vigorous, firm, and full, how fair
[and sleek !

He works untired and journeys unfatigued ;
He eats unsurfeited and sleeps profound ;
He wakes refresh'd with spirits unintrigued ;
He basks where the resplendent day-star shines
On the soft carpet of the mossy ground !
Or in the cedars' scented groves reclines,
Or domiciled with stork, within the glaucous pines.

Tinted and tann'd in Summer's torrid ray,
The dapper denizens of leafy home
With plumy pageant grace the admiring Day,
And paint Noon's shadows in a thousand dyes;
As after airy loves they wanton roam,
Whose thrilling notes charm Nature's ear, as flies
The warbling, woodland worship through the
[assenting skies.

Nor need they wing, perchance, who're born to
[soar.
See on the jutting ledge the stein-bok browse;
Inhabitant of clouds, of earth no more.
And conies scrambling to their crannies squat;
Or antelope through drifted snow that ploughs,
Whose dexterous leap from point to point that shot
On sparkling sheet of soilless snow scarce seems
[a blot.

See the Sun, lord of life, and love, and light,
That gilds their garments and that heats their
[hearts;
Walk forth through Heaven in majesty of might:
The rosy-bosomed Hours around him play:
Affrighted Night in her dark caverns starts;
While in his train the varied seasons stray,
And, crowned with noblest trophies, humblest
[homage pay.

And from his look they take their terms and laws.
He rises, culminates—His bounties shed—
Descends from his meridian throne to pause.
Night lets her raven wing o'er all things fall;
The living droop and counterfeit the dead;
And buried too in Sleep's mock funeral,
Under the housing of her star-bespangled pall.

Pale from her splendid theft the silent Moon,
Sullen and slow, and spilling half her oil,

Peers through her cloudy veil, and (scanty boon
And rare,) hangs her eternal lamp aloft:
Test of her shame and trophy of her spoil—
To fever'd wretch a solace, sooth and soft,
'Fore garish day preferred by pensive lover oft.

Without that shadowy interreign and black,
How would the forest monsters dare to creep
From thick and tangled lair? would they not lack
Their provender, if their warn'd victim saw
The lightning glance, foretels the thundering leap?
Saw the swoln thews and the aduncous claw,
And yawning blood-stained tomb of murderous
[maw ?

Night, to weak man lugubrious and forlorn,
Is to the lion redolent of joy,
His element, *in* which, *for* which was born,
His season of delight and dawn of hope,
His hour to watch, his signal to destroy.
He, like his prey, mismatch'd with him to cope,
Grasping his daily aliment, fulfils his scope.

When Morn with ruddy fingers streaks the east,
Rousing Suspicion's eye and Caution's ear,
He licks his ruddier paw and leaves his feast,
And sated to his matin couch he goes.
Man starts from *his*, and seeks as doubtful cheer
Through hours of labour, minutes of repose,
Through Noontide blisters: Evening seals his
[wakeful woes.

O *LORD*, how manifest Thy measures are!
How manifest Thy marvels through the world!
Storehouse of Wisdom, treasure-house of Care.
Exhibited since times or worlds began,
And shall survive when these to ruin hurled,
To yield succedence to some worthier plan,
To show the power of *GOD*, and insolence of man.

Who sees the sea, and views with eye so dim,
The immeasurable mobile mass profound,
To think controllable by aught but Him ?
Who can its fury rouse, direct, or tame ?
With glistening myriads store each teeming sound,
And tell whence native naiant nations came,
No art of ours can number, and no science name.

His care the greater, and the less his share ;
The walrus, whale, or minor minnow fry,
That breathe the waters, and that drink the air,
Warm'd without fire, and clothed without attire ;
Race without feet, and without feathers fly,
Who need no mother, and who own no sire,
And, unlike man, ask nought, and have all they
[require.

There, too, surpassing in stupendous bulk,
All monster births in Animation's flock ;
Unique leviathan, enormous hulk !
In amorous salience toys with huge consort,
Till the churned bay, the boiling billows block :
At the strange roar the clamorous Echoes snort :
And the shores shake and shudder at the ungentle
[sport.

What ship in such encounter would engage ?
Yet are there some in fragile vessels trust,
And oft with storms successful struggle wage ;
Though still too oft th' impetuous surges bear
The venturesome seaman, dauntless and robust ;
With his bold brigantine aloft in air ; [Despair.
Then whelm him in the gulf of Darkness and

Patient, all creatures wait, should wait on Him,
Their board of plenty spreads and couch of rest,
Their hunger satisfies ; while to the brim
He fills the grateful thirst-dispelling cup,
In earth, sea, air, no uninvited guest ;

' Not e'en the wicked there denied to sup,
In the rich universal banquet offered up.

Soon as the day-spring dyes the dappled dawn,
His Hand, too, opens, and their mouths are filled,
From the weaned lambkin, and the unweanèd
[fawn,

That frisk and graze, then gaze upon the scene,
To bristly boar, or bear, in antre chilled;
Who has no need to cook, purvey, nor build,
But finds from his own fatty foot his food distill'd.

GOD hides His Face—His foes' fierce fate is sealed;
The shock they feel, and their dependence learn,
Lesson, wherever to their sense revealed;
Imbibe, or soon, or late, they may and must,
When all is lost, where safety lies discern:
In midst of life, and labour, laughter, lust,
His ends accomplish'd, they return to kindred dust!

Again Thou sendest Thy free SPIRIT out,
In her vast matron-womb Creation teems;
The grub, worm, maggot, insect, reptile rout,
Burst from the embryo of minutest mote;
Where rain-drop trickles, or where sunbeam
[gleams;
Where ground to bear them, or where wave to float;
They creep, and sleep, and eat, and drink, and
[dream, and doat.

In new adornments buxom Nature dress'd
Her shining face where deeper dimples play,
Smiles o'er her offspring to her bosom press'd:
So should it be; for they complete the effect
The primal CAUSE determined to array;
Replenishing their joys—nor will reject,
Save only those His road to happiness neglect.

But through long, long eternity goes on;
The train of Glory of the LORD unchanged;
Though man with all his hebetude were gone,
The gay, the grave, the wiseacre and fool;
From the high purpose of his birth estrang'd;
Were sunk and buried in Oblivion's pool;
If there be pool so famous for so mean a tool;

No longer, then, your odious vices hug
In arms of Indolence, or bed of Sloth.
See at first symptom of remotest shrug
Yon peaky mountain vomits flame and smoke,
Belching its entrails through the gush of both,
As if 'gainst Heaven its puny fury broke:
At momentary touch of arbitrary stroke.

And thou not tremble when the rocky ribs
Of Earth thy senseless parent rock and shake?
Her grimmer monsters in their granite cribs
Cower at that burning breath, and closer crouch;
And in their solid fortress moan and quake,
And prostrate growl before their shaggy couch
While agonizing throes the inward terror vouch.

No—let caught culprit quiver to the core;
The hardest kernel of obdurate crime:
Till sinner—vilest sinner, be no more—
Till muddy feculence ignited burn'd,
Purg'd from the lees, his virtue he sublime,
And Piety for purity that yearn'd, [earn'd.
Meet the rich recompense Remorse repentant

Let not my liege, laborious longings lose
The due reward of an assiduous life;
Nor Mercy, meed to Modesty, refuse;
The graceful tones that grateful accents suit:
Grant I may oft henceforth in peace or strife:
In moral meditation muse,—or mute,
Or breathing praises on Love's living lute.

Spirit ch. T.

Come, musicians of the quire,
Guardians of the richest treasure,
"Mood and Melody, and measure,"
Let and guide your lofty aim,
To the never-tiring wire.
Thoughts and spirits to inspire;
Worthy His eternal Name,
Source of every holy pleasure.

Pitch your note, your voices train
To the sacred celebration
Of Deliverer of your nation:
 Of the God that ye adore,
Worthy be th' ennobling strain:
Vibrate every string again,
 On the lesson o'er and o'er,
With reiterate acclamation:

Oh! ye stock from Abraham's stem,
Spray from one of Israel's branches,
Seed from Jacob's fruitful banches;
 Think on all the ~~God~~ has done
To distinguish you and them:
Pardon those their hearts condemn:
 Think on that forgiving One,
Tear-drop, sweat-drop, blood-drop stanches.

Only ~~God~~, not ~~God~~ alone
Of thee who hast comprehended,
But all who have not offended,
And whose spirit is His breath,

Form erect or aspect prone,
Hia their nerve, their flesh, their bone,
 During respite short from Death,
O'er their heads whose scythe suspended.

Who 'll suppose, much less assert
(On what proof, or by what token)
By Him was e'er covenant broken?
 Truthfully to Abraham given?
Did He not too oft avert
Far from Jacob every hurt,
 E'en to Israel from Him riven,
Sacred held the word was spoken?

" Everlasting covenant sworn,
" By My mercy not thy merit
" That thou shouldst subdue, inherit,
 " Land of Ham's degenerate son :
" Milk and honey, wine, and corn,
" To thy nurslings still unborn—
 " This I promis'd, this have done,
" Graceless, grieving thou My Spirit.

" Precious promise freely made,
" When ye striplings were and strangers,
" Girt with troubles, fears, and dangers,
 " Came it less for this to pass ?
" 'Gainst barbarian horde invades
" With all allies, arts, and aid ;
 " Fenc'd it less with wall of brass,
" Hearth and home, and crib and manger ?

" Woe to those would work me wrong,
" Do no harm to Mine Anointed !
" Touch no prophet I 've appointed ;
 " Or gaunt Famine's hasty stride
" O'er that land shall pass along :
" Bread, life's constant staff, and strong,

“ Broken reed shall pierce the side,
“ Marrow parch'd and limb disjointed.

“ Did I not a MAN select
“ Of a Name the most auspicious?
“ He, by craft and crime flagitious
 “ Was betray'd, entrapp'd, and sold:
“ By those bound were to protect,
“ Left in bondage most abject;
 “ Robbed (in dungeon dark and cold)
 “ Of sweet sleep and food nutritious.

“ Till the season full and ripe,
“ Loosen'd bands of that constriction,
“ Through the channels of affliction,
 “ Purified the soften'd mind;
“ And then Mercy came to wipe
“ From that furrow'd brow the stripe,
 “ Galling fetters to unbind,
“ And accomplish rare prediction.

“ Of His rescue and release,
“ Royal Ruler of the nation,
“ Snatch'd from basest degradation,
 “ And restor'd to liberty,
“ To enjoyment and increase
“ Of fresh pardon, power, and peace;
 “ LORD, LORD paramount to be,
 “ By supremest delegation.

“ Over Noble, Prince, and King,
“ How, and wheresoever reigning,
“ High authority maintaining:
 “ Teaching lawgivers to draw,
(“ Senators th' interpreting,
“ Magistrates inflicting sting,)
 “ Judges to fulfil the law,
 “ People all their rights regaining.”

'Midst the hated hordes of Ham,
That the slimy Nile divided,
Shem's regenerate race resided ;
Where their strength and number grew,
Like the flock before the ram,
Like the flood behind the dam,
Till fresh grievances renew
Ancient grudges that misguided.

Dread commission, and endowed
With a potence uncontested,
Signs and wonders manifested ;
For a {O} Himself to pass ;
Stiffneck'd prince and people proud,
Once the haughty head that bowed,
With the subtlest wiles harass,
. By most rancorous hate suggested.

Coupled in that vast emprise,
Coadjutor was another ;
Not a better, but a brother—
Delegate of Vengeance' rod,
Sent with plague-spots to chastise—
Flood and blood, and lice and flies.
Noontide blazes singe the sod,
Evening's blights the cattle smother.

Frogs obscene fill royal couch ;
Shorn by squall, the vinebuds perish,
Heavenly dews were wont to nourish ;
Fig besmitten on its stalk,
Lentil shrivell'd in its pouch ;
Cast, the slouching cattle crouch,
Ewes abortive, herdsman balk ;
Flowery pastures cease to flourish.

Winged troops with front adverse,
Plain and upland, lowland scouring,

Seizing, covering, and deflowering.
Faint the herbage—bloom and blade—
But, than louse and locust worse ;
Heavier, bitterer, cureless curse ;
Cheerless mothers, childless made,
Death each first-born babe devouring.

Hark to that heart-sickening groan !
In the chamber Murder scowling,
In the street Despondence howling,
On that shore promiscuously,
By destroying Angel mown
Hopes of Egypt's land and throne,
Writhing in one agony !
Raven croaking—jackal growling.

Babe that quaffed its snowy food,
On the breast, to rest was hushing ;
Renders crimson stream that 's gushing
From the wide, reproachful gash,
That emits fast ebbing flood
Of life's rash, precipitate blood,
Blushing those fair limbs to dash
Through whose veins it would be rushing.

As for his selected host—
Vigorous, hale, and bold, and healthy,
In sheep, cattle, chattel wealthy,
Silver, gold, and precious stones—
Forth it trod that mystic coast,
Banners flying, victors boast !
With firm step that courage owns,
Not in hurried marches stealthy.

Not an infant left behind,
Not a kid nor lambkin straying ;
Hautboy, sackbut, psaltery playing
As 't were Judah's jubilee.

Tribes how many? (but one mind)
Through green Goshen's valley wind,
 'T was a solemn sight to see,
No one staying, none gainsaying.

Nation with one heart and hand,
Hearth and house repudiating,
'Gainst Oppression's, calcitrating,
 By an innate impulse led
To desert their native land,
Spurning for a foreign strand,
 Panted Freedom's shore to tread!
Patriotism—expatriating!

More, more awful was that sight:
 'T was a nation (GOD approving),
From their ancient seat were moving,
 He respecting their retreat:
By day with a veil of cloud,
By night with a blazing shroud.
 Thousand torches to their feet,
Thousand foes to watch behoving.

He hailed bread, and rained them meat!
Skies He opened, food presaging—
Rock He burst, their thirst assuaging
 By more prized than diamond drops,
Till as in its native bed,
Through green meads the streamlet sped
 (Flow spontaneous, never stops);
War with drought—successful waging.

To His servant's promis'd seed,
Could His promise be neglected?
Its performance long expected.
 No—with far-outstretched arm,
He vouchsafed to land, indeed—
Land of liberty to lead:

From one, where to strife, alarm,
And hard masters' task subjected.

Gave them Heathen to destroy,
To possess their choice possession,
In long, lasting, clear succession,
 To those learn, discern His laws
Others' labours to enjoy,
Others' handiworks employ :
 Can be more exciting cause
For thanksgiving's loud expression ?



Lyrical chi. I.

-22-

Rise, O my soul! expand my labouring breast,
And fill with feelings of delight and awe,
To the sole Majesty of HEAVEN address'd;
From springs of gratitude and duty draw,
Thanks for His mercies, praises for His Law.
Mercy—has guarded me in every stage
From foeman's javelin, and from lion's jaw;
The traitor's cunning, and the rebel's rage;
Mercy that feeds on years, and teems with golden
[days.]

Law!—But how weak, inadequate my strength
(Nor mine alone, but wit of mortal man)
Its excellence to paint in breadth and length,
Wisdom, extent of Intricacy's plan?
Who has that art, detect or fathom can?
But who has not,—His judgments may observe,
And crown with blessings an extended span
Of life's devoted energy and nerve,
Like Angel choir, who from allegiance neverswerve.

O LORD, with favour Thou remember me!
That favour which to Thine Thou'rt fain to bear;
The truth of Thy Salvation let me see—
How good to those, Thy chosen children are,
Fed on theorts of Thy celestial fare.
Oh, that I might be numbered in that choice!
Their sparkling robe of innocence wear:
Inspired and cheered by Thy consenting voice,
As in their faith united, in their hope rejoice.

Although uncountenanc'd, how countless have
Recounted follies of our fathers been !
That such inveterate provocation gave.
And what of ours ? Of blood and bone akin,
Has there not been affinity of sin ?
Yea, consanguinity of every vice
Still circulates and swells our veins within,
Instead of paying Thee redemption's price,
The grievous debt we've aggravated three times
[thrice.]

How blunt and hebetated were our sires
Who grop'd in soul's -crepuscule dim, and por'd,
O'er day's dull dawn, or night's erratic fires ;
But winked with mental vision and ignor'd,
Bright light divine, 't was theirs to have adored,
That kindles and illumes the pious heart,
With rich remembrances of Goodness stor'd,
Clear flashes of unearthly thought impart,
To ecstacize the wise, and make the stolid start.

There at the margent of that marine lake,
Tinted by tawny torch of saffron Morn ! [sake,
Whose wave blush'd for that shoal's unblushing
And murmur'd at their murmurs—in sheer scorn,
They sat them down in discontent forlorn ;
Stubborn, recalcitrant to aid or view
Triumph supreme of His exalted horn !
And this the many had been made to rue,
But for the faith and fond fidelity of few.

Those murmurs He rebuked, that sea's and theirs ;
Dried the salt torrent of the impetuous flood,
And stanch'd the current of those acrid tears :
Led them through stony steppes and sedgy mud
And in the wilderness beside them stood,
Delivering from hard hands that hate combine,
Then taught the obsequious waters how they
[should]

Surfeit on Royal host, their gaping brine,
Nor yet their unpolluted lips incarnadine.

Nor 'scap'd there one of that imperial, proud,
Imperious, persecuting, impious host—
Merged, wrapt and stifled in its liquid shroud :
Prince, priest, and peoples, soldiers, sutlers boast ;
Opprobrium's heirs wreck'd on historic coast
That still resounds the chaunt the victors sang
To their most sure abettor, ally, most
Potential, Wise, and Holy !—that the clang
Of trump and cymbal through the brazen welkin
[rang.

Too soon that din delirious died away,
And memory faded as the note expired—
Fast to forget, but tardy to obey—
By salutary sage restriction tired ;
By Passion prompted and by Fury fired,
Shaming Heaven's fairest face with rites unchaste,
Ingrate, insane, profanities required—
He gave their wish—their petulance to taste,
Led them in wilderness their weariness to waste.

Aaron they outrag'd, Moses they enrag'd,
'Roused the camp buzz'd with mutinous array,
In treason and confederacy engag'd ;
But soon with awful retribution, they
Their treachery expiate in rude mortal fray—
Earth in her womb felt their doom ;
The conscious Sun display'd it to the day ;
She hers'd her rebel children in her womb,
He sent Heaven's victims blazing down to hor-
[ror's tomb.

Through clouds and smoke when lightning das'd
[their eye,
And vocal thunders stunned their startled ear,

Attesting attributes of Majesty,
Of Power, Authority, and Terror near;
Unsway'd by Reason and unawed by Fear
(Too piteous frenzy to excite a laugh);
The sottish Israelite with Horeb's seer
Spurning the Almighty's works in their behalf,
Transferr'd His glorious homage to a golden calf.

Rejecting Him who made, and fed, and sav'd,
For brainless brutes that browse the summer's
Nay, sore hallucination sorrier! rav'd [grass];
Not after stalled steer or stubborn ass
(Harmless and useful creatures that they pass
Use or misuse or tyrannize or pet);
But some rude likeness, lump of stone or brass,
On senseless symbols their affection set,
The Spirit of Truth, Wisdom, Justice, Love forget.

Forgot rare prodigies in land of Ham,
And devastations were in Mizraim's wrought.
Forgot, when not by sacrifice of ram,
Nor goat nor bullock to His Altar brought,
The **LORD** would be appeas'd or be besought;
Till earnest Intercessor there was found,
Who never had command transgress'd in aught;
And worthy to arrest the bolt whose sound
To guilty nerves is on a fearful errand bound.

Degenerate race, unworthy of His care!
Deceitful, disbelieving, desperate crew!
And uncongenial with that promise fair,
Heedless His Word and to their *own* untrue,
Well might the rod of rising wrath pursue,
And touch with fainting famine on that shore:
Well, if His all-sustaining power withdrew,
And left to founder like their foes of yore;
Swept from the face of Earth engulf'd to rise no
[more.]

Why frown'd pure Day on Sittim's guilty grove?
How wretched to those revels to recur,
Her acts forbidden and illicit love!
Where Midian's wanton daughters used to stir
In feats of base idolatry to err,
And to false Demon, Deity, or Dead
The worship of the ♂ of Life transfer—
Plague more abhor'd than that to which it led,
And to the bane of thousands through the en-
[campment spread.

When Zimri's fall, by Phineas' sacred spear—
Cosbi still drenching in her reeking gore
(Seat of her sin and couch of her compeer),
The bed that her adultery stain'd before—
Israel redeem'd from harlotry so sore.
Illustrious youth by Aaron's sons begot,
To vindicate his ♂ that day who swore
To cleanse the land from ignominious blot—
With blessings the unborn shall crown thy chil-
[dren's lot.

What was at Kadesh at Meribah done
At the self-gushing spring in vale of strife;
Mournful to many, but to Moses most:
Meekest of men, through a long-suffering life,
Stung but this once, and that by outrage rife,
To virtuous anger at a vicious race
So long he 'd cherish'd as a wedded wife,
That once too much, for speck of such disgrace:
Soil, that pure character, no, never could efface.

Yet so great chastisement so soon attach'd
To so slight fault, and in so good a man
Seems to require perfection, rarely match'd
In all who do not gain it, but who can—
Saints all who ran that race, or ever ran!
For He was doom'd from Pisgah's height to see
Array, and bless the armament and plan

Conceded not to lead to victory, [to be.
Though patriot, sage, and judge, no hero doom'd
[theirs,

Theirs the gross crimes, grave punishment was
Powers misapplied, and privilege misus'd,
To lean on {GOD} their hopes, and fears, and cares,
And execute His judgments, they refused,
Exculpating the culprit He accus'd;
His friend their enemy, their friend His foe—
And whom to dignity He raised—abus'd:
Yet gentle Pity stay'd the final blow
Should strike Impiety—Idolatry lay low.

Lay low! Audacious! did they not set up
Those odious idols and before His Face!—
To these fall down pouring the blushing cup
Prostrate, and baser at their statue's base;
Mingling abominations with disgrace,
Seduc'd to imitate, adopt, admire
Fiction's Divinities—the true displace;
Panders to prurient passions wrought to fire;
Licentious, lubric, low, and crapulent desire.

To orgies most libidinous succeeds
Cruel, inhuman, and atrocious rite;
Day turns her visage from those dismal deeds
That hide their horrors in the scowl of night
Whilst shrinking Nature shudders at the sight;
Hear it, ye husbands, shriek at it, ye wives!
Ye mothers, rend your tresses as ye read:
See in the father's hands the reeking knives
Sullied and hot with purple dew of infant lives!

How solve this knot? Say at what tyrant's nod
An act of man, a monster might disown—
The priest a Jew, and Moloch is his {GOD}!
And other votaries were in Jewry known

To other rituals not less hideous prone—
More veil'd, perhaps, but not the less obscene :
Whilst smiling Graces danc'd round Pleasure's
[throne
Demonic Passions lurk'd beneath that screen
Where Conscience whets her rankling tooth and
[viperine.

Oft warn'd that prescient sense with poignant sting
Though sharply goading ineffective urged ;
The obdurate hide in vain the lash may wring
Of race in blood and in pollution merg'd,
And ripe for wrath, and crying to be scourged.
What wonder the ~~LOYD~~ scorned their arrogance,
And in the furnace of self torment purg'd
The scum and filthy dross of their intemperance
Till at the last He loathed His own inheritance.

By Him abandoned, foreign armies came ;
In vain they sued the ~~SAVIOUR~~ oft had sav'd :
In fight they yielded and they fled in shame ;
They died in battle, or they lived enslav'd.
And on their tomb has History's hand engrav'd,
'T was by their follies not their foes they fell.
Their native shores with bleaching bones are pav'd,
Their scanty remnant Syria's dungeons quell :
Thus perish all, against Omnipotence rebel !

Oft were imprison'd, and as oft releas'd,
But only pardon'd to transgress again ;
And though they found His mercies never ceased,
The instructive lesson palpable and plain,
So well inculcate, was instill'd in vain ;
Nathless, His covenant He remember'd yet,
Softening the captor's heart and captive's chain :
For ~~GOD~~ He is not, that He should forget ;
His Glories rise for ever, never—never set.

Oh! suffer on our sufferings they may shine,
Reviving with Thy most benignant smile—
Gather the waifs and strays of Jacob's line,
From continents' corners and most distant isle,
From drear captivity and dread exile,
To pay Thee tribute, and to chaunt Thy praise,
To sweep off Heathen, that Thy Courts defile,
Thy glowing altar light, Thy temple raise,
And bless the Sovereign SAVIOUR of their
lengthened days.





Lyric ch. I.

•

Shall thanks be due so largely and so long,
And yet so scurvily and scantily paid,
To whom they only rightfully belong—
To the ALL-GOOD, Whose mercies never fade?
Thus let those say, delivered by Thine aid:
Aye, from themselves (their bitterest foes) re-
[deemed:
From where the farthest cardinal points are laid,
Drawn to the west, from where the Morning beams,
And to hot south, from North in icy armour
[seamed.

Through far Sabæa's sandy waste and bare,
Our fathers took their solitary way;
Nor city, town, nor house, nor cottage there;
Nor browsing herd, gaunt hunger to allay;
To quench their thirst, no limpid streamlets stray;
No grassy couch to rest the weary limb,
To shade the languid brow, no leafy spray.
To Him they cried, Who answered them—to Him
Who cares alike for all who creep, or fly, or swim.

He car'd for them and by the right hand led
Through devious defiles of their desert track,
There, tended, piloted, and cloth'd, and fed:
Nor was there overplus, nor was there lack
In issuing from the camp or turning back
To fenced cities, fields of fertile loam,
Given freely up to pillage and to sack—
With court and palace, tower and ample dome;
Now hospitable land and habitable home.

Oh, for His Goodness praise the L^OR^D of All !
 Ye graceless, gay, ungrateful sons of men !
 Will ye nor seek His works nor hear His call ?
 Are Earth, Sun, Moon, and stars beyond your ken ?
 Who spreads your festive board—and where, and
 [when ?]

Did it lack that which modest wants require ?
Whose vines thy ruby cup with health impregn,
 Which leaves the lip its tint of warm desire,
 The cheek its roses, eye its spark of living fire ?

Wrung by Affliction's iron grasp, they ought
 To have something felt yet on the shadows and
 The caves of Death, set power at nought,
 And pertinacious would not understand
 Modes of Thy worship, marvels of Thy Hand ;
 Till in the gloom of Thy severest frown
 Cast off, they fell beneath fierce reprimand ;
 Shorn of their bloated pride of high renown,
 Sinking in Misery's worst and curs'd abjection
 [down.]

What is that moan, in yonder valley heard
 And up those sloping heights, assails the sky ?
 'T is loud petition that His Ear has stirred,
 That calmly hearkens to their piteous cry ;
 Opening His Arms to those for refuge fly,
 And helps from gulf of deep distress to pass :
 And from sepulchral gloom where doom'd they lie.
 Praise will ye not ? not praise the L^OR^D, alas !
 Who bursts your walls of adamant and gates of
 [brass.]

Folly—of Vice the parent—she, of Crime,
 As both of Suffering, only friend of fools ;
 Where, to the L^OR^D they truly turn in time,
 They cease to be so :—living by whose rules,
 Becoming His—are no more *Passion's* tools.
 When He has rescued from impending fate,

Shall they disfranchise gratitude, that cools,
From offering sacrifice to Him, whom late,
Frantic they ran with piteous cries to supplicate?

Praise Him, then, ye whose bright, delighted eye
Drinks the fresh verdure of the vernal mead ;
Whose ear, the soul-entrancing melody,
From Nature's choral minstrelsies proceed :
Praise Him all ye, on trackless ocean speed ;
Or where ye smooth o'er glassy waters glide,
Which from rough kisses of the breeze recede,
Or where the billows' monster backs ye ride,
And brave the tempest and subdue the testy tide.

Man—formed to combat obstacles he views
Oft with dismay ; yet, in the pilotage
Of deaf'ning roar outrageous, that ensues
(When these contentious elements engage,
In wilder onset of the war they wage);
On snowy wings now plunging in the sky,
Now in the Abyss's ebon arms encage ;—
Starts, stares, and staggers as if death were nigh,
His melting heart sinks in him, and he 's fain to
[die.

But to the **LORD** he makes his anguish known,
Who hails those struggles and those hopes be-
[friends :

Billows to bellow cease, lash'd ground to groan,
The whispering gale HIS soothing influence lends ;
That voice the deep-sea hears—its tumult ends.
The wanton waves embrace the willing prore ;
Its way to port, the dancing pinnace wends ;
Alert the buxom sailor leaps on shore,
P'rhaps ponders perils past, but dreams life's
[labours o'er.

O praise the Worker—lusky sons of men !
His million Works beneficent for you !

Of old, and now exhibited again ;
 Not to a partial, segregated few,
 But to the congregation through and through.
 Where in promiscuous concourse freely meet
 The counterfeit believer and the true ;
 The wise, the simple, honest, and the cheat ;
 The meekly meritorious, and the vainly great.

For these shall rapid rivers be repress'd,
 Or into channels cryptic rolled their stream ;
 Dry districts they dēsērt—a dēsērt rest,
 Where husbandman no more shall cheer his team,
 Nor they cheer him with harvest's lively gleam ;—
 Yet still, shall currents flow and meadows blow,
 And genial rays on blade and blossom beam :
 The herd shall thrive, and Vegetation throw
 Her arms luxuriant round the laughing land-
 [scape's glow.

There the rich field in golden livery laced,
 Shall recompense the hind whose hand has dress'd,
 By his sown seed an hundredfold replaced,
 His labour by her gratitude confess :
 The Vine shall emulate her tawny vest,
 And deeper orange tint her saffron cheek.
 Fenc'd cities, too, there raise their glittering crest,
 And youth his bride in Beauty's bower shall seek,
 With pearly smoke their holocausts the azure
 [streak.

Presume not this can dure for evermore,
 Nor man, domestic biped, made to last,
 Of feathery wings deprived, not meant to soar ;
 Calamity's fine network round him cast ;
 His core, corroding care corrupting fast.
 Where swells short pride of potentate and prince ?
 Heaven scowls—and presently their pomp is past.
 And on their throne some pauper seated since,
 Whose fears some love of {GOD} till then strove to
 [evince.

These things, the just, when seeing, with one
[voice
Exult, that blast of blasphemy is stayed ;
These things the wise developing rejoice,
And learn their MAKER never to upbraid ;
But the reverse—find constancy persuade,
To see, in every greatest and minutest thing,
Truth, justice, wisdom, goodness, love pervade ;
In ills e'en on themselves that mortals bring,
See loom in Heaven its cure of its corrective sting.



Lyric chapter III. I.

-103-

Eternal Monitor of good,
Sole Arbiter of fate ;
On whom the muscles, fibres, blood
(As if its use each understood),
In willing service wait—
Come hand in hand, Humility and Zeal,
His praises sing, beneficence, reveal.

• Arouse thee !—Thought sublime, Divine !
Awake thee, pipe and string !
Let Morning deck her diamond shrine,
And Noon her fragrances combine,
And Eve her purest incense bring.
O let the everlasting Day proclaim,
While I, too, celebrate the unsullied Name.

High in the Heavens Thy grandeur grows,
Lost from our eyes in cloud ;
And though we reach not where it goes,
Yet firmamental Glory shows,
With voice demands aloud :
Shall Thy unprostrate tribes refuse to share
Thy lasting triumphs as Thine early care ?

Stretch forth, Invincible, Thine arms !
Save with Thy right, right Hand,
Thy best-belovèd, shield from harm ;
Wrapp'd in Thy bosom, soft and warm,
And with endearment bland :
For GOD has spoken by His HOLY ONE,
Rejoicing in the astounding marvel done.

Extended Shechem I 'll divide,
And Succoth's valley mete ;
O'er Gilead's plain in power I glide,
And on Manasseh's tops reside :
 Cool in his pool my feet ;
In Judah find a lawgiver—and sage
In hoary-headed Ephraim's silver age.

My scarf o'er Moab I will fling,
Edom shall crouch my slave ;
Philistia's ravish'd Echoes ring
Triumphant plaudits of her King,
 His sacred banner wave ;
But who will lead to Bozra's brazen domes,
Where Arab rovers seek their vagrant homes ?

Wilt Thou at our petitions scoff ?
 To lead our hope forlorn ?
And wilt Thou cast in dudgeon off,
As men a damaged garment doff,
 And throw away in scorn.—
How vain the man on vanity relies,
Not on his Maker—Maker of the skies.





Lyric CIX. X.

—
—
—

Be one look to Thy votary reveal'd,
O Thou PRINCE, and Thou pride of my praise !
Wilt Thou keep Thy Lips silent and seal'd,
Whilst yon wretch opens his, in these days,
With the bitterness rancour displays ;
With false accusations and lies,
To my charge, he maliciously lays.
Thee in hatred to me he defies,
Knowing what adoration implies.

What evil for good he devised :
Who scorn'd the rude sufferings I bore—
So shall he be despised, despised,
And by Conscience be torturiz'd more.
No sigh soften his pangs nor deplore ;
Retributive Justice shall slake
The vengeance she long had in store ;
And the prayers that his Terrors shall wake
Of his sin and his sorrows partake.

His days shall be feverish and few,
And another his office shall fill ;
The tear of the orphan bedew
The cheek of his children, and chill ;
And the heart of his widow'd wife thrill :
The prime of her vagabond life
Entangled in hardship and ill,
His cup in its acritude rife
Steep the bread of affliction and strife.

Extortion's sharp claws shall bereave,
The Grasper whose talons shall gripe—

(If aught should extravagance leave
Consuming its fruit e'er it's ripe):
Opprobrium of folly and type.—
Howe'er pamper'd that skin and how sleek,
Livid blains of intemperance stripe.
What protector shall Wretchedness seek
When unheard or unheeded her shriek?

Sure that caitiff shall Clemency shun,
And the scions have grown from his groin,
In his might, who show'd mercy to none,
But ever the foremost to join
To distress and oppress and purloin:
The sin of the sire shall remain,
To be paid in his own basest coin:
And his mother's iniquity's stain
Deep-dyed notoriety gain—

Nor shall it be e'er blotted out,
Though his name and his progeny shall:
With all shoots from that sucker that sprout,
To himself lavishly prodigal,
To the poor, testy, tart, tetrical:
Not to see in Thy care (how perverse!)
A solicitude quite paternal!
How impious to think to coerce!
Thy blessing still follows his curse.

I see doubt and confusion and shame
In their net of entanglement fold;
The antagonist haughtily came
Me in meshes of treach'ry to hold,
Or attack with an aspect so bold. [door,
Know they not that the LORD's at their
Of whose Presence they will not be told?
The Avenger of needy and poor,
And of all who obtest and adjure.



Lyric LX. I.

-88-

From the rob'd Majesty of matchless might,
Centre of Power's immensity ;
No human thought can scan aright,
No tongue describe, no optic see ;
Went forth the fiat of the Eternal WORD,
Through every nerve of conscious Nature heard.

" O Thou predestin'd LORD OF GLORY sit,
" Install'd, enthron'd at this right hand :
" The sceptre to Thy keeping I commit
" While 'round the watchful angels stand ;
" Till underneath Thy footstool's feet I make
" Thy bitterest foes, and conscience-smitten, quake.

" From Zion's armoury rod of wrath be Thine,
" To rule refractory rebel crew ;
" Yet shall Obedience in Thy palace shine,
" And Holiness's beauty view.
" More pure the sparkles of Thy candid mind,
" Than pearl-drop dews in Morning's womb re-
[fined.]

Hath the LORD sworn—then—that He should
When did He jot retract the least ? [repent ?
Was not Melchizedec the prophet sent,
A type of Thee, far holier Priest ?
How often are His rightful judgments shown
That strike stern despots on their lofty throne.

Their guiltier subjects scatter on the ground,
By sudden blast of Fury's breath :
Life pouring forth, from many a ghastly wound,

Her red libations to the tyrant Death.
How many heads in pride of wealth that trust,
Shall He not humble in their kindred dust?

But there's a current crosses, running fast,
The water bitter, torrent strong,
That must be tasted, must be pass'd:
By Him to whom those tests belong:
Those tasks perform'd, triumphant Who shall rise,
To His applauding and unclouded skies.



Lyric Cxi. A.

~~sages~~

My tongue and my lip in the quire,
To the praise of the L^OR^D I'll devote ;
And the beat of my volunteer lyre
Symphony of the heart shall denote ;
Soft rehearse with the gentle and few,
From the ranks of the righteous selected,
Or loudly vociferant renew
From the banks of the vulgar reflected.

On the love of the L^OR^D I'd dilate,
With delight I can hardly define ;
Uninvited, forbid celebrate.
What's unending, unworldly, Divine—
Remembrance shall flourish and thrive,
Spontaneous, untiring, endeavour
On memorials to keep it alive,
Have been sagely established for ever.

These traits His compassion disclose,
To those His commandments that keep ;
Though His vengeance He suffer to doze,
He allows not His mercies to sleep.
Those who fear Him He'll favour and feed,
Recollecting the oath of His swearing :
To be ever to Abraham's seed
Fore-warning, forgiving, forbearing.

That the heritage Heathen possess'd
He might on the Hebrew bestow,
His Justice in thöse to attest
To thèse His indulgence to show.

His fias for good or for ill,
Irreversible as most enduring;
To the wise,—consolation instil,
Punishment to the wicked securing.

Redemption to Israel He sent,
Inscrutable deed and secure—
On fulfilment of promises bent;
In infliction of chastisement—sure
The love of the {LOT} is the end;
Of all Wisdom—His fear the beginning,
That to Virtue, a lustre shall lend,
This borrow a virtue from Sinning.



Lyric CXXII. T.
—
—

Who is there that loves the L^OR^D
And that hangs upon His smile?—
He will of his own accord,
With the law his life beguile.
How—how envied is his fate,
Blessèd is he in high station;
Blest he is in low estate,
In each action and relation.

Till and fill the fruitful earth
Shall his seed, as their domain;
Where no room for Want nor Dearth,
Placid Peace and Plenty reign.
In his mansion Wealth collects,
All the comforts Health's requiring;
Due Discretion curbs, corrects
Passions that are more desiring.

Upright man can see his way,
Though a cloud lowers o'er his path;
Wicked—stumbles in broad day,
Though the light of Heaven he hath;
Straight and sure the even track
That the former is pursuing;
Crooked windings turning back
Lead the latter to undoing.

Good—the man of good, will spread,
Love and liberality;
Joy on others' eyes he'll shed,
Sparkling from his own we see.

Hope and ardour scatter'd 'round ;
Fainting bosoms animating ;
Though reflected, will be found,
From his own erst radiating.

He who spends his talents well
In the search of the MOST HIGH ;
In the tale that he shall tell
Shall be heard complacently.
His desert shall peer and grow,
On remembrance' tablet graven ;
In the heart of man, shall glow,
In the registry of Heaven !

Evil tidings cannot quail
Noble hopes he finds on Thee,
Rock-built fort defies the gale
Rouses rage of roaring sea.
Slander's blast can scarce assail,
Nor the trumpet tongued with terrors ;
Enmity herself shall fail,
Envy expiate her errors.

In the aims the poor retrieve,
Humble offerings Heaven he lent ;
So from Heaven shall he receive
Horn of Plenty's, full content.
How the spiteful 't will abash
When they see Devotion crowning ?
Mal-volence her teeth shall gnash,
Horror's shrug, her brow imbrownning.



Lyric Cxiii. I.

—

Praise ye, proud Princes of the Earth,
And ye p'rhaps prouder vassal slaves ;
Praise GOD for His egregious worth,
Praise Him, for your especial birth,
Who turned your misery oft to mirth
From nothing called, from ruin saves,
To know Him, own
And make Him known,
While yet ye stumble o'er your yawning graves.

From where His minister of light
In lazuline first gilds his way ;
To where he cools his burning flight,
In tender shades of mingling Night
(The blaze that seared the aching sight,)
To chasten Evening's soothing sway,
And sinks to rest
In farthest west
That drinks the splendours of his ruddy ray.

So far, and farther, if be eycs
To see, or voices to rehearse,
Or ear to listen—heart to prize,
Or string or tongue to melodize ;
And through the wide re-echoing skies,
Religious gratitude disperse :
Let the blue zone
Repeat the tone
Of thrilling wire and soul-entrancing verse.

Who in the Heaven of Heavens shall dare,
Much less in Earth's circumference here,

With the true **LORD** of all compare,
Entron'd beyond the realms of air:
Yet not beyond the reach of prayer?
Shall we not eye with doubt and fear;
When He looks down
On land and town,
Who humbled is to view the ethereal sphere:

Sons of simplicity or Woe
He raises from the miry clay:
Some-while on proud and princely brow
The radiance of His Glance will throw,
Alone His Presence can bestow,
His indignation take away.
No barren womb
Shall spread a gloom
But teeming matrons join congenial lay.



Lyrīc Crib. I.

When Israel's groaning children erst
From weeping-house of bondage came ;
And Jacob's seed in misery mersed,
At Thy behest their durance burst ;
Beyond endurance of the shame :
In Zion didst Thou ever make
Thy sanctuary still ;
And Ephraim for Thy Glory's sake
With notes of triumph fill :
Thy kindness—their ingratitude, the same.

The Sea did see that wonderment,
And from the rude rebuke recoil'd :
Smooth Jordan rued his current rent,
And from his waves in entrails pent
With rage his bloated bosom boiled.
Upon that trembling region where
GOD cast a solemn look ;
Unsteady stood the mountain there,
The astonish'd hillocks shook : [soiled.
The verdant valleys mourned their vesture

Why did thy flood in flowing flee,
Unnatural Jordan ! to thy source ?
Why didst thou stay, capricious Sea,
In terror, on thy tranquil lee,
Thy perpetuity of course ? [shock,
What gave thee, Mount ! that staggering
Those heavings to the hills,
Or melted heart of stubborn rock
To tears that run in rills ?—
Nod of His forehead,—finger of His force !

Lyrical. I.

—

Not unto us, to us, to us—
The proud, the mean, the vain,
The vanitose, vain-glorious !
Be honour, reverence, fame ;
But unto Thee ascribed thus
The **Lord** of land and main ;
And to Thy holy Name
Transcendent and victorious.

Yes, to His Justice, Goodness, Truth
Bow the obedient head :
Shall we not recognise forsooth,
Because blasphemous fool,
In base antipathy to ruth,
Has arrogantly said,
“ Where's this vast **God** of Israel's rule ? ”

Know, wretch ! that **God**, their Judge and thine,
Sits on yon star-girt throne ;
Whose unextinguishable splendours shine
To daze Impiety ;
Illuming our ancestral line :
Impenetrable zone !
To thy forefathers and to thee.

Supreme He reigneth paramount,
O'er all created things ;
Shall He of groveller take account ;
Whose breathing would pollute
The copious streams from Mercy's fount,
To clod of clay who clings—
More senseless than his brother brute ?



Are not thy idols wrought or cast
And fashion'd in the lathe,
In present times or ages past;
With mouths not formed to eat;
But doomed to keep perpetual fast?
Limbs stiffened in metallic swathe,
Dumb throat and barren teat.

With brainless head and face of brass,
Like those that modelled them;
Ears cannot hear the sounds that pass,
And eyes that cannot see:
Noses no fragrance, scent, alas!
Whose sacred incense fumes contemn
Their mock divinity.

Hands have they too, but asked to work,
Their Godships might refuse;
And feet that mightily 't would irk
(Though chiselled fair to stand
On polished pedestal to perk)
In amble, dance, or race to use,
Should worshippers command.

Their value, vigour, votaries such;
Their hope, their boast, their trust,
Be it for little or for much:
To such no homage yield;
Near not the accursed thing nor touch;
Rely on GOD alone ye must
In town or tented field.

The seed of Isaac will I He bless
And Aaron's house uphold;
All that endure in faithfulness,
With single heart and true
Will He encourage and confess;

As He has graciously foretold,
To your grandaires and you.

Him—Who through Heaven's unclouded space
Reigns on His sapphire Throne :
Appointing Man His dwelling-place
In Earth's maz'd, misty zone :
Adore !—ye yet may seek His Face—
In tombs cannot be shown :
Praise Him—yourselves bemoan !





Lyrical cabi. I.

How vast my love
To H^m above,
Who heard my silent prayer;
The Soul's intense emotion:
And every word
The heart preferr'd,
The lips scarce whisper'd there,
Betray'd the deep devotion.

Long as I live,
Sweet praise I'll give,
Spontaneously will rise,
In honeyed accents flowing:
If envious Death
Should choke my breath,
'T would melt away—in sighs,
My grateful fealty showing.

When Sorrow chills
The heart it thrills,
I warm it at the flame
Upon Thy Altar burning;
And those respire
A pure desire,
Find from that fire—that same
Re-hallowed glow returning.

The inward tone
When I made known,
In meek simplicity,
Of woe soul-agonizing;

He grafted there
The strength to bear—
(And who could grant but He?)
Supporting when surprising.

Awake, then, wake
My Soul! betake
Thee to thy sacred nest,
Within His Bosom lying :
The heart from fears,
The eye from tears,
On Confidence's breast,
May rest—distress defying.

Thus will I talk,
Thus will I walk
Before His Face, and court
Encouragement's inspection :
So let me run
The race begun ;
Thy SPIRIT thus support,
To reach the goal—perfection.

Who would relieve,
Will not deceive,
And therefore did I cry,
Torn with affliction's briars :
I was in a groan
I ask'd alone,
Believed might I be—I—
Since all men sure are liars.

What shall I give
While yet I live,
What render Thee for all
Thy tender benefactions ?
So great a boon,
Forgot so soon !

For gratitude should call—
In thought and word and actions.

Yet from my lip
There's none shall strip,
Nor drop Divine shall steal
From cup of Thy donation.
My vows I'll pay
Where nations may
Behold my pious zeal,
Thanksgiving, invocation.

Of saint who dies,
The precious sighs
Sure please his GÖD, who sees
Their spring of emanation.—
Am not I one,
Thine handmaid's son,
From bonds Thy bounty frees ;
Bound still to adoration ?

Give me to show
The generous glow
Pervades the kindling breast
With rapture reverential ;
Evoking sound
From cities round ;
Shall loyalty attest,
For care so providential.



Upric carbii. T.



Simultaneous rush, ye throngs,
Voice unanimously raise ;
Bring, wide nations !
Wealth's oblations—
Join, sweet Melody, thy songs ;
With Humility's prostrations,
Praise your GOD, and hear His praise.

Praise the LORD, the LORD, the LORD,
Beneficent, and great, and wise—
Far extending,
Never ending,
Unbought blessings of His Word,
Life and liberty are lending
To His faithful votaries.



Poem CEBIII. T.
~~1850~~

Thank the L^OR^D, for He is good—
Goodness H^IS—endures for ever;
This has Israel understood;
Aaron's seed
May indeed
Say 't has never failed them—never.

When I called, in my distress;
Woe accenting the expression;
(More could He do, or I less?)
Pity's ear
Bent to hear,
Gave a sign of intercession.

He is fighting on my side,
Life and strength and hope renewing,
He 'll frown Envy down and Pride,
I shall see
Th' enemy
In the dust for pardon suing.

Better leaning on His arm,
Than on art in man residing;
Maxim that may save from harm
If 't convinces
That in Princes
And in Kings there 's no confiding.

My deliverance shall I boast?
Was it not His doing?
When encompass'd by a host,

That to sate
Deadly hate,
Aimed, vindictive, at undoing?

By Him 't was, my feebleness
Their gigantic might defeated;
Numbers greater, valour less :—
Wrathful bees
Sting and tease
Of their labour—treasure cheated.

In compacted mass how strong!
Yet my sole Auxiliar stronger,
Triumph! tune thy noblest song:
Whom He braved,
Whom He saved,
Both shall laud the louder—longer.

Echo wake, in every wall
Of the proudest, humblest dwelling;
To Protector of them all
Psalms raise,
Votive praise—
Envy bursting, treason quelling.

'T was not I rebelled—not I;
But to hear Thy Voice I hastened,
To obey and glorify;
Humbly took
Each rebuke,
Ever cheered me while it chasen'd.

Open gate of Heavenly bliss
Holiness is keeping;
Peace there Faithfulness shall kiss
But no Sin
Enter in,
No lament, no wail, no weeping.



Thanks to Thee, for Thou hast heard,
Nor, am I rejected;
But for humbleness preferred:
 He approves
 Step that moves
 In that line to which directed.

Rock, the architect despised,
 In his arrogancy,
As head corner-stone is prized:
 Vast surprise
 To our eyes
 In its matchless radiancy.

On that base the fabric rests,
 Age nor tempest shaking;
Nor the flood's nor wildfire's tests:
 Marv'lous 't is
 But 't is His,
 'T is the SAVIOUR'S undertaking.

Happy are they, blessed they,
 Sit in warm resplendent
Sun of Righteousness's ray!
 This to see---
 I will be
 Ever on Thy Look dependent.

Feeble Fancy feigns at best,
 Glory where He's shrouded:
By prostration well express'd,
 Love and fear
 That we bear,
 To His Majesty unclouded.

In the tide of orient light
 'Round the Altar flowing
Bind the stalwart victim tight,



To the horns
Which he scorns,
While the mystic flame is glowing.

GOD of gods ! I worship Him:
Praying, praising, fasting—
Emulating Seraphim,
Still adore
More and more
His Perfections everlasting.



Lyric CXXIX. I.
—
Aleph.

What treasures in that man that's free
From sin, and undefiled;
Placid and mild,
The road to Heaven his path—and he
Pursues with the simplicity
Of docile, artless child.

His fervencies of purpose seek
The limit and the signs
That bound its lines:
And be temptation strong or weak,
'T would burst his heart those lines to break,
That WISDOM'S Hand defines.

They to iniquity unknown,
Know well that sacred way,
By night, by day:
Thy service track, Thy servants own,
To willing feet familiar grown,
From which they never stray.

Then, wherefore should I be ashamed
To pad the pilgrim's road
To Thine Abode?
By Thee I shall not be disclaim'd,
Though limb be torn, and sole be lamed,
By flints and briars strew'd.

Thy rectitude of judgment seen,
I too will act my part—
With upright honest heart ;
Upon Thine Arm still let me lean,
Who gentle, generous Guide hast been :
O tell me—still Thou art.



Beth.

I.

How shall young man know how he can
His wandering steps direct ?
Their slips detect
In more appropriate method than
Wisdom's true attributes to scan—
Their purport and effect.

These have I studied, stored, and sought,
Nor will I from her precepts stray,
Nor fall away:
Since long endurances have brought,
In every wish and every thought,
To listen and obey.

In deep recesses of the mind,
Most covetous I'll store
The sacred lore ;
And in those treasures I shall find
A charm shall fascinate and bind
From ever sinning more.

Have I not oft with solemn voice
Thine equity declared,
So oft I shared ?

My friends oft bidding to rejoice
 That with that salutary choice
 None, none can be compared.

Not all the drops of dross they dress
 From Ophir's golden vein,
 Or there remain,
 Can buy one hour of happiness,
 Like those which this selection bless ;
 Nor minute lost—regain.

—o—o—o—

Gimel.
T.

Face I turn, forehead lift
 To THEE—kindly with me deal ;
 Let me feel
 Thy deep counsels' secret drift ;
 I will worship, as I sift
 Wonders they reveal.

I 'm a stranger here below,
 Lonely sojourner on Earth,
 Little worth ;
 Deeply pants my breast to know
 Why Thy care has followed so,
 Ever since my birth.

This I know—rebuked Thou hast
 Cunning hypocrite and curst,
 Brave Thee durst :
 From reproaches they would cast
 Free me as in troubles past ;
 Nor are these the worst.

Kings in Justice' robes arrayed,
In injustice' juggles joined
Falsehoods coined ;
But Thy succour when I prayed
Soon restored what they betray'd,
And repaid what they purloined.

—
—

Daleth.

T.

My affections once were low,
With distress, confess I must—
Kin to dust—
Quicken $\tau \eta \iota$ { my faith to grow,
Having said it shall be so,
So 't will be I trust.

Resolutions I have kept
Perseveringly and true,
Faint nor few :
Have I o'er Thy summons slept,
Or commandments overstept—
Done as others do ?

Age hath stol'n my days away
By insidious pilfering theft ;
None are left ;
And I sunk in dark dismay,
To defend if Thou delay—
Of fond hope bereft.

Lies reprove, remove from me,
Cursed cunning and conceit
Self—that cheat.

Thou art TRUTH, if truth there be,
And I've chosen it in Thee,
Long as heart shall beat.

In that shadow I will wait;
Shall my shelter be my shame,
Blot and blame?
No,—Thy Look shall light create,
And my soul irradiate
With a subtle flame.

—
—
—

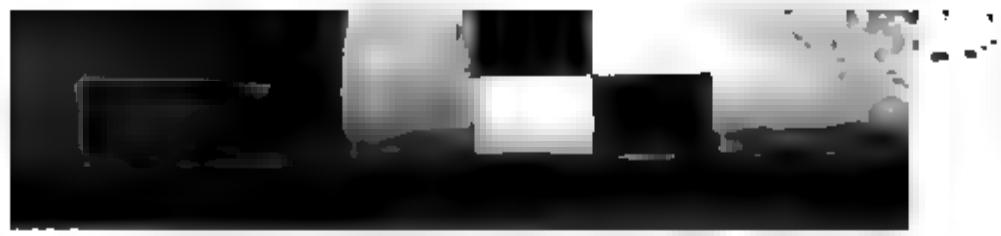


T. & I.

Teach me, LORD! and I will learn
Lesson of Thy lucid lore,
Neglect no more;
Give me Spirit to discern
These for which I daily yearn,
E'er my days be o'er.

Lead where near Thee I may stay;
Nor need is there to excite
To such delight;
Better far behest obey
Than beslaved, own Passion's sway—
Bane of age and blight.

Shut up vision,—veil from view
Motives human breasts pervade
While they degrade:
What have I with these to do,
Vanities that fools pursue
Cannot me persuade?



Thee for ever will I seek
Who alone hast right to bless
My humbleness:
Humble though I be and weak
More weak should be, would I break
Laws restraining less.

—
—

WILL.
—
—

W.

Pour the dew of Thy favour, O LORD!
To invigorate these verses;
Yes, shower down Thy mercies,
Thy mercies on me,
And cause me to see
I've not trusted in vain on Thy Word.

O arm me with answer to fling
In the face of those wretches,
Whose infamy stretches
On faith to encroach
And cast a reproach
On the song of SALVATION I sing.

O take not away from Thy child
The armour protected,
Their fury respected,
The helmet of Youth,
The buckler of Truth,
Most dreaded when worst they reviled.

In the garb of demure Innocence
Which Thy goodness provided
'T was my weakness confided:

Not from sinew and nerve
 Derived power to preserve
 But from string of Thy bow my defence.

Thy book I will bind on my breast,
 Talisman that to danger
 Will make me a stranger,
 Before Rulers and Kings
 I will speak of such things,
 As Thy marvels of might shall attest.

In a life that 's as wretched as brief,
 Where 's the thought or the action
 Can give satisfaction ;
 In sorrow and pain
 Can console and sustain
 Like Thy love where I look for relief ?

Enabled, ennobled thereby,
 My oraison 's directed,
 By Contrition humected,
 With a crystalline tear
 From the blue fount and clear
 Of her pensive and penitent eye.

tagore



M.

O remember the promise Thou mad'st to my Youth,
 On which all my days have depended ;
 Which soothed by Thy sooth,
 Were true to Thy Truth ;
 Of which the conviction

Enlivened affliction,
In dread and in danger defended.

Supercilious and mighty, malicious, morose,
Have held in contempt and derision ;
But I held the more close
To Thy laws that engross :
In the day of probation
I fled from temptation,
Fled from treason and treason's misprision.

At presumptuous assurance of Perfidy's rage
How could I not be horror-stricken ?
For in every short stage
Of my poor pilgrimage,
Both by day and night's season,
And the more for this reason,
I so earnestly implore Thee my spirit to quicken.

•••••

Cheth.

X.

My portion art Thou
And for ever shalt be,
Yesterday and to-day and to-morrow :
T was solemn the vow
I made unto Thee
When snatching from sickness and sorrow.

Thy favour I sought,
And Thou didst not deny
To my lowly petition consenting ;
Then I pondered each thought



And I stifled each sigh;
Of my crimes and my vices repenting.

I hastened to haste
And delay'd not to keep
The statutes Thy Wisdom provided;
Through all obstacles placed,
O'er the rough and the steep,
Though the false and ungodly derided.

I will muse with thee, Morn!
I will kneel with thee, Night!
In sedate and sublime meditation;
From the time I was born
Where has been my delight,
But in GOD and godlike contemplation?

The good and the wise,
Thine authority fear;
These the fellowships I have frequented:
Thy mercies I prize,
And Thy dictates revere
And Thy Glories through Nature presented.

—
—
—

Geth.

X.

Exceedingly just
And kindly Thou 'st dealt
With Thy Servant, however transgressing,
And humbly in dust,
Let me feel as I 've felt,
Let me kneel as I 've knelt;

While my briny tears melt
Away crimes that the culprit's confessing.

Perversely I went
Most decidedly wrong,
Before, by Thy chastening afflicted ;
Yet the hardships that shent,
Were never for long
Nor ever so strong
As the follies to which I'm addicted.

Has not Goodness itself
(Truth's sweet sisterly twin),
By me lately been affiliated ?
Love of power, love of self
(Native brotherly kin),
Parents, offspring of Sin
Extirpate and repudiated.

Hate, with pride over-gorged
Broods o'er lust she has hatched,
Impregnate with venom by slander ;
But the falsehoods they forged
Shall by Truth be o'ermatch'd,
Who from Fraud shall be snatch'd,
From Calumny's factor and pander.

There is not a pang
In the annals of Pain's .
Most mysterious decretals recorded ;
From her torturous fang
Writhing Conscience sustains
That has not its gains—
Its rich recompense duly awarded.

The law of Thy Mouth
Is dearer by far
Than Pleasure and Honour and Riches ;

Than the gold of the South,
 Or diamonds which are
 Cased in glittering spar :
 Lust of lucre, whose lustre bewitches.

- 88 -



X.

Since by THEE was I made,
 In the mould of the womb,
 And quickened by Thy fecundation ;
 So by Thine only aid
 Can I crawl to the tomb,
 Can I think of my doom
 Without awe and intense tribulation ?

If I ask myself why
 I 'm commission'd to live,
 To move or to breathe, or have being :
 What can I reply
 But that what Thou dost give
 It is mine to receive
 With Thy will to enjoy it, agreeing.

Thy resolves are all right
 And Thy fiats are fit ;
 And when punishment sorest is pressing ;
 I know though out of sight
 There 's affection in it,
 And I 'm proud to submit
 And triumphantly hail as a blessing.

When I bow to Thy Will
 And the object attain ;

A happy complete resignation;
Come and comfort instil:
For what shall I gain
If Thine anger remain,
After such fatherly castigation?

For what should I live
If rank weeds of the Morn
Choke the buddings of good disposition?
My days fugitive
Would at noon be a scorn,
At eve of bloom shorn,
Would wither beyond recognition.

To the Proud, anguish came.
That to me brought delight,
Their cruelty such and perversion:
Without shadow of blame
They found colour for spite,
My honour to blight—
Love of Thee the sole cause of aspersion.

Let those never faint
Thy commandments observe,
In their pleasure absorbed and their beauty;
O let no vicious taint,
Paralysing the nerve,
Ever draw me to swerve
From Rectitude's path of her duty.



Gaph.
X.

My soul is bewailing
Distress'd and perplex'd;
Apprehensive of promises broke:
My vision is failing,
My body is ailing,
My spirit is vex'd
And I waste like blue curl of thin smoke.

Is so short my transition
No chances remain,
To execute judgment on those
Whose sordid ambition
Projects my perdition;
Long ago would have slain,
Now elaborate a snare to inclose?

Thou only Protector,
'Gainst Treachery's plot;
O continue Thy strict vigilance;
Of perfidious projector,
Be Thou the corrector
But objector be not
For one lives, upon Thy countenance.

Thou quicken me kindly
And quicken me thence;
No more I'll Thy bounty bewray:
Though my feet oft designedly
But more often blindly,
In inexperience
From Thy leading-star wander'd away.

LIMED.

I.

Through all the expansive sapphire vault
(Illimitable roof of Heaven),
The opal pillars of Thy Power exalt !
 Whose boundary how vainly sought
 By wildest flight of human thought,
 Or wary wing of sighted Seraph, even !

Beyond that unimaginable height,
 The pealing volley of Thy Word,
Through unveiled wakeful day or hood-winked
 As trolled by rapt angelic throng [night,
 (Creation's melody of song),
 In million million vocal echoes, heard,

To generations gone, and that succeed
 Life's undeterminable joy ;
For these Earth's deep foundations were decreed ;
 Subservient elements employed
 To store the unserviceable void ;
 Each, of Thy Might the emblem and envoy.

They are Thy servants, through that boundless
 Fulfil and operate, in labour—rest— [space,
In an accel'rate or retardive pace,
 (Progenitors and heirs of Time,
 Eternity's consentient chime),
 Wisdom's benign, beneficent behest,

In Thy research, Thyself we comprehend,
 Or else in Ignorance or Folly's dream,
Come to deplorable and guilty end.
 Once learnt the inestimable truth,

Shall I belie the task of youth—
Extinguish Knowledge in her brightest beam ?

No—I'm in every sense and feeling Thine ;
Thy child, Thy pupil, votary, vassal, slave,
I've sought Thine ordinances—made them mine ;
Who would repudiate or disdain ?
I'll their integrity retain ;
For me by mine 't is theirs alone can save.

Long watch the wicked, waiting to destroy,
What but these testimonies could preserve ?
Of all that cunning sciences employ,
Or learning, wit, or rhetoric express,
I've seen the vapid nothingness.
To Thee—what is the brag of human nerve ?

THE



I.

How feeble is the force
Of noblest language to express
The pleasure I derive
From unexhausted source,—
Thy bosom's well of tenderness,
That keeps my faith alive !

In volume of Thy law,
The copious current of my lay
Finds an abundant spring ;
And deeper as I draw,
I feel fresh rush of spirit's sway,
New vigour wake the string.

It has been, and it is
The Scripture's great prerogative
(Nor shall be obsolete),
To the sincere and his
Simplicity of heart to give
A triumph o'er Deceit.

How is it we surpass
Moralities of ancient sage,
In Knowledge, virtue, grace?
'T is, that, as in a glass,
Image reflex, in hallow'd page
Of th' AUTOGRAPH we trace.

I by Thy perfect line,
The path of Probity pursue—
Of Vanity avoid;
May 't to my eyes so shine,
My faithful feet may follow through,
Nor from it be decoy'd.

I've cultivated taste
For moral rectitude hereby;
The relish found so sweet;
Were Pleasure now to waste
Her virgin hive's rich treasury
On me—'t would be no treat;

I feed on spiritual Food,
Orts of Divine intelligence
Pure sentiments supply;
And purge the morbid mood
That barters virtue's keenest sense
For sensuality.



III.

I.

A luckless traveller is man,
 His journey is his life ;
 The limits of his space a span
 With wretchedness that's rife.
 The contest of tempestuous clouds
 In doubt envelopes, horror shrouds,
 Embarrass'd in their strife
 Through waste and weariness his way
 Night cheats his rest—his dalliance—Day.

And whither would this pilgrim go,
 And how long shall he roam ?
 No resting-place for him below—
 Above—he seeks a Home :
 And soon he shall attain that bourne
 From which no message, no return,
 No guide through miry loam ;
 Thy Word is the celestial sign, [twine.
 Like looming star through gloomy mists en-

A light to wandering way-worn feet,
 Delight to haggard eye ;
 As in the dungeon's depth 't will greet
 Some stray ray from the sky.
 And therefore 't is, that I have sworn
 That all the trials that have torn,
 Or tearing that may try ;
 Shall ne'er this ardent spirit quench,
 Nor from my grasp the palm-branch wrench.

My fare, Affliction's bitter bread—
 My draught, corrosive tear,
 Then on such med'cine dicted,

Strive Conscience' films to clear.
Thou wilt excite the growing saint,
Foment his fervour if it faint,
There is no fear when 'Thou art near ;
While my heart dances in Thy scale
What counterpoise can countervail ?

In vain the wicked set their snare,
My wary soul to watch,
Determined Thy design—to spare,
How futile theirs, to catch !
Nor me in mine have ever quailed ;
But in their efforts grossly failed
My fealty to detach ;
In which begot and born and bred
And never can be forfeited.

Thy testimonies shall be mine—
No other heritage
Do I require, desire in fine—
No other gift or gage.
The expositions of Thy Will,
With vivid exhibitions fill
Of light through every page ;
Through every age, and stage, and still—
The Guide to good, the Guard from ill.



Simech.

I.

Avaunt ! Corruptive thoughts mundane,
This breast 's no nest for you,
Deceitful, foolish, treacherous, vain,
Unwelcome as untrue !

Nay, it has banished and has mock'd—
 For, other guest it there has lock'd,
 It long has longed to woo :
 Conscience, pure, spotless, and serene,
 Prompt by its SAVIOUR to be seen.

Transparent, bright should be to Him
 Illumin'd by His laws,
 Fresh polished steel beside it, dim—
 Clear crystal—fleck'd with flaws :
 Before that breast Thy brilliant shield—
 To fellest foe 't will scorn to yield,
 Sconced in that magic rim
 What open fury can do harm
 Or occult sortilege or charm ?

But Thou hast trodden down the foe,
 Too late, he now knows why :
 Thou didst persuade him to forego
 His gross impiety—
 The victim of his own deceit !
 His boast a bubble, choice a cheat ;
 His very soul a lie !
 And as from far his torments loom,
 My flesh creeps trembling at his doom.

THE END

A.
III.
I.

If Justice' scale I oft forbore
 'Gainst others to depress ;
 Reward my abstinence the more,
 Rebuke my fault the less ;
 And let my erst desert atone

For later failings I bemoan
With no less bitterness;
Let Mercy stretch the hand I seek
To wipe tear from Contrition's cheek.

Let not the mean oppressor bend
The upright to his use:
Rise THOU the righteous to defend
And rectify th' abuse;
Let wistful glance of faltering eye
And muttering sob of fluttering sigh
Indulgencey induce;
Thy servant I—mine to fulfil
Behest of Thine eternal Will.

And time it is Thy wrath should speed
'Gainst those have not delayed
To make each ordinance void indeed
Thy Word had valid made:
But I will cleave to that and love,
And rank its value far above
Whate'er of rarest rocks, we read,
That Tyre's alchymic art refines
From Ormus' deep auriferous mines.

Come, chosen children of your GOD,
And con His lesson o'er;
Those, fear retributory rod,
(Who ~~WILLY~~ foreswore—)
Deception's soft cajoleries hate,
Disdain, discard, abominate,
As I have done before:
So will—despite her to the end
To punish her—myself amend.



I.

Thy Scriptures were not penned in vain
 (Sear leaves without effect);
 Who reads and thinks but must be smitten
 As well with matter they contain;
 As marvels they collect
 The motives they direct
 And lofty style in which they 're written.

Unprofitably not, I scrutinize,
 Nor carelessly divine;
 Nor always miss the mysteries hidden;
 The frontispiece of entrance vies
 With vivid lamps that shine
 Through each illustrate line,
 To eye of fool a food forbidden.

As traveller toils o'er sandy wold
 Or works through tangled hyrst,
 To some clear brook's green bank and slanting;
 His longing eyes at length behold;
 And now he rushes first
 To slake his feverish thirst;—
 So for Truth's fount my soul is panting.

O ! Thou unlock that sacred spring
 And set Hope once afloat; .
 Life of Despondency bedewing:
 That may reviving moisture bring,
 To hot and parchèd throat,
 Whose hoarse and hollow note
 Perpetual, piteous plaint 's renewing.

O might that throat but freely speak
Of legends of Thy lore,
Thence utterance other none emitting:
My feet assiduously seek,
Mine eyes expert, explore,
Of happy Holiness, the shore;
With prospect fair of never quitting!

Illustrate, gild, with glory's beam,
Delightful passage through;
With Lenience' look of illumination—
When from Thee wandering seem
The base misguided crew;
My heart weeps blood to view—
My lids drop tears of dire vexation.



TYNDALI.

I.

Most holy, righteous, just and good,
Are all Thy sayings, doing,
If meekly, rightly understood
(And from right point of viewing);
What though impenetrable pall hangs o'er,
The gloomiest of Thy dispensations;
Submiss when the intelligent explore,
They find
So kind,
That Thy rebukes—their consolations.

With what intensity I grieve
(My zeal the soul devouring);
When I so palpably perceive
My foes the law o'erpowering:



And yet so luminous, clear, exquisite—
The moral vision it so heightens :
That I must hail and love its living light :
 I find
 My mind
The flame of Truth refines and brightens.

Though I esteem myself but small ;
 The multitude despising ;
Yet would be found while here I crawl,
 My duties exercising :
If wrongs from basest cruelty endured,
 Have sharpen'd sufferings agonising ;
Yet is there left me one delight secured—
 I'm fain
 To gain
In Thee, all other joys comprising.

—

Loph.

I.

I cry from my heart,
 Thou hear me, hear me
 When I call unto Thee ;
To no other will *I* make profession.
 Severe as the smart
 O look on and see
 So contrarious my part ;
 Yet my actions agree
In despite of most grievous aggression.

Startled by the shrill lark
 Or the querulous fawn,

I prevented the Dawn
That her tribute of fragrance presented;
And e'er Night o'er the lawn,
Her star-spangled, dark
Glossy tresses had drawn;
My pale lamp at that spark
Meditation to kindle consented.

List! again to the voice
Of Thy melodist's lays,
Whose suspension of days,
Shall extol Thine extension of kindness;
Cherish child of Thy choice
With warm breath of Thy praise
With Thy favour rejoice
In the light of her rays,
Nor leave him in coldness and blindness.

Encompass'd, beset
By Malignity's troop,
Gathering slyly to coop;
And I thought in their cords that had bound me—
But their mischief to let,
Thou deignedst to stoop,
Unravelled their net,
Uncoiling the hoop
That they wound so insidiously round me.

The righteous to prove,
The wicked may last;
Till their service be past
And sow, and p'rhaps reap from their treason
Crops for which they long strove—
Their sky soon overcast
Swept off, vision they wove—
In Wrath's turbulent blast,—
Their gay summer a very short season.

Thy laws were of old
 (Though I've shown them anew),
 And acknowledged by few,
 Still before the world was, pre-existing;
 Why need we be told
 What cannot but be true
 That they will uphold
 Creation—all through,
 The system by which they're subsisting?

* * * *

Resh.

I.

More wakeful than blithe Morn Thy vigilance,
 More warm than genial Noon Thy fostering love;
 Cheerless were Eve without Thy Planet's dance
 Night's pall—Death's robe—unspangled from
 That Night, less clarifies and less refines [above.
 The tear from Hermon's snowy beard that's slid
 Than Pity purifies the drop that lines
 The diamond sluice beneath her pearly lid.

O! renovate that tender heart that she
 Once more may fold me to her mother breast!
 Clasp from the reach of ruthless enemy,
 And hush Affliction in her downy nest—
 She in Thy Tabernacle dwells demure,
 Beckoning the faithful to her palace home;
 Sheltered and shielded from all shafts secure
 There—their dominion, domicile and dome.

When I beheld transgressors lawless wage
 Warfare accurst, 'gainst MAJESTY august,

With indignation I observed their rage,
Malevolence, mislike, misdeeds, mistrust,
And Envy sneering when she saw the calm
And dignified delight with which I trod
Thy way without a question or a qualm,
Unscorch'd, unscorch'd by Thy flaminiferous rod.

As on I travelled and as there I use
(For easy 't is, and he that runs may read);
The map of that fair country to peruse,
Thy demonstration has made plain indeed;
Thy sweet indulgence through my riper years
Has given the faculty and wish to scan;
Instinctive intellect to see, how clear—
The all-surpassing beauties of the plan?



Schim.

I.

Princes may persecute, or kings may curse
With petty virulence of Grandeur's spite;
The rich may wrong, may scandalize—or worse,
Seduce to abnegation of the right—

Futile alike their stratagems and toil,
Thy loyal soldier I:—Less fatal far
To fall thus fighting than to share the spoil—
The barren booty of rebellious jar.

Falsehood!—though in thy painted dimples dwell
Alluring witcheries of harlot smiles;
I hate thee as the harbinger of Hell,
Unask'd thy favours and unmask'd thy wiles.

No!—Truth with placid and contented mien
Coy in each grace and unadorned, be mine
With pensive brow, cerulean eye serene,
Thee I adore, thy loveliness divine!

E'er waning Sun in his unwearied round,
To meet the Morn with glowing kiss return,
Seven times my knees shall greet the grateful
[ground,
Seven times my lips upon Thine Altar burn.

There let me seal the compact of my peace—
No care to ruffle, fear to discompose;
Where anxious quests of aching conscience cease
And ruder conflicts of the passions doze.

How rich of perseverant Faith the fruit!
On whom the cherub Charities attend,
Whose loyalty instinctive attribute! [friend!
Whose handmaid Confidence—Content, her

Bright Hope her pupil, child of chaste desires,
On manna of celestial promise fed;
The rule she keeps that Piety inspires;
Reward receives—of bliss in Heaven that's bred.

Thou know'st in hours of danger, shades of Death,
To Thee, to Thine, obediently I clave;
Grant Thou, I cleave with my expiring breath,
Thou who canst save—O save me in the grave!

CANT.

I. & T.

There is a voice the L^OR^D will hear—
Not Discontentment's whine,
But Pity's whisper close and clear,
In sighs that dew His Shrine.
Then let my prayers before Thee come
And to that mouth, so late so dumb,
Incline Thy patient Ear;
Give to docility a leaning,
To search Thy Will's profoundest meaning.

Inquisitiveness give, to seek,
Capacity, to know,
And Intrepidity to speak
The truths Thy lessons show.
To Thee far seated 'bove the skies,
Pure Supplication's breath shall rise,
Nor languidly nor slow—
Sweet as Spring's, o'er her rosebuds sighing
To perfume Shaaron's bosom vieing.

If in Thy school I've gathered aught,
Shall others nothing gain?
Shall I what worthily I'm taught
Unworthily retain?
And I, deem'd fit to learn Thy writ,
Permitted not to talk of it,
Too voluble and vain?
Though once within Thy doctrine dipp'd,
With touch of fire that tongue is tipp'd.

Though deeper pierce Thy flames—the more
They purify the mind:
Oh! leave no lump of drossy ore,
Of refuse unrefined;

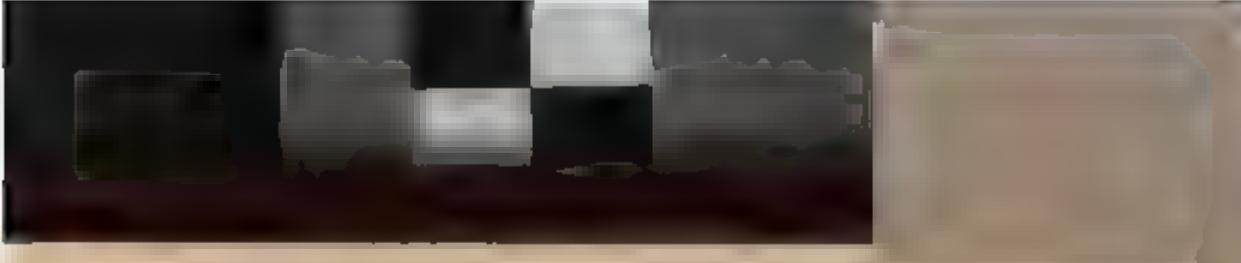
Accept the offering I renew ;
 Revive, revise, revisit, and review—
 To Thee 't is all resigned ;
 In all its newest, fairest phases,
 The unsullied mirror of Thy Praises.

Day there was—but that is past,
 Gone—yes gone, long, long ago !
 Present moments flit so fast
 Coming, creep so slow !
 I—stray lambkin from Thy Fold
 Was not lost nor was I sold,
 To the wicked,—no ;
 Angels Thine around me hovered
 And the wandering waif recovered.

From Thy purfled pastures where
 Shady vale and breezy hill,
 Bosky bower and dingle fair,
 Down the crystal rill ;
 From Thy flock I straggled far
 Where the roaring lions are—
 Serpents hiss and kill ;
 There my SAVIOR spied and watch'd me,
 And from glaring dragon snatch'd me.

O ! most blest PRESERVER, keep—
 To Thy helpless servant stoop ;
 Thou Who guard'st Thine erring sheep
 In Thy Bosom coop.
 When they 're ailing Thou amend,
 When they 're failing Thou befriend,
 Raise the heads that droop,
 Lingering, leading—fainting, feeding,
 Bleeding, heeding—needing, speeding
 Round their folding group :
 All their wants, their pains, distresses,
 Buried in Thy kind caresses.





Lyric CXX. A.

In my deepest distress
What was my discourse;
Where was my resource?
Why, to Thee
Did I flee—
My Preserver, Preceptor, Protector,
For Thou dost redress
All that trust in Thy Force;
Shall not I
Then rely
On Thee, my Corrector, Director?

Deliver my soul
From the falsehoods that slip
From Perjury's lip:
And sharp tongue
That among
The perfidious is honoured and lauded;
The weak would cajole
The opulent strip:
Old and young
It has stung,
And the wisest and wariest defrauded.

What is thy desert
Vile reviler?—thy doom
Be to fade in thy bloom:
Tooth of fool
(Mischief's tool!)
With its venomous morsure shall wound thee,
No cunning divert

The Judgment to come;
From no pool
Drop to cool
The undying flames that surround thee.

Woe to me, 't is that I
Dwell in Meshek so far,
In the tents of Kedar:
For the whole
Of my soul
Was with Thee and in Thy Sanctuary;
Peace, peace is my cry,
But their cry is "war, war:"
Every word
From them heard,
To that peace and to Thee, adversary.





Lyric CXXI. A.

Look up, ye bright eyes, to the hills
With Wonder's devotional gaze;
Whence Fecundity's silvery rills
Lace Fertility's verdurous maze;
Their CREATOR ye never can see—
Yet do we less clearly divine;
He no other can certainly be,
Than your bountiful MAKER and mine?

From Him is my health, and my hope—
When I look on the Heavens and the Earth;
Their intrinsic relations and scope;
And the many more things of less worth;
I feel I'm as certain as they
Of the watch He continually keeps;
For His Eye is ne'er closed during day,
And at night it nor slumbers nor sleeps.

To the shade of His shelter I run
From the merciless rage of each noon;
The pestiferous blaze of the Sun—
More mortiferous haze of the Moon.
His favour how pleased He bestows
When Humility's proud to implore;
Through His works when admiring she goes
Or kneels at His Shrine to adore.

Lyric CXXII. T.

—

Has there not a nobler joy
 Been alas ! vouchsafed to Earth ;
Freer from her base alloy,
Fitter for her to enjoy,
 Than ambition, avarice, mirth,
 Or the sensual pleasures cloying
 In the employing—self-destroying ?

How far different sentiment
 I have felt and ever feel,
When through welkin (trumpet rent),
To Thy Temple summons sent,
 Waking rapture—warming zeal—
 From the heart sublimely swelling
 Every sordid wish expelling.

City ! that I venerate,
 O ! Jerusalem the blest !
Sconced in lofty rocky state
Set my feet within Thy gate ;
 Welcome Thy most wishful guest—
 Where the just are congregated
 To Thy service consecrated.

Twice devout distinguish'd,—you !
 Thrice assembled in the year ;
In grave tribes in order due
(Reverent rite of jealous Jew !)
 Zealous in joy, love and fear :
 Sins repenting while reviewing
 Vows reviving by renewing.

House of David, Royal seat!
Justice pure and Honour bright;
Truth and Peace and Mercy meet
In this sanctified retreat,
And with Happiness unite.
Plenty crowning, Glory greeting,
Pride confounding, Vice defeating—

For my hallowed brethren's sake,
And esteemed companionship;
E'er the Dawn the Night o'er take,
Fervency her vow shall make,
On Devotion's florid lip,
Blessings to the good bespeaking
In and from this temple seeking.





Lyric xxii. A.

ALTER.

engrav.

I was glad when they said—
When they said unto me,
The House of the LORD we will enter,
Thy pavements I'll tread,
To Thy porticoes flee;
O Salem ! O see !
An humble, may be,
Of Thy temple a zealous frequenter !

I will stand in Thy gate
And cleave to Thy rock,
My faith there immovable founding ;
For it shall be its fate,
As foretold to Thy flock,
The earthquake to mock
And the thunder-bolt's shock,
Through the valley of Hinnom resounding.

I see Thy tribes go
(Awful Priest at their head)
Through the lofty long peristyle winding
In garments of snow,
And streamers of red,
With the bullocks, were bred
And the fatlings were fed,
To the horns of the altar they're binding.

These of Israel it is
Join of Joseph the prayers,
To the SAVIOUR, the GOD of both nations.
The honour is His,

The holocaust, theirs,
That Duty prepares
And Gratitude shares,
And transmits to unborn generations.

Where of Jacob the seat,
Where of David the throne
If not in the fortress of Zion ?
From idolatrous feat,
Nor from statues of stone,
But from Judah alone,
Tis SALVATION has grown—
From her LORD, her Lawgiver, and Lion.

Be Peace in her walls !
Her Prosperity grow ;
Like green bay-tree, clear fount that embraces ;
Let the dew-drop that falls
From Heaven's eye-lash, bestow
The juices that flow
To tincture the glow,
Mantles Plenty's plump cheek that it graces.

Let Courage defend,
And be Victory his bride,
For you 't is, my brethren, I crave it
May no evil attend,
May all goodness betide,
While in peace ye abide,
And pure Worship preside
In His Temple—to your use He gave it.





Lyric XXXIII. X.

* * * * *

Listed up be my eyes unto Thee—
Unto Thee, LORΔ of life be uplifted;
O lift every thought, too, to be
By Thee the more thoroughly sifted:
Shall the height of Thy heavenly Abode
(Though it hinder our eyes to behold Thee)
Hide from Thine, though in darkness bestow'd,
Things that can, and that cannot be told Thee?

My riveted look on Thy Face
Cleaves every day faster and faster;
As hand-màidens their mistresses' trace—
Men-servants watch that of their masters.
So our eyes on Heaven's aspect are strained,
Till Bounty shed Mercy's sweet manna,
Till Petition of Peace be obtained,
Murmurs stifled in one long hosanna.

Thou hast taught us our need of Thine aid;
We have learnt Thy benign condescensions;
Yet the worldly and wicked upbraid,
And the Powerful urge pompous pretensions.
Of Brutality's menace afraid,
We're harassed by grave apprehensions;
The butt of the Scorer arc made,
And the victims of cruel contentions.

* * * * *

Lyric CXXIV. I.

1824

When the fierce Philistine and jealous Jebusite,
Close brac'd in brass and bristling steel arose—
Perfidious Ammon and accurst Amalekite
(The embattled royalty of rancorous foes !)
And Sin more formidable far than those,

Where was it then, when so alarm'd—yes, who
[was it
Reflesh'd our blunted blades in hostile gore ?
Who was it ransomed from the dungeon's gloomy
[pit ;
Chased breathless carnage from the blood-stained
[floor ;
While foreign foemen fatten'd Israel's shore ?

Hot was that rampant rage that threatened to
[devour,
And had consumed us in its wanton flame ;
Hadst Thou our hosts forsaken in that trying hour,
Nor stemmed the scarlet tide of war that came
To drown Thy nursing-nation and its name.

What novel glories clothed that most auspicious
Frounced in the smoking terror of Thy ire ; [day
Tarnish'd the honours of Pride's arrogant array,
Besmirch'd in smouldering smeeth of reeky fire ;
But wakening Triumph's voice on Israel's lyre ?

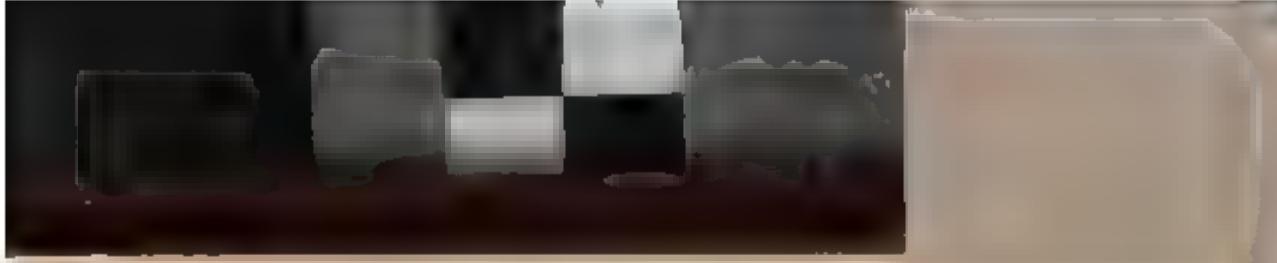
Or else her carrion carcass festering, rot, and rank,
Had fed the fulness of her fertile soil,
Ravish'd its blooming boast barbarian court to
2 D 2 [prank ;



Her dearest treasures and opimest spoil,
Her gardens, vineyards, honey, grain, and oil.

But as from overt force so from the subtle snare
Thy rescued children nestle in Thy wing ;
So joyous feathered minions of Thy care,
'Scap'd fowler's meshes subdolous as fair,
To their warm downy domiciliar bring
Their tiny throats' mellifluous offering.





Lyric Cxxv. I.

229

Deep in the rock thy root, O Zion, sunk,
Aspiring turrets kiss the skies ;
Nor ages yet thy stedfast foot have shrunk,
Nor shorn thy head that Time defies.
Ye that seek refuge in her ample court
Shall find the rest for which ye roam,
Against assault of Wickedness a fort—
Attack of Wretchedness, a home.

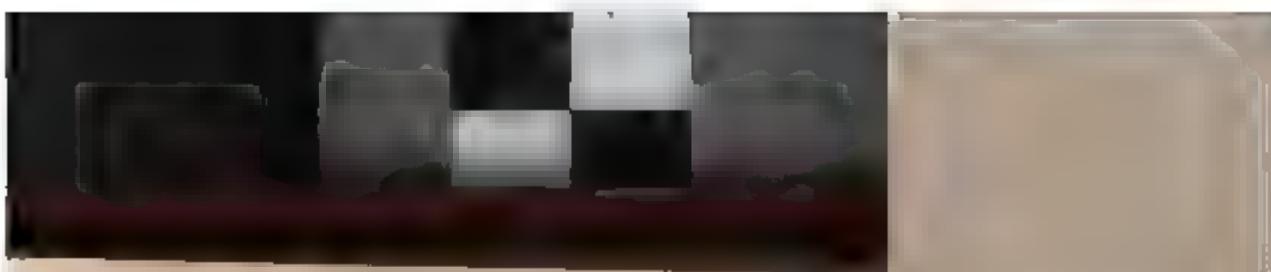
For, as the mountain-bulwark from without
Clasps Zion to its giant breast,
Buckler impenetrable round about,
Braving rough War's severest test ;
So doth the Everlasting Shepherd belt
His flock with adamantine fence,
Where panic fear of wolf nor robber felt ;
Within that safe circumference.

No knavish, sly seducer harbours there,
To lure the gentle lamb to stray ;
No thief shall hope, nor hungry lion dare
To make those precious sheep his prey :
And how beneficent in Thee to guard
'Gainst the insidious blow and rude ;
Nor wit can weet, nor weakness ward,
Nor force repel nor care elude.

O let the sunshine of Thy count'nance gild
The cheerful chambers of the heart,
With fear and love of Thy perfections filled

In sable curtain of that gloomy lid.





Lyric LXVI. I.

—

Is there in all Pain's armoury, to feel,
A weapon edged with keener dole;
Than fetter's ring of bluntest, smoothest steel:
Yet gnaws the flesh and eats into the soul.

The instrument and element of bane,
What sound to freeborn ears can be,
So rude, so harsh as clank of cankering chain
Word so horrific as—Captivity.

Such dismal dissonance tore Israel's ears,
Such galling gyves scored many a weal;
Her sufferings nourished by her tears;
Their hopeless cure the gibbet and the jail.

But ~~God~~ received Repentance' late lament,
Her deep expiatory moan;
Received and seasonable succour sent:—
Shall graceless Israelite refuse to own?

That solemn blast dispelled her fitful dream
Where Conscience shook her scorpion lash;
Weeping o'er wild Euphrates' willowy stream;
Whose wanton waves her tuneless psaltery
[wash—

At Triumph's trump her shiver'd fetters fell;
Her prison's murage vainly reared!
Vanish'd her vision's disenchanted spell;
Disfranchis'd, disembodied, disappeared.



Shall not thy trumpet then His wonders hail
With shawm and sacbut's loudest peal;
Thy lyric melody enchant the gale,
The welkin echo, hill and valley reel?

Let bright-eyed maids, nor bright those eyes in
With zeal-enkindling-cheek, provoke [vain,
The youthful harpers to their choral strain,
With lips breathe praise and censers sacred
[smoke.

With lurid scowl and insuspicious leer,
The Heathen views our joyous boasts:—
“Whence these brave transports?” cry they with
[a sneer;
“Are these the workings of their GOD of
[HOSTS?”

Well may they ask at each stupendous act,
Egregious Folly disbelieved;
Each frowning mountain, smiling vale in fact,
Records some signal victory achieved.

Didst Thou not from incarceration free,
From Servitude's worst slavery save?
Transform to stanchest friend stern enemy;
The culprit spare and manumit the slave?

Averting oft the threat'nings bode dismay;
As Thy touch tames the torrent's course;
Turning Calamity's swollen floods away,
To spend on others their destructive force.

Thou saw'st us pine in penury and pain;
Quick Mercy's tears our fallows steep;
Fecundity drinks in the genial rain,
We sow in sadness, but in gladness reap.

The toiling tiller solitary, slow,
His seed-corn in the furrow leaves,
Yet (Plenty's harvester) that hind shall go
And deck Exuberance in her golden sheaves.





Lyric CXXVII. I.

—

In vain the pride of princely Architecture mocks
With its protuberant dome Heaven's sapphire [aisles;
Propt on its porphyry shafts, root in primeval
And belted in its jasper peristyles, [rocks;
How deep that swelling's base, or high the forked [crest,
Out-spreads the cedar and out-tops the larch;
Its fabric feebler than the spider's pendulous nest,
Unless ALMIGHTY Finger key the arch.

In vain the wary sentinel, with weary feet,
Paces redoubt, impregnable they call; [street;
Or grim patrol with clattering hoof the batter'd
If Heavenly Eye-beam watch nor ward the wall.
In vain more early roused than rosy dawn ye rise,
To toiling Time's infatigable task;
If grey-eyed Crepuscule's late prayer and sacrifice
Neglect Night's strength-conferring rest to ask.

But what the City's Bulwarks bastion fort or
Its fast construction and its vast array? [towers,
If habitants be not; and in its withering bowers,
Its denizens be doomed to dire decay?
For progeny's desire—desert of man below,
Flows from the LORD His blest inheritance.
Fond father He can make, a fitful mourner go;
Despondent bride a joyous mother dance.

As pointed arrows on the archer's polished yew
Stand ready winged, in his defence to fly;

So waits the stalwart stripling trusty tried and true
Protection to the parent to supply— {hail;
And as the shafts from Bowman's quiver prompt to
So the abode with youthful warriors rife,
Bristling with spears prepared to pierce the bur-
[nished mail,
Holds elements of help in future strife.



Lyric CXXVII. I.



There are the proud, the vain, the gay;
The money-hatching miser :
The pleasure-hunter of the day,
The boon companion in his way
Less wily, but no wiser :
Yet none of these can stand the test
Distinguishes the “Man that’s blest.”

No, only he whose heart is found
Such fripperies despising :
Whose Piety has Virtue crown’d,
And Sin in bitter tears has drown’d—
Ennobling, signalizing,
It is,—that can that title gain ;
Or can deserve it or sustain.

If thou be he, it shall be thine,
Secure, sedate, serene ;
Where Fondness’ arms around thee twine ;
As round thy figtree curls the vine,
On leafy lawn to lean :
That yields the labour-earned repose
Refined contentment only knows.

Well shall it be for thee and them
Who hang upon thy smile ;
So well, they well may, diadem
(A nation’s dearest baubles gem),
Tread underfoot, as vile ;
With all its wreaths of thorny cares,
Are wove to wear the wretch that wears.

Here conscious eyes bright rays dispense,
Dim the dull'd diamonds—crust a crown
Truth-beaming-looks of Innocence;
Joy-sparkling-tear emerging thence
Affection's glances own:
Such jewels star the group shall long
Thy frugal, festive board to throng.

For what the blood-stained ruby hoops
Round regal brows they lace,
To blooming band, the parent, coops
With cherub cheeks, as pleased he stoops
To clasp in close embrace?
Yet to the BLESS'D, bless'd offering brings
Such and more blessed offerings.

These flowerets, in their sunshine play,
Shall cheer and charm the sight:
Shall bud each night, shall blow each day,
Like blossoms on the olive's spray—
Type of Peace and Delight:
Like her slim arms theirs intervene
To adorn, to soothe, to screen.

There thy life-partner's slender shape
Shall on thy breast recline,
With kiss as luscious as thy grape
(From which the honeyed drops escape),
As fruitful as thy vine.
Forestalling in lost world like this
A taste from cup of heavenly bliss.

Thus shall the man, loves, fears the LORD,
Know what it is to love;
With love reciprocal restored;
Nay to be loved, to be adored;
As Seraphs burn above:

LIVE ON THE MEAN EARTH,

Who has her loftiest outposts stormed:
To him her promises performed:
To her, his faith fulfilled:
That man, his children's child shall see,
Nor yet that child shall childless be.

Lyric CXXIX. X.

—

Contumelious derision and scorn
Preying on the severest affliction—
Affliction severest and more,
Reproach of a foe
Redoubling the woe:
These trials I suffered of yore:
How dismal the morn, yet the eve more forlorn !
Yea, for Thee with humility bore
Without murmur, without dereliction.

Though the skin and the scalp they have scored
And the flesh with their weapons have wounded,
At the vitals maliciously aimed,
The most sensitive part,
That is nearest the heart—
Not too soon hast Thou shamed
Their vain boasting—my courage restored—
Their rabid ferocity tamed
And their worst machinations confounded.

Yes, confounded, astounded by THEE,
In the depths of profound consternation ;
The perversely unwise reprobate,
In the pride of his sin
Has nourished within,
'Gainst Zion misprision and hate,
Yet Thy wrath shall consume—he shall be,
Like the grass, graced the green roof of late,
Withered in the Sun's fierce desiccation ;

It festoons with its mantle the eaves
And drapes their profile with profusion ;

No mower shall bind in his sheaves;
But the eddy wind scatter around—
Vain glory!—such is thy delusion.

No pilgrim that passes that way,
Shall cry with sincere admiration,
This is truly the blest of the **LORD**!
Of corn and of wool
His garners are full.
The **LORD** prosper!—for he kept His word!
Has kept it and none shall gainsay:
His works and his word on record
Meet the need of Divine approbation.





Lyric CXXX. A.

—
—

From the depths will I cry unto Thee,
From the bosom, the bowels of ocean,
From life's turbid and turbulent lee,
Its perils, its terrors, commotion—
The hurricane's howl
And the monsters that prowl
And devour the devout and Devotion.

Shall not my shrill voice, in some shape,
Though its accents half smothered, half strangled,
Rouse the Ear that no sound can escape,
Though in roar of those tempests entangled—
Through rude storms that assail
The mild sighs that exhale,
On glad gust of the gale,
Reach their port with their meaning unmangled.

Let them stay what they cannot annul,
And Constancy's faithfulness nourish ;
Those judgments exacted in full,
All flesh from before Thee must perish :
Not a man in the land
(Builds on rock or on sand)
For a moment could stand,
Nor Virtue nor Piety flourish.

But there 's gracious forgiveness we know
To the culprit repentant extended ;
When his works, reformed principles show ;
Nor too heavy the penance appended.

224

Wait my Soul! wait with patience to catch
Slightest glimpses of mercy returning;
As night's guards, ray crepuscular watch
In the eye of the East that is burning,
More on thee the hours press,
Then watch thou not with less
But with more eagerness— [ing]
For a Dawn that's more glorious thou 'rt yearn

Like them, lift thy looks to the sky,
For the day-star thy darkness dispelling
On the wings of the Morning fly—fly
From Sin in whose purlieus thou 'rt dwelling.
For thine errors atone
And seek pardon alone
At the foot of that Throne,
In plenteous Redemption excelling.





Lyric XXXI. . .

Who was it said and why—that I
Was haughty, ostentatious, proud?
No matter—'t was perchance a lie,
A falsehood sure—'t will be allowed.
No—I'm not vanitose nor vain,
As those are vain—in vain, assume,
And as for pride, who knows me, knows
My heart, for that had never room.

No—I am gentle, weak, and meek,
Content with lot of low degree;
Nor e'er did my worst cravings seek
That arduous post too high for me.
I've kept thee in control—my Soul!
On diet of humility;
Glued up thy lips from Pleasure's bowl
And sealed thine eyes from revelry.

As woman weans her child—beguiled
When round her sinking bosom curled:
So wary, temperate, modest, mild
I've wound and weaned thee from the world:
Yes, snatch'd from Luxury's down of downs,
Agaceries and wicked wiles;
Her simperings, toyings, poutings, frowns;
Sleek dimples, meretricious smiles.

Thou seest in them the harm—not charm
Their fleeting blandishments possess;
No fresh delight but new alarm
In each ambiguous stale caress.

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Lyric CXXII. I.

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Wilt Thou not, *LORD!* remember me,
Whom Thou distinguishedst of yore;
The peaceful Jesse's warlike son—
The dangers, sufferings, toils he bore,
Through Ziph's bare wilderness and hoar;
Or in Adullam's dingy cave,
Or on Engedi's rocky shore,
Where strangling torrents wrangling rave
To delve their deep, dark slime-bespattered grave?

Was it not he whose ardent love
And zealous awe and pious fear
Sued Truth to register above,
My secret, sacred vow sincere
Prompt penitential and severe?
Never within this palace dome,
In royal splendour to appear;
But rather outcast vagrant roam,
The sweets untasted of joy-breathing home,

Nor court Repose on downy couch,
Nor Slumber's dews on drowsy lid;
Till to my conscience I could vouch
(As vouch undoubtedly I did),
That spot I'd found so long lay hid—
Where out Thy Dwelling, temple-wise
Starting to being at my bid,
Might on majestic columns rise
And ape and emulate and kiss the skies.

We sought it long and far and 'round
(Sure, quest sincere 's successful still):

At last our secret searches found
 That sacred spot—that Holy Hill—
 Near font umbriferous, limpid rill ;
 From depths Ephrata's bosom swell,
 Whence our eyes floods of joy distil,
 To see that seat—kneel there as well,
 Wherein Thy Mercy shall and Honour dwell.

Rise, L^OR^D ! and let the nations mark
 The entry to its place of rest
 Of Thine eternal mystic ark !
 The living lightnings that attest,
 The cloudy terrors that invest,
 The Present D^EI^TY within,
 In awe and holinesses drest :
 And there Thy Priests Thy rites begin
 That make atonement for a people's sin.

Has not Thy Truthfulness decreed ?
 (That truth to fail was never known)
 To David and his royal seed,
 To them to sit—and them alone
 On Israel's everlasting throne,
 Their ancient compact if they keep,
 As to their sage forefathers shown :
 Like them Obedience' fruits to reap—
 To reign in splendour and in quiet sleep.

Thou favourite knoll of favoured Earth !
 Thee, thee the L^OR^D has chosen—thee !
 Yet not for thine intrinsic worth ;
 But His Own free benignity.—
 He deigns thee footstool His—to be—
 Yet doth He wandering Faith assure
 In these palatial walls, that she
 Receptacle shall find secure,
 And through her age of constancy endure.

David I'll honour more and more;
"Nor," saith the **LORD**, "his children less;
"And as I bless'd him on this shore
 "Them on a better, will I bless;
 "Where Plenty's lavish hand shall dress
"The landscape in her richest vest;
 "Peace, lagging Labour shall caress
"And solace Trouble on her breast,
"Whilst coy Content—Contention soothes to rest."

Upon the Priest's anointed brow
 SAVATON's promises shall shine,
Grave Hierarchs their shoulders bow,
 Nations their ready head incline
 And Fear her arms with Joy's entwine,
As fresh, resplendent branches shoot--
 Rise blossomings from Jesse's line—
New glories gild their ripening fruit
Withering curst envy in her cankering root.



Lyric CXXXIII. I.

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How simple, solemn, sacred, sweet—
When brotherly affections rise,
And zealous Sympathy's responses meet
The heart o'erflowing through the eyes—
Fusion more intimate and more complete
Than all the ecstatic harmonies
Of strings we strain or modes we melodize.

Rich glow of Nature's bosom—even
Exalting human, to Divine:
To live in harmony's to dwell in Heaven,
And with her reflex radiance shine,
E'er sinking to the Earth—Earth's loam to leaven:
The influence such when stars refine
And melt the pearls on Hermon's rigid chine.

Or as when Spring, on Sharon's plain,
With diamond tears the lilies woo;
Or Autumn's palpitating eyelids drain,
O'er Zion's front, her balmy dew:
Or from th' anointing unguent's perfumed rain,
Delicious subtle fragrance flew
Down Aaron's beard his holy vestures through.

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Lyric CXXXIb. I.

10612

Behold this gorgeous marble temple stand—
Its tall illimitable colonnade,
Its sunny courts, and cloister-tempered shade—
The mountain's regal coronet expand,
Round its majestic front extending,
Acclimating, adorning, and defending—
Solemn, magnificent, stupendous, grand.

Without—what skill masonic was there brought
To hew that perfect symphysis, and show
From the rock's core of indurated snow,
The invisible joint by cunning chisel wrought—
Block upon more gigantic block amassing,
With polish, Beauty's smoothest skin surpassing;
Art bettering what her mistress Nature taught.

Within—Rich kernel worthy of its shell!
The chaste displays of decorative skill
Triumphant eye of gazing Wonder fill;
And mock the costly ground-work they excel—
'Midst brilliance of most precious metals blazing
More precious workmanship the vision dazing,
By rare enchantment of their mutual spell.

The wealth of Ormus handiwork of Tyre;
The strength of Lebanon, Sidonia's craft;
At Age's rage—Storm's ravages—has laugh'd,
Man's bitterer wrath than elemental fire,—
These tests, has stood this admirable building,
Quaint sculpture, tracery, carving, pencilling,
 { gilding—
And yet one breath shall level in the mire.

Ye servants to His mighty rites belong,
Trim your gold-candle-branches, silver lamps
Whose flickerings dazzled erst the desert damps—
Ye hoary ministers of holy song, [lifting,
Your voices, hands, eyes, hopes, and hearts up—
Praise Him Who made with faculties He's gifting,
Priests, Levites, acolytes ! the vocal arcades throng.

Made it, made you,—from nothing made the
[world;
And knew, 'midst boundless fields of azure space,
Where to extend its adamantine base :
Gem without price in curule casket curled :
Rich germ of grace and symmetry supplying
Like rose-bud on the neck of Summer lying,
Sweets inexhaustible through grateful Time un-
[furled !





Lyric CXXXV. I.

8294

Flow on, ye streams of gratitude that rise
From the rise sluices of the throbbing heart!
Impelled by breath of tributary sighs,
Distil the heart-drops from the trembling eyes,
Testing pure fount from which these crystals start;

Moistening the voluble and varied tongue
To pour the glowing current of its lays,
O'er golden harps to rapture's pulses strung,
In sacred song, as yet unsaid, unsung,
Its theme the dread CREATOR'S hallow'd praise.

A being is there on Earth's surface crawls,
In human form, so doltish, dastard, dumb,
So blind so deaf to Duties' urgent calls
Not to confess the GOD, yes LRD of all!
Nor deprecate nor flee the wrath to come.

Let us not then the birth of Joy suppress,
But rather sedulously strive to show,
The child she is and heir of Thankfulness,
Not given to knavish, selfish fool to guess,
Nor vain world-worshipper alas! to know.

But we who low to dust our forehead bend,
We hear and see and trust and know and feel
Thou art our GOD, our Guide, our Guardian,
[friend:
Who gave our spirit, wilt Thy SPIRIT lend
To quicken ours and recompense our zeal.

What are the gods of Moab, Ammon what ?
Or Aroer's Power at Arnon's brook we broke,
Whose rite a revelry, whose Priest a sot ! [not !
Thou deign'st to breathe on them—and they are
Dispersed, dissolved like curls of stubble's smoke.

By Thee—to Thee 't is, incense' waves ascend,
And volumes of blue vapours skirt the vale,
Fringed by the blaze the living lightnings lend,
Warm'd by the rains their genial moisture blend
Or cooled by volleys of pearl-scattering hail.

Who slew the first-born of the Egyptian spawn ?
Of those who strut erect and brave the sky—
And beast, innoxious, prone that crops the lawn ;
Man's comrade, slave, to eve, from early dawn,
And guilty only as his firm ally.

Who turned Thy lucid stream to frogs obscene,
Thy ambient air to pestilential flies,
Thy dust vermicarious to lice unclean ;
To loathsome reptiles, Thy bright vernal green ;
To vault caliginous—transparent skies ?

Who brake the chariot scythes and brazen wheels ?
Who plunged the cataphract in slimy swamp ;
Who merged his track where late the crooked
[keel's ;
Who singed with sulphurous bolt his horse's heels,
Nor left one guard in Desolation's camp ?

Who smote the nations in their smoking hill,
And buried in its ash their city's pride, [rill ?
Pouring hot streams through many a crimson'd
Sihon and Og their bloody measures fill,
And Cànaan's monarchs' swell the purple tide.

Ye fields of promise, fortunate as fair !
Where florid Plenty's nursed by smiling Peace,
O bless the Hand by Whose peculiar care
Ye are not what ye were—but what ye are,
Israel's blest heritage—shall never cease.

Shall not His Name from age to age inure,
Whose habitation is eternity ?
Can the Immoveable be insecure ?
Duration's dreaded Author, not endure !
Then must all things that are soon no more be.

He was and is and will remain, and judge
His people righteously by Prophets sent—
Judge as a child is judged, not as a drudge :
Refuse no mercy and no aid begrudge,
Repent He cannot, but may oft relent.

Say the whole Heathen host what worship they,
What rite respect, what ~~DEITY~~ adore ?
Of host of Heaven perchance the bright array,
That cheers the lunar, chides the solar way—
And yet their MAKER and their own ignore.

As irreligious, shall we these condemn [odds ?
Where Ignorance struggled with such fearful
Nor yet their ingenuity contemn ;
When thus their gods so far from making them,
'T was they (more cunning artists !) made their
[gods !

Made them of blocks of stone, of trunks of trees,
Of fictile plaster, and of ductile brass ;
With ear bears not, and eye that never sees,
Mouths that breathe not the life-inspiring breeze,
Hands though well-fashion'd—fashion not, alas !

'T is in their own resemblance they have made ;
In limb, look, leer, and lineament and line ;

And shall we then th' artificer upbraid,
Whose works are like the model of his trade;
As senseless, speechless, spiritless, supine?

O bless the LORD! ye waifs from Jacob's flock,
From Aaron's venerable fold no less:
And ye from Levi's serviceable stock,
Ye that administer on Zion's rock,
Ye officers, officials, minstrels, menials, bless!

Yes,—let unceasing blessings crown Thy fane,
From swarms of penitents that crowd Thy court;
Thou from above beneficently deign
To shed Salvation's dew on Salem's reign:
All praise to Him who guards, illustrates, and
[supports.





Lyric CXXVII. A.

Come, ye old and ye young,
With one heart and one tongue:
Your fervent obedience proclaiming;
Golden harps be new strung
That His glories be sung,
The truth of Whose ways;
Noblest scheme of your lays,
Celestial rapture enflaming;
Yes, the might of your MAKER record
With your earliest, your latest endeavour,
While you draw from the depths of His Word;
Though you emulate even
The Seraphs of Heaven—
Exhaust it, you never can—never!
Then praise for He's good—praise the LIVING,
For His Mercy endureth for ever!

Who is there so blind
As not to behold
His most marvellous manifestation?
So dull not to mind,
What in Scripture he's told,
What was written of old
Of the stupendous work of Creation?
Then the praise of the MAKER record,
With your latest as earliest endeavour,
While your theme His invariable Word,
Though you emulate even
The Seraphs in Heaven,
Exhaust it—you never can—never!

Then praise for His Goodness the LORD,
For His Mercy endureth for ever!

Whose WISDOM it was
And unlimited Power;
In the arms of the Earth clasp'd the Oceans:
Gave the sky what it has,
The munificent dower!
From its star-spangled bower
To illuminate both in their motions:
Then the praise of their Author record
With your earliest and latest endeavour;
While your theme His undeviating Word;
Though you emulate even
The Seraphs in Heaven;
Exhaust it—you never can—never!
Then praise, for how good! praise the LORD!
For His Mercy endureth for ever!—

Astral Glory of Day,
Modest asterisms of Night;
Whence your saffrony robes oriental?
Can ye tell me? then say
Who dispenseth thy light
Can extinguish it quite
In His shadowy waves occidental?
T was He Whom you ought to record
With your earliest your latest endeavour;
Read His works—eloquent as His Word;
Though you emulate even
The Cherubs in Heaven,
Exhaust it—you never can—never!
Go, praise, for He's great—praise the LOR^D,
For His Mercy endureth for ever!

Who plunged mothers in gloom
When their first-born he slew,
And dress'd Mizraim in sackcloth and ashes?

Her despot in doom
To delinquent was due,
And his host overthrew,
While Heaven's lightning consumed in its flashes ?
Of JEHOVAH the victories record
How feeble soe'er your endeavour,
Such the theme they afford,
Though you emulate even
The chorus in Heaven ;
Exhaust it—you never can—never !
Laud th' invincible Leader, the LORD :
For His triumph endureth for ever.

Thou deep-flowing sea,
Who bid thee divide,
To twin translucent walls though terrific ?
Thy tumultuary lee,
Through the obsequious tide,
To smooth passage and wide,
From hostilest become most pacific ?
These miracles should ye record
With an ever-enduring endeavour ;
And the motives by which they occurred—
Should you emulate even
The music in Heaven
Exhaust them—you never can,—never !
Extol their sole Author, the LORD,
His wonders enduring for ever !

Who through wilderness led,
Bleak, barren, and bare,
The multitude of His selection ?
On celestial food fed
And guarded with care,
Though disloyal they were,
Prone to treason, rebellion, defection ?
Praise Him, then, Who, when ruined, restored ;
Ye minstrels most worthy, most clever,

Instruments the most tuneful accord :
 Though you emulate even
 The harpists of Heaven ;
 Whose melodies never tire—never !
 You can never enough praise the L^OR^D,
 For His vigilance lasteth for ever.

Who cheer'd on, to the fight,
 Through hail, tempest, and fog,
 Slaying kings and their thrones overturning !
 Sihon false Amorite !
 And uncircumcised dog,
 Bashan's baser king Og,
 Their cities and citadels burning ?
 Your Deliverer's praises record,
 Nor yourselves from His government sever ;
 Keep the covenants confirmed by His Word,
 Ye shall never repent of it—never !
 There's no shadow of change in the L^OR^D.
 Then emulate even
 The counsels of HEAVEN,
 For His ruth—truth endureth for ever !

Who to Israelite race
 As their heritage gave
 Lands with milk and with honey o'erflowing ?
 Though so lowly and base,
 And fit food for the grave,
 Condescended to save ;
 Condign punishment mildly foregoing ?
 Be your gratitude therefore preferred
 With diligent zealous endeavour ;
 The debt you and yours have incurred ;
 Though you imitate even
 The homage in Heaven,
 Discharge it—you cannot—no,—never !
 Then remission entreat of the L^OR^D,
 Whose forgiveness endureth for ever.

Not o'er land, favour'd land
Of bright Judah alone,
Pours the L^DH_J unreserv'd benefaction,
From His wide-open'd Hand
Its seeds freely sown,
Through all centuries have grown,
By one vast and undeviating action.
Thanks how weak, loudest praises afford,
With most strenuous, most earnest endeavour!
How through space can you hope to be heard?
The pretence—mockery even!
Of the vast host of Heaven
Never ceasing and wearying—never—
Admiring, adoring, adjuring the L^ROD,
For His loving-kindness endureth for ever.



Lyric CXXVII. T.

—

By Euphrates' placid stream,
Or swift Tigris' frothy fume,
(Where snow-vested lilies growing
Shamed by cheeks were paler showing;
Once scorn'd Roses blush'd at blowing);
On Contrition's breast we fainted;
Sadden'd more by casual gleam
Strove to penetrate that gloom
Of that waking, aching dream,
Dallied with its thrifty theme—
Home-bred visions, fancy-painted.

Leaden hand of Sorrow weighed
Th' eye-lids whence soft sleep had flown;
Droop'd our heads on mossy pillow,
Lull'd by ripple of the billow;
Hung our harps on waving willow,
Unregarded, joyless, tuneless—
Wherein pitying breezes play'd
Gentle requiem to each moan
Of fond sighing, dying maid;
Of each passing gust afraid,
Breathed by mournful Eve and moonless.

Banks of Jordan where are ye,
Lovely in your native dress?
Or thou Salem—wall high-towering,
Though Heaven's frown be on thee lowering
And its lightnings' horrors showering—
Still upon thee rests our blessing:—
Lawless plunderer! how can we

Thine unhallowed nod confess,
In thy vale of Misery
Tune our Melody to be
Handmaid to that Mirth 's distressing ?

Strain thou mayst our legs in gyves,
Crush with manacles our hands ;
By barbarian brute aggression,
King's defeat, of their succession,
Nobles grind in gross oppression—
Free-born soul thou canst not fetter—
And had I a thousand lives;
Whilst Moriah's mountain stands,
Whilst arterial pulse survives
And its curdling current drives;
More I 'll praise her—love her better.

Though my faltering, fainting tongue
To its rigid roof may cleave,
Every member palsy-shaken,
Of its sinewy force forsaken—
Be by dull collapse o'ertaken ;
Nor endearment nor endurement
Shall efface the joys I 've sung ;
And I fain would yet retrieve
Joys, Jerusalem ! among
Thy delightful courts that sprung—
Pain defying and allurement.

Edom LORD ! remember well—
Esau's sons canst Thou forget ?
Though to Jacob near-related
Persecuted, harass'd, hated ;
When the fierce Chaldean bated—
This with envious pleasure viewing :
Let them fall as Zeba fell,
Setting as Zalmunna set :

Them—who call in foes to quell,
Let a foreign foe expel
With devouring sword pursuing.

O thou Babylon the dread,
Eldest Daughter of the East !
 In thy taste for science curious,
 In thy love of life luxurious,
 In thy lust of conquest furious,
 As most cruel thou to others,
So shalt thou be torturèd—
 Blest be he who takes the least
Tenderest offspring of thy bed,
Dashing down on pavement dead,
 Mocking moan of mourning mothers.





Lyric cœribii. I.



Come, praise the **LORD**, thou secret sigh
That heav'st my tumid breast!
Yes—praise the **LORD** of Heaven, will I—
If by none else confess;
O praise His Name, again, again,
Ye daughters and ye sons of men
With zeal, sincerity evinces—
Ye low-born slaves—ye high-bred princes!

My face shall turn where fix'd my thoughts
Towards Thy Holy Hill,
Though may be, never as I ought,
Yet there I 'll worship still.
Well have I understood
How great, how wise, how good!
Have found Thee, on my faith relying
And to my faithfulness replying.

Before the awfulest of thrones,
Monarchs shall bend on theirs;
Each the true homage that he owns,
Bequeathing to his heirs.
Each pleased successor bring
More perfect offering;
Enchanted in Thy Presence chanting
Enduring mercies, Thou art granting.

Though high Thou art above all height
Entomb'd in loftiness;
Yet to the poor how near!—their right
How ready to redress?—

How just Thine anger spent
On head of Insoient
From pinnacle of Pride abasing
By their own arrogance disgracing.

Through rough and rugged road I ride,
Sore journey of sad life ;
Yet wast Thou often at my side,
In struggle and in strife.
When weary and oppress'd,
Oft beckoning me to rest :
My strength of hand yet undiminish'd—
Leave not Thy handiwork unfinish'd.





Lyric CXXXIX. I.

—

To deepest cellules of the heart,
Sealed up from human view ;
THY soul-pervading glances dart,
And pierce the flinty kernel through.
Far though Thou be, as west from east,—
Not the most secret thought, the least
That scarce myself I knew ;
Howe'er from eye of mortals latent ;
But to Thy vision clear and patent.

My rising and discumbency,
E'er Morn or Eve has shown ;
To Thee, in circumstance, degree ;
Are intimately known.—
My entrances and exits too
And every passage I pursue,
Familiar to Thee grown ;
My foward tongue—that faltering lisper ;
Unheard, prefers nor word nor whisper.

Above, about me, all around,
Before, behind, below ;
What nook to lurk in have I found
Thy PRESENCE to forego ?
And if I wake or if I sleep
Alike my vigils Thou dost keep :
Such knowledge can I know ?
Too wide, too wonderful ; confounding ;
For my vain scrutinizing,—sounding.

Where are those marches far from Thee
Whereto I might escape ;

If terrified I sought to flee,
My stature changed, and shape ?
If I ascend the empyrean height,
And skim those regions starry bright;
Thy radiant glories drape :
If to the grave's abyss I dive,
Art Thou not there e'er I arrive ?

If on the dewy wings of Morn
Bestride the orient beam
To chrys'lite bowers where Day is born—
Thou wak'st her infant dream :
I wrap me up in Darkness' shroud,
With shuddering horrors round me crowd,
Remote from glance or gleam ;
But lo ! Thy constellations shed
Eternal watch-fires o'er my head.

Night thinks her ebon veil to draw
Across her visage tight
Yet through her tresses, flaw on flaw
Admit Thy searching sight :
For Darkness shines to Thee the same
As dazzles glare of Noontide's flame
In burnish'd blazon dight—
Shall He Who made the light, the eye ;
Ask these His vision to supply ?

But what the eye so subtle, fine,
Miraculously wrought ;
To that whole marvellous frame of mine
From depths of chaos brought ?
Might have been mine eternal tomb
But that within my mother's womb,
For being when I fought ;
Thou breath'dst that spirit, Nature, stirs
As Thou in her hadst breathèd hers.

And countless ages long before
Where other wombs have bred,
And other mothers, mothers bore
And fondled, feasted, fed :
But what 's stale life engender'd thence
Without that spark,—“intelligence”—
Pleased Thee, to it, to wed?
By which I 'm said, and claim, to be
E'en of affinity to Thee !

By this am taught, that this is so ;
My best of knowledge shown ;
How little I can ever know
How much remains unknown—
Yet 't is enough t' evince the aim,
And fearful texture of this frame
I tremulously own—
Where slight infractions of Thy laws,
Pain, consternation, ruin cause.

How curious, intricate and nice
Its organized proportions, plan ;—
But the construction and device
Of Man—unknown to man—
In case impenetrable hid
Vain Science fumbles with the lid
But lift it—never can —
To Thee diaphanous the screen,
And every stitch and fibre seen.

Seen, scanned, distributed and set,
And tissued in the loom ;
E'er yet its golden treasures fret
Its roseate tinctures bloom.
From silky hank or tangled wool,
Of every complication full,
For which the west has room.



So practised artist weaves his thread,
To nascent bud in native bed.

Thus figure of my net-work lay
Developed and designed,
In close compendious, trim array,
In Thy capacious Mind :
And in maturing wholesome clime
Turn, temperature and time,
With purpose wise as kind ;
Was it to organism brought
Of sense and feeling, passion, thought.

Thought !—How I thank Thee for the gift !
Nor yet for mine alone ;
But that it shows of Thine the drift
Of glance on me is thrown :
So oft—that hard the count appears,
Of seeds, of minutes, days, and years,
By Bounty's fingers sown ;
Outnumbering sands my footsteps tread
Or hoary honours of my head.

Shall I for this—Thy thunder pray
The man of sin to smite ?
Most willingly perchance I may
Most righteously I might—
Depart from me, begone thou wretch !
On bed of torture—Vengeance stretch !
In blood whose sole delight—
Can he from Mercy aught propose,
Mercy arrays, amongst his foes ?

Can such suppose she those will save,
She only knows by rage
Of Enmity with which they brave
Her pity, would assuage ?
Allow'd then be 't, to execrate

Treachery, Impiety, and Hate
In conflict such engage ;
Until to Thee, most hostile found,
To powder all that group be ground.

Search me and prove and probe my heart ;
If truth lie there or not :
I will remember what Thou art—
Though they have long forgot ;
Oh if there be one thought profane
Within its core has dormant lain,
However there it got ;
Chase, chase it from that sacristy
I dedicate henceforth to Thee.



Lyric xl. m.

••••

By the wicked I 'm surrounded :
By their wickedness confounded ;
By their words and weapons wounded ;
From their violence, deceit,
Overt acts and covert wiles,
Frowns that threaten, smiles that cheat ;
Rescue—and from touch, defiles—
Their continual contention,
Wrongs, injustice, circumvention ;
Malice more than mouth can mention.

Treacherous, hollow-minded, narrow,
Tongue as sharp as barbèd arrow,
Darts its venom through the marrow.
THOU alone canst shield my breast
From the secret shaft they shoot ;
Buckler temper to arrest
Murderous point howe'er acute.
Bent they are upon ensnaring
And confèd'rated in sharing
Spoil for which the toil 's preparing.

For myself, I have a charter,
With them scornful hate to barter ;
Pleased for Thee to be their martyr ;
But they 've learnt to know at length ;
As I 've known, Thee long ;
That our weaknesses and strength
Are by Thee—or weak—or strong—
Where the chariot axles rattle,

Slaughter sore of men and cattle;
Cover'dst Thou my head in battle.

Thou Thy faithful who regardest
In their trials sharpest, hardest,
And redressest and rewardest;
Lengthen not to evil man
Who would brave Thee to Thy Face—
Spin not out his shortest span—
Crown not him with living grace.
Shall foul Treachery live to savour
Base success of her endeavour
And dare hope to win Thy favour?

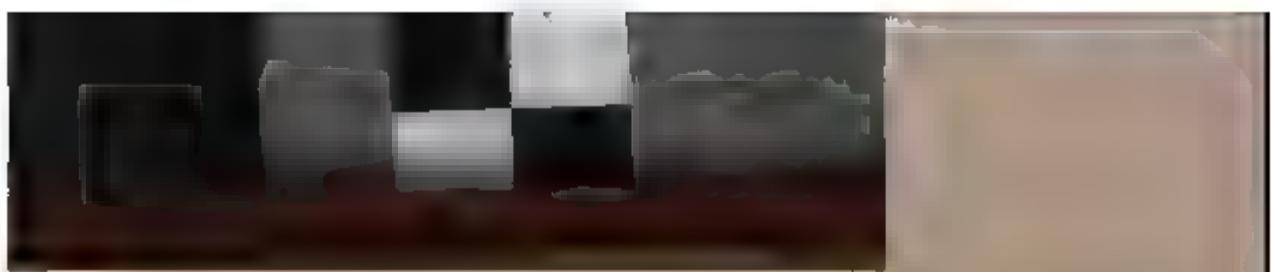
As for these perfidious rather
In concealment 'gainst me gather
And 'gainst Thee, O HEAVENLY FATHER!
Let their tongue that mock'd the sky
Be brought down to lick the dust,
Lick the hand it durst defy:
Curse the spear it swore to trust:
From Thy living waters turning,
All Thine invitations spurning;
Lay their lot in lake that's burning.

Most unprincipled reviler,
Of most Holy Place defiler,
Of pure Innocence beguiler,
Evil speaker—shall not dare
To appear before G }J's Face—
How shall evil-doer fare,
Dragged to light from lurking-place?
Man whose virulence rages
Till blood—blood alone assuages,
In his own shall find his wages.

Sufferer, sorrowfully sighing,
To delight his MAKER trying;

Richer, poorer ; living, dying—
He will not despise, reject ;
No—His beaming smiles descend ;
Cheer the needy and protect,
And invigorate and amend :
Faith and Love that bosom swelling,
Calm Devotion's favourite dwelling,
Paltry passions thence expelling.





Lyric Cell. A.

1826

To whom shall I cry
When terrors invade?
I will cry unto JEH^W,
From the depths of my deepest distresses :
Let the breath of that sigh
Invoking Thine aid,
Like the sweet vapour be,
Of Thine Altar's perfumed holinesses.

Turn once more Thine Ear
And list to my prayer,
Searching with Thine own eyes,
How to Thee my weak arms are uplifted ;
For transparent and clear
As the Morning's pure air
Are my thoughts as they rise
By Thee seen (howe'er secret), and sifted.

Set a watch o'er those thoughts,
Set a guard on that mouth,
Shut the door of this lip ;
Let not Terror, Turmoil nor Temptation ;
By the insidious though brought,
From the North or the South ;
Cause my footsteps to trip
In the path of my per'lous probation.

Let me not be misled
Nor from Rectitude's road
Be seduced to decline,
With idolater's compact in union ;

Let my legs never tread
 Their unhallow'd abode,
 At their feasts to propine;
 Nor combine in their social communion.

Advise me, ye Wise,
 Reprove me, ye Just,
 Convince me of right;
 Assur'd of my fond acquiescence;
 Your precepts I prize,
 Their virtues I trust,
 (Life's health and delight!)
 Like Spring's wholesome revived efflorescence.

For you I 'll prepare
 'Gainst accesses and qualm,
 That which, G^OD grant, shall be
 Signal act of Divine consolation—
 The unction of prayer,
 Of Compassion the balm,
 Odour of Sanctity.
 Quicken'd by a celestial afflation.

As for mine enemy;
 When I stood by the wave,
 With my dagger unsheathe'd,
 I withheld it from wounding, alarming;
 His fell jealousy,
 I forgat and forgave,
 Soohest accents I breathed,
 Hatred charming, and Malice disarming.

But the better were we,
 Enfranchised from harm?
 No—his ruthless pursuit
 Strew'd our borders with limbs palpitating;
 Fertilizing the lea
 With reeking and warm

Clotted streams that pollute;
Whilst their graves, the bleached bones are
[awaiting.

But I have a hold
And I have a hope,
And I have a help,
In my ~~God~~ I've a perfect reliance:
In His faith I am bold,
In His strength I can cope,
Like the lion's flesh'd whelp,
With the falsest of foes' fierce defiance.

Keep me then from their snares,
From their toils and their traps,
That are laid for my life;
Nay for—for my loyal devotion:
Let them sink unawares
In that pitfall perhaps,
Or from murderous knife
Preconcerted, to end me—their notion.



Lyric cclii.

X.

~~to see~~

What wonder can be, at my woe
In despair, in despondency ends ?
Long the victimised scorn of my foe,
Late the poor derelict of my friends.
O ! Adullam, retreat of the brave !
Of way-weary, war-worn to thee flees,
Find me midst thy green grottoes—coy cave
For most wretched of sad refugees.

In my silent and sad solitudes,
Salutary, congenial gloom ;
I 'll utilize terror intrudes
And deprecate definite doom :
There 's an Ear that from depths most profound
Can prayer least articulate hear,
An Eye deepest darkness can sound,
For the glistening of Penitence ' tear.

To their owner instinctively known,
Th' evanescent emotions of mind :
Can it be, to these deaf He is grown ;
Or who is that says He is blind ?
May my Sorrow then fondly supply
A lament that she knows will be heard ;
When her plaint comes before Thee on high
Though with indistinct accents preferred.

Condescension (humiliated stoops
To contemplate the Seraph's pure heart)
May look down on contrition that droops
And dry Anguish's eye-drops that smart,

And no wonder that fountain o'erflows,
From the bitterness springing within,
Conscience constantly taxed to oppose
Such prurient temptations to sin.

On my right-hand I wistfully look,
No ally in that quarter descry ;
On the left, and what there I mistook
For true friendship—'s a palpable lie.
No one careth for me nor for mine ;
For my health, nor my peace, nor my joy ;
Faithful quit—and the faithless combine ;
Honest fly me—dishonest, decoy.—

O THOU ! noble, wise, generous, sublime !
Vindicator, Supporter, and Guide !
Permit to Heaven's mansions to climb ;
So fair, so secure, and so wide :
Or be, as Thou canst be, I know ;
And heretofore somewhiles hast been,
My prop and my portion below,
My stay, and my staff, and my screen.

Let the light of Thy countenance burst
Through the pall, clouds my thick horizon :
Can that glimmer, illumin'd it erst,
For a moment ?—for ever be gone ?
No,—again it shall waken and cheer
Prosperity slumber'd so long,
He with bride Happiness re-appear
And the righteous their nuptials shall throng.



Lyric CXXII. I.

1838

I thank the LORD! for kiss of dewy Eve,
Scents the soft verdure that invites repose :
For orange streaks, Day's blazing glories leave
In her wan cheek when fades the waning Rose ;
Nor charms the less—more bashfully it glows ;
Yon lake reflects and teaches to reflect,
And in its placid features calms my woes,
While tales of peace, the whispering Gales affect
And marry to my murmuring plaints as they
[collect.]

With these my thoughts, my thanks, my wonder,
[praise]

To Thee the AUTHOR of these presents rise,
Occult that wander through a thousand ways ;
Awake, inspire, develope, harmonize
The sensitive intelligence supplies
The matter, mood, and manner of the theme
With which my lyric fervour fondly tries
Thy favour to conciliate, so to deem,
My services approv'd though it were but in dream.

Let not austerity of judgment here
Enter strict sentence 'gainst Thy luckless child ;
Wert Thou in justice solemn and severe
To enforce Thy law most mitigate and mild,
What man on Earth could innocent be styled ?
Though innocent I be not—being man—
Yet, as repentant, would be reconciled ;
Which haply yet may be : to One who can
And will with Pity's eye my penitency scan.

Hath not already Persecution shot
Her shafts envenom'd through my tortur'd soul ?
And hath not Calumny with ugly blot
Stained my fair fame, my reputation stole ?
And *that* filch'd from me, what shall life console ?
When fades faint Comfort's fast-expiring spark
Absorbed in shades of gloom around me roll :
I sink in Death's dun dungeon, drear and dark,
Where every pulse is paralysed—each sinew stark.

Yet for a little time may not be so—
Well do I still remember me of days,
Fleeting and flown, by gone long—long ago ;
Wherein I ruminated wonder, praise
Of Thy consenting, condescending ways :
So multitudinous and bland ! so well
Their value their concealment e'en, displays ;
So evanescent,—now so palpable : [tell.
Admire I may, but more than mortal tongue must

Though curt and uncapacious I confess
My mind, to grasp, unravel or conceive ;
The tenth, ten-millionth part of Thy largess,
Yet no less bounden am I to believe—
And no less joy'd and ready to retrieve
The sacred debt of gratitude I owe :
For 't is to Thee for sustenance I cleave :
And hail Thy mercies from above that flow ;
As thirsty plain imbibes Spring's life-shower here
[below.

Shall I say hear !—Thou hear me from above !—
O ! ignorance supremely fatuous ! why
Dare I Thee circumscribe to bide or move,
In time or place or circumstance, where I,
In my vain fancy deem Thee far or nigh—
When well I know through all unbounden space,
Thou liv'st expanding its immensity—

There we cannot, but where we can, we trace,
New marvels of Thy Might and Majesty and Grace.

Then hear!—hear speedily since Thou 'rt so near!
The warm, though feeble, low, susprious breath,
Intended, Thou, and Thou alone shouldst hear;
Nor hear alone, but answer what it saith:
When almost trembling in the jaws of Death.
And yet if heard that still perchance might save,
One whose unworth so nearly bordereth
On nothingness, that hardly dares he crave
That Thou shouldst mark him sink to his forget-
[ful grave.

Yet may I listen p'rhaps—where dapper Dawn
Wakes Nature's choir to con her Matins o'er,
Or where blithe kidling bounds, or dappled fawn;
Or with wing'd harbingers of daylight soar—
In thought at least—to yon abnormal shore,
And leagued with Innocence and Love and Joy,
Thanks, to Thy lavish condescension pour;
While their instinctive melodies decoy
To share and emulate chaste raptures never cloy.

O that my dedicated soul to Thee,
Ensconced in Thy security might dwell
And laugh to scorn my haughtiest enemy;
Might weet Thy perfect Will and follow well—
In other lore less labouring to excel. [Goal?
Art Thou not—Thou—my GOD, my Good, my
Thy SPIRIT hovering o'er me with a spell
(That no enchanter kens nor can control),
In mystery of mercy to immerse my soul!

O! extricate me from the slough of sloth;
Or mirier slime of Pleasure's luxuries:
Curb when I champ the bit, but lash when loth
To make to Thee e'en paltry sacrifice

Of Passion's pranks and Folly's fallacies—
Teach me to know the purport of Thy Will ;
More fraught with goodness as it deeper lies—
Who truly tries shall soon find to fulfil :
The vocal vale shall tell it, and the babbling rill.

Go—learn thine early lesson from the lark,
The practised preluder of Nature's note :
Orchestral leader of her songsters—hark !
Each to each other tunes its warbling throat
Concerts of joy through th' azure gates that float
According ear of Ecstasy to praise ;
And the rapt soul on heavenly things to doat.
Thy masters are they, in a thousand ways
In life, in love, in liberty, and lyric lays.

But Thou, august Progenitor and Judge,
Distributor of all to every race ;
Didst well, to man, his happiness to grudge,
Who scoffing at his simple crimeless grace
Parades his own base vices to Thy face.
But Thou art good—nought emanates from Thee
But good—where'er I meet, I would embrace :
Humble participant I fain would be :
Though foul backbiters slanders—misinterprets me.

In pity then to me and for the sake
Of Thy most glorious venerated NAME,
My dormant, torpid faculties awake
(That lie lethargic, lazy, laggard, lame),
And breathe Thy Spirit in my fainting frame—
Give me the force and courage to defeat,
Dispel and drive Thine enemies to shame—
Thou tread and trample them beneath Thy Feet
Without resort or rest or respite or retreat.



Lyric Calv.

I.

1038

Shall I not love THEE—bless Thee? yes, yes, yes,
A thousand, nay ten thousand times I 'll bless—
Who in the day of languor not disdainedst
To shade the sultry hours
Where Peace has hung her bowers
With gay festooning flowers;
But yet no lother and no less
Invigoratedst and sustainedst
In fiercest shock of war,
When crash is heard from far
Of steed and rattling car;
In Hate's inveterate ruthlessness;
Fury's fell hell-hounds' rage Thou reinedst.

Thou dost encourage and embolden Fear
To grasp the javelin and to poise the spear,
And Thy kind care and providential—teaches
My weak unpractised hand
To wave a flaming, and
Far-conquering brand,
In leading van or shielding rear,
The heart of foremost foemen reaches—
Thou, my unique support
Receive me to Thy Court,
My palace and my fort—
From that high Sanctuary hear
When tried Sincerity beseeches.

Yet what am I?—vile worm—and what is man,
Opprobrious insect, whose career a span,
Of reptiles too not wisest p'rhaps nor fairest?

How comes it then that he
Of such mean pedigree
Presumes himself to be,
In Thy intelligential plan,
The one for whom the most Thou carest?
Shadows on which we gaze
Through Morning's misty haze
Vain type of his vain maze,
The desultory breezes fan
To wandering vapours fleetest, rarest!

O Thou—Thy bright cerulean arch bestride,
Or on Thy wheeling whirlwind-chariot ride—
From the touch'd mountain pitchy smoke as—
Hast Thou not loudly laugh'd, [cending.
And sent Thy sharpen'd shaft
At Perfidy and Craft,
Folly, Malevolence, and Pride—
Their heads beneath Thy wildfire bending?
Wilt Thou not take my part
And with unerring dart
Transpierce the guilty heart
Of traitors who Thy power defied—
Hypocrisy's bold triumph ending?

Revered PROTECTOR of Thy faithful few!
Extend Thine Arm invincible anew,
And snatch me from abyss before me yawning—
Cast on this shelvy shore
Where clamorous breakers roar
And cover o'er and o'er
And with their foaming mouths pursue—
No glimmer of young daylight dawning
Delivers from the accurst
And cruel monsters thirst
Still for my life as erst—
O shelter Thou and veil from view
Within Thy Tabernacle's awning.

Ye youthful harpers, join the virgin train,
Strike the stretch'd string and tune unearthly
[strain—

With music's ravishment the welkin filling,
That every ear may seem
Steep'd in delicious dream
Of high Seraphic theme,
Faint euloge of OMNIPOTENCY's reign—
Mortal with note immortal thrilling.

Praise HIM, ye kings from whom
Your throne, your cradle, tomb,
Your weal and woe—and doom !
Who feeds your wants, relieves your pain ;
To punish slow, to pardon willing.

Rid—rid—emancipate, save, set me free
From faithless workers of iniquity,
Whose heart is hollow, lips are lying :
Give, to each sire to show
Of stalwart sons a row,
Like the gnarl'd oaks that grow,
Or loftier spruce as stout as he ;
Unscathed whose head, the storm 's defying.
Oh ! bid our daughters all,
Rise columns of our hall
Taper well-turned and tall,
In witchery of symmetry ;
And alabaster's hue supplying.

Beauty, magnificence, strength, lovely grace
To some proud temple with resplendent face :
Or frontispiece in polish'd marble shining,
Of rare palatial dome
(Pearly as ocean's foam) ;
A precious regal home !—
Their innocence' complexion trace,
Spotless as snowy flocks are lining
The pasture's velvet pride

By fountain's mossy side,
Where liquid jewels glide :—
Or milk-white steers (a harmless race !)
As faithful, useful—there reclining—

Fruit of his toil ;—bis fodder and his bed ;—
Harvests, their haunty hattocks spread ;
With tawny tints the mellow landscape gilding ;
Lea undular—unroll'd,
Like flood of molten gold
More precious to behold ;
By drops from Labour's forehead fed ;
Then every barn and bay and building,
In length and breadth and height
Groans with the growing weight
Of sur-abundant freight :—
While Industry by Prudence led,
In Plenty's lap her treasure's yielding

Moroseness, murmur, misery banish'd far—
Disunion, discord, jealousy and jar,
Doubt and distress, courtesy, complaining !
No formidable —no
Foreign nor civil foe,
Calamity nor woe
Placidity's contentment mar ;
But Hope and Harmony sustaining.
Happy the chosen race,
On such enduring base
Its destiny can place !
Pre-eminently blest those nations are, [ing !
Whose KING is GOD ;—ungodliness restrain-



Lyric cællo. T.

—

Who is here that loves the LORD,
Who adores His Name?
Let him wake the trembling chord
Rouse the loud acclaim—
Sordid, grovelling passions scorning,
That are flattering and suborning;
I will, evening, noon, and morning,
Read, recal, recite, His praise—
Ceasing, nor neglecting never;
Thus devoting nights as days,
Worship oft—extol for ever:

Praise and venerate as well,
Bless His Attributes;
Although so inscrutable—
Known are by their fruits,
Every land and every nation
Shall transmit their admiration
To their latest generation.
Honour of Thy MAJESTY!
Theme exhaustless, everlasting;
Satisfying food shall be,
Feasting bē the mood or fasting.

Disbelieving, Heathens are
• Who despite Thine acts;
But the bounties that they share
Verify the facts.
Vast Thy grandeur, man surprising,
Vaster, goodness utilising;
Vastest, benefits devising!

When will dullard's sense discern,
Glimpse of Guardian Who is blessing ?
Worse than dull!—when cease to spurn
Gentle Hand that is caressing ?

Hand of Generosity,
Heart of Tenderness;
Eye compassionate to see
Arm—rais'd to redress,
Outrag'd and insulted so
Yet to anger slow—how—slow !
Letting oft the unpunish'd go:
Mercy spreads her downy wings
Cooling Passion—woe assuaging ;
Like the summer haze that flings,
Friendly veil where Fever 's raging.

Yet her glance shines forth as clear
As the sun unclouded,
Ague's sallow cheek to cheer,
Deadly paleness shrouded.
Of benevolence displays
Pure, Divine, enlivening rays ;
As when Morn o'er ocean strays :
Or sheds 'round some sylvan scene
Light that every moment 's lighter
And transmutes the ashy green,
To a wholesome hue and brighter

Thee, Thy works (O Thou MOST HIGH !)
Shall record, shall bless ;
All their powers, Thine, magnify,
All their hopes confess.
Victory's trumps Thy triumphs sound
Majesty by Mercy crown'd
Scatters Clemencies around—
Pre-eternal is Thy Reign,
E'er the embryo of Creation—

Co-existent shall remain
Without turn or termination.

Regal pastoral Office Thine
Th' erring to reclaim ;
Sinking raise, arouse supine,
And refractory tame.
All Thy creatures on Thee wait
Importuning impetrare,
And in crowds besiege Thy gate—
Is it shut—each thing alive
Swooning falls each by its neighbour ;
Is it open—all revive—
Rush to light—life—love and labour !

Righteous art Thou—most upright !
Though unknown Thy ways ;
Holiest holy !—in despite
Of what sinner says,
Nigh art Thou and easy found
By the vermicules abound
On their gritty, grassy mound—
Near or far thèse wilt Thou guard
And their enemies destroy :
One thing more still grant Thy bard
In *Thy* service—*his* employ.





Lyrical Epistles. A.

O! thou my Soul!—great eminent gift GOD gave!
What is there more cupidity would have,
When He with garniture has stowed,
And still embellishments bestows—
Bounteous, innumerable, large largesses!
Promis'd though sinking He would save
If thou continuedst in the road
His condescending Wisdom shows,
Reason approves, while Petulance transgresses.

Cast thee around, consider and contrive,
Each torpid faculty arouse, revive:
Is there no recompense, return,
Reward nor tribute, homage due, [ing?
Service, acknowledgment thou shouldst be pay-
Yes—with the vital principles I 'll strive—
Yet in my boiling bosom burn;
Warm streams of sentiment renew,
Spontaneous gush deep gratefulness displaying.

While spark of sentient particle remains,
Or one scintilla intellect sustains;
My noblest faculties shall bend
Their undiminish'd energies
To seek Thy pardon and to sing Thy praises—
In low, but nathless, liefest strains
Pleasure with Piety can blend,
From pure Humility that rise;
Would, they might mount with those which
[Seraph raises!

Put not, O man! in earthly kings thy trust;
Sure disappointment meeting if thou dost:

Help there is none in prince nor man
 (Weak man of woman's frailty born !)
 From dust emerging into dust dissolving
 Wonder of wise men—jest of just ;
 His days a shadow, date a span ;
 His faith most fickle, fate forlorn ;
 On Fortune's wheel capriciously revolving.

Yet how delightful, dignified, and blest ;
*H*is lightsome labour and refreshing rest
 Whose Judge and Advocate is GOD
 Of all—the MAKER of the world—
 And Ruler and Disposer as Creator ;
 Which Sea and Earth and Heaven attest,
 That hail yet tremble at His nod ;
 When the all-startling bolt is hurled—
 Of Might and Majesty the Vindicator.

GOD rescues the oppress'd in utmost need
 To famished furnishes fresh food to feed,
 Strikes from crush'd limb the fetter, gall'd,
 And grinds to powder grated doors—
 The dungeon's denizen to day restoring :
 Of widow weeping in her weeds
 The wail Thou visitest when called ;
 The naked orphan's and the poor's :
 The deepest dens of Misery exploring.

Safetreads, stray voyager, rude stranger's strand ;
 Thy fear and love (o'er every sea and land)
 His sure immunity from harm :
 Who should resist Thy kindling ire—
 Flame inextinguishable, all-consuming !
 Through boundless Heavens Thy reigns expand
 The prowess of Thine outstretched Arm,
 Which never yet was known to tire ;
 To Thee our censers smoke, Thy Morning's breath
 [perfuming.





Lyrical exaltation. A.

O where shall the pious contemplative find
The true deep-seated source of indigenous
[pleasure;
To satisfy conscience and sanctify mind,
Invig'rate affections and sympathies bind ?
The balsam of life
With healthiness rife—
The spirit of labour, and solace of leisure ?

If not in meditation abstractive, profound
On inscrutable *Natura's* unfathom'd abysses ;
Whose innermost depth, and outermost bound,
Penetration herself cannot scan, cannot sound ;
Yet her efforts can reach
Love and reverence to teach :—
Sole fealty to Thee Sole Dispenser of blisses.

So true—no enjoyment legitimate lies,
Though impregnate it be with celestial leaven,
But in the fruition His worship supplies,
In Gratitude's vow—with His bounty that vies :
In endeavours to raise
His honour and praise,
Till the offering of Earth rival homage of Heaven.

So pleasing, so worthy, so glorious a strain
Shall hallow the halcyon heart that it kindles,
The love of that Mercy that mitigates pain,
Re-edifies rampart of Jebus again ;
With faint sparkle afar,
Light's remotest pale star
And the Sun, with sweet sheen, which nor dazzles
2 II 2 [nor dwindles.

It marshals the brilliant emp'real host. [azure;
 Camped through argentine fields of Immensity's
 (Though we see but one troop or one squadron at
 [most;)
 It computeth the number and value they boast;
 In the splendid display
 Of their countless array, [erasure.
 And their muster-roll writes without blot or
 How potential that Power into action can call
 Their obsequious enforc'd, involved evolutions?
 Can that skill and that knowledge and science be
 Such clusters of Planets can fabricate all, [small
 Can these 'nnihilate:
 Can replace, re-create [distributions?
 With fresh organs, fresh order, fresh orbs,
 He abaseth the mighty—exalteth the meek
 From obscurity's mortified humiliation;
 Conqu'ring armies can rout, compact phalanxes
 [break—
 Break the jaws of the wicked devouring the
 O ye righteous, rejoice [weak—
 With unisonous voice;
 Ye impenitent, hear your condign condemnation.
 Come, sweet mèlodists! come, vocalizing your
 [prayers
 With willing obeisances, low, low genuflexions;
 Come, young harpers! join yours and accompany
 [theirs;
 Breathe, fair virgins! on both your symphonious
 The mild spirit of song [airs;
 These concords prolong—
 Spread and celebrate birth of religious affec-
 [tions.
 How lofty, and large His cerûle canopy
 Unfurling the curls of its opaline curtain:

Before Him its vapoury draperies fly,
Besprinkling the vale with green fertility ;
While from each pregnant fold
Untold diamonds unroll'd, [uncertain :
Stud the flowers that embroider with dazzle

Cloth'd the soberer mountains in liveries of grey ;
Mingled russet and blue, in thyme, hyacinth,
[heather,
The ravens familiarized breed there, and they
Cry over those crags and those crannies for prey ;
The rooks in those rocks
Assemble in flocks [together.
And the stork and the pelican meet there

Nor are those the sole objects of care, nor are
[these,—
The camel, the elephant, horse and his rider.
He smiles at their strength (as they at their foes) :
Not despising their wishes, their wants, and their
(How moderate desires [woes,
Modest Nature requires !)
Is He not their Preserver, Protector, Provider ?

For such He keeps not His chief blessings in store,
But for objects of workmanship subtler and finer.
Corporeity less,—fine intelligence more ;
Who can know Him and fear, serve Him, love and
To whom permitted even [adore ;
Vague, fond notion of Heaven—
A spirit divine, aspirations diviner.

O thou City august ! with thy canticles thrill
The innermost heart—Pietà's penetrating !
Ye glittering turrets, reiterate till [ings fill—
Of those strains, the long lanes the charmed echo—
Yes—with undying praise,

Of Him on whose ways, [ing.
Anxiety's eyes through roused Israel are wait-

He gave that admirable murage of rock
And its broad adamantine abutment where [founded;
Base of yon massive, marble, immovable block;
Nor enemy's, fears, nor element's shock:
But embosoms the seat
Of Faith's final retreat,
With the halo of Zion's own glories surrounded.

On soft cushion maternal He pillows the head
Of the babe, to sleep hush'd, in its flushiness [glowing,
Tints the snows of its cheek with blush-rose [diap'rèd:
On the marrow of food are not both of them fed?
Both fain to partake
Welcome white wheaten cake [flowing.
In a land that with milk and with honey's o'er-

His fiats go forth that in swiftness exceed
The thunderbolt launch'd on the fork of the [lightning,—
The Seasons awake and their sequences speed
From dull trance, their gay dance through Spring's
At every new birth, [portals they lead,
When revisiting Earth
Her raiment renewing, her countenance bright- [ning.
Till Winter's rude sullenness curdles the breeze,
Links of unwelcome ice Autumn's orphans [enchanting;
Teaching clouds to congeal, rapid rivers to freeze;
In thick snowy fleeces investing the trees;
Fledging late auburn tress

In Death's stark hoariness;
Whilst the lustre Day's gaining in the arms of
[Night's waning.

The Year opens her mouth and the vernalized Gale
Smoothes the indurate wrinkles of Frosts' rigid
Dissolving the joints of his silvery mail, [features;
And the bolts of his icicle manacles frail—
Spreading gleam of delight
Fresh gilded and bright!
O'er Creation, and over all her living creatures.

How the children of Jacob distinguished Thou hast!
The counsels and conduct of Israel directed!
No presumptuous nation, in times that are pass'd,
With Thy people have dared to aspire to be
From the brutish and base, [class'd;
So conceal'd is Thy Face;
But to us oft revealed—undeserv'd—unexpected.



Lyric cœlviij. T.



Are ye deaf, daft, dumb, or dead,
Safety, honour compromising ;
And neglecting and despising
Him who, faint and famished, fed—
Forth your lagging armies led
Sure of Victory's signalizing ?

Ready be—be glad, be proud,
Of His homage—ye the sample—
Set to others the example
Of the talent 't is allow'd
Wherewith favour'd few endow'd—
If inadequate—yet ample.

Laud Him loud, the L ORD of HOSTS !
When thy holy task thou plyest,
Praise Him ye in height the highest—
Seraph choir in loftiest posts
Brightest, th' empyrèan boasts.
To His Throne of thrones the nighest.

Thou sublimely gorgeous Sun,
Like Him light and life dispensing ;
Advent thine fair Morn incensing ;
Daily race resolv'd to run,
Since the time that Time begun
Never ending—aye commencing.

And thou argent Sun of night
Steal'st his rays to earth thou 'rt lending,
In the azure way thou 'rt wending ;

Chastening, cheering, cheating sight,
Through thy solemn, sombre flight,
On dark cave thy splendours spending.

And ye golden grains that shine,
Praise Him from your blue immersion,
For your glittering gay dispersion;
Spangle His eternal shrine
With your vivid lazuline;
With delight, without exertion.—

Praise the L^OR^D, praise and obey
In your liturgies spontaneous,
In your duties miscellaneous;
In all offices be they
Of the month, the week, the day;
Those intern or those extraneous.

Thou superb ethereal arch
Of interminate expansion
That wouldest boast to be His Mansion,
Suns unnumbered never parch;
Praise Him, and beyond thy march
What lies there above our scansion.

Praise Him thou, whate'er thou be,
How condensed or how dilated,
If aught be there animated,
Further far than we can see—
Praise Him who sustaineth thee—
By thee should be celebrated.

Praise—leviathan and whale!
Monsters plunged in caverns deepest,
Dragons sconced in rocks the steepest,
Yet whose feast-rites never fail:—
Fire and vapour, sleet and hail,
And thou whirlwind earth that sweepest:

Hillocks lowly, lofty hills
 Scornful seem, the sky 'scalading—
 Heaven's own boundaries invading ;
 Send your muttering, murmuring rills,
 Whose tone, pensive wanderer thrills,
 To High praise the vale persuading.

Cedars ye ! yon mount enshrine,
 Dipp'd in gems fond Morn is weeping
 Where the insidious ivy 's creeping
 Parasitic arms entwine :—
 Boastful, blissful, baneful vine,
 Through whose locks lush rubies peeping :
 Autumn's purple finger 's reaping.

Brutes domestic, beasts ferine,
 Osprey in thy craggy eyry,
 Pelican and cassowary—
 Crouching lion, slouching kine,
 Sable mole in sooty mine,
 Hawk in azure aviary,
 Insects trod—tribe tributary !

What though inarticulate
 Voices tender, voice canorous
 Cooing round us, cawing o'er us—
 Praise it is, and praise innate
 That they all vociferate;
 Simple, grateful and decorous :
 What incentive placed before us !

And thou man more eloquent—
 Kings and Princes o'er thee ruling ;
 Now oppressing now befooling :
 Though as judge of justice sent,
 Giving heated passions vent,
 Glowing virtue keeping cooling,
 Spite of all Experience' schooling :

Youths in vigour—valour—strong—
Virgins in your beauty stronger
And pure infants weaker, younger,
Whisper praise or lisp your song
(Songs to Innocence belong),
GOD defend ye from the wronger !
Praise Him all nor linger longer.

For His Name is paramount—
Paramount His fame and glory:
Nor are their hopes illusdry,
On His promises who count—
Stream of love from Mercy's fount;
Of His Power vindicatdry,
Manifest in Israel's story.



Lyric ecclie. T.

—

Take thy tablets, holy scribe !
With fresh-pointed style and true ;
On their surface smooth and white
(Other offices forgetting) ;
Minstrel sweet of Judah's tribe !
Airs, as numerous as new,
In thy mellowest mood indite,
To unearthly concords setting.

In the congregation raise,
Emulous awe with tremulous feel ;
As should grovelling reptile gaze,
To its MAKER when approaching :
With the glowing lip of Praise,
With the fervent sigh of Zeal —
Consternation of amaze
On the cheek of Hope encroaching.

Let the timbrel's pulse rebound,
Dulcet twang of vibrant harp,
Lively rebeck's quaver shrill
With a thousand mellow voices
Spread a heart-ennobling sound :
Grave though grateful, soft though sharp,
From the world, that weans the will —
Soothes, inten'rates yet rejoices.

In the stanza and the dance
Music rule the tongue — the feet
And the solemn chorus lead
With exciting intonation —

Cheering as those groups advance—
May His favouring SPIRIT meet
And Devotion's footstep speed
In her duteous dedication.

In His people is He pleased?
He will magnify the meek—
He beatify the Saint
Glories in His approbation:
Of each trouble they are eased
Who His Rest Eternal seek,
Under trial never faint—
Never cease from supplication:

But superlatively glad,
Regal canopies shall shield,
In His palace where they dwell,
Celebrating their REDEEMER:
In gold panoply yclad,
Twin-edg'd sword they wield
'Gainst idolatrous, rebel,
'Gainst impenitent blasphemer.

Prostrate princes they shall bind;
Craven Kings, in galling chain
Fix'd in their own fetters fast—
Underfoot oppressors treading:
Present aid their arms shall find
Who His growing realm maintain—
Realm for ever that shall last
Over all creation spreading.



Lyric cl. T.

•••••

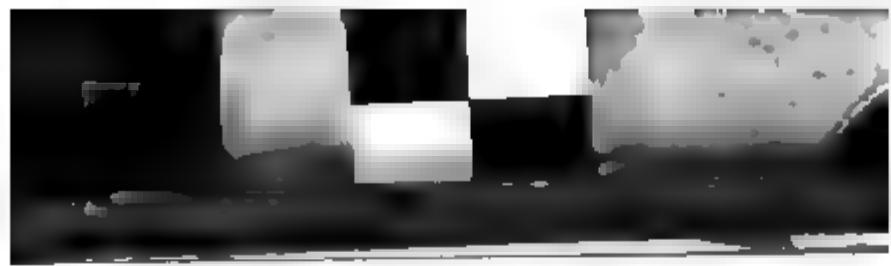
Would, THY knowledge I might show—
Worth and workmanship,
To the tribes in sloth have slumber'd !
Praise in every heart should glow,
Lays be lisped on every lip,
Through unwearied months unnumber'd.

At Thy Sanctuary's Shrine
Sacrifice preferr'd,
Sigh of Piety bedewing—
Eye of Gratitude should shine,
Tongue of Truth be heard—
Vow of Loyalty renewing.

Praise the LOR^D, ye earthly-born
For Heaven's arch of blue,
Fostering golden Sun, that 's beaming
As he wakes the wanton Morn ;
Smiles of Joy on you,
Round your couch fresh radiance streaming.

Let that Vault's vivacious womb
Silver crescent breeds
Darkness from her empire chasing ;
With pale glimmerings gild its gloom
In the glimpse it feeds—
Praise, while mimic day retracing.

Praise Him, little wandering star,
With thy twinkle bright
Purest ether penetrating—



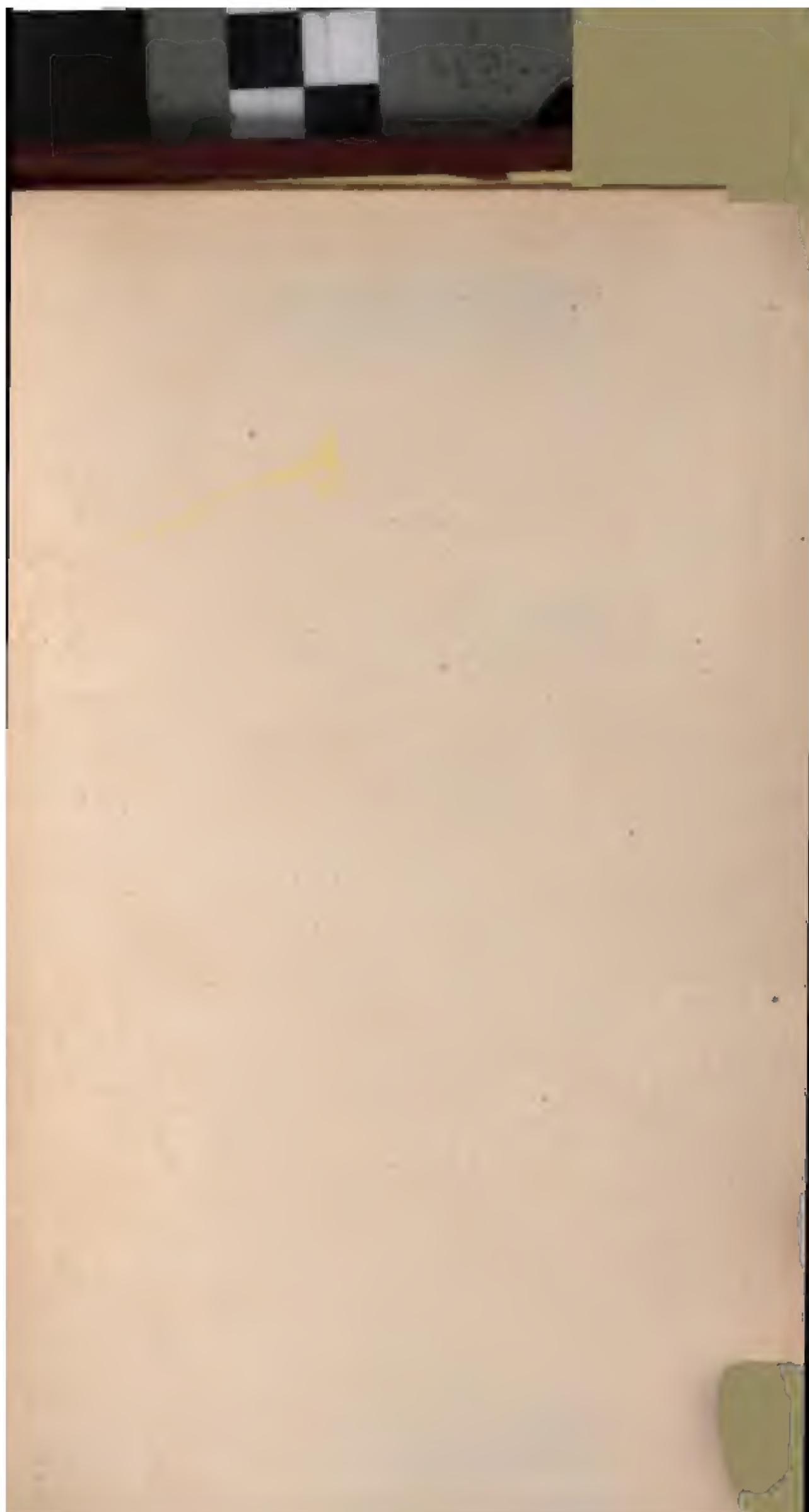
Dive, thou never canst, so far
As t' elude His Sight,
On Whose pageant thou art waiting.

Trumpets, praise—with brazen throat,
Harps, with twanging wires;
Voices of melodious singers,
Flutes, with full symphonious note—
Praise, that breath inspires—
With their muscles mounts those fingers.

Spirits ye who soar aloft!
Pulses, health prolong,
All whose nostrils life inhaling—
Praise devoutly, praise Him oft;
Praise Him loud and long—
Praise Him ever—never failing.









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